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THE

WORKS

OF

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART.
1844.

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WORKS

OF THE

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK. (Edinburgh Review, 1824.)

Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain; with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by himself. Fourth Edition. 12mo. London, 1824.

This agreeable and witty book is generally supposed to have been written by Mr. Thomas Moore, a gentleman of small stature, but full of genius, and a steady friend of all that is honourable and just. He has here borrowed the name of a celebrated Irish leader, to typify that spirit of violence and insurrection which is necessarily generated by systematic oppression, and rudely avenges its crimes; and the picture he has drawn of its prevalence in that unhappy country is at once piteous and frightful. Its effect in exciting our horror and indignation is in the long run increased, we think,—though at first it may seem counteracted, by the tone of levity, and even jocularity, under which he has chosen to veil the deep sarcasm and substantial terrors of his story. We smile at first, and are amused—and wonder, as we proceed, that the humorous narrative should produce conviction and pity—shame, abhorrence, and despair!

England seems to have treated Ireland much in the same way as Mrs. Brownrigg treated her apprentice—for which Mrs. Brownrigg is hanged in the first volume of the Newgate Calendar. Upon the whole, we think the apprentice is better off than the Irishman: as Mrs. Brownrigg merely starves and beats her, without any attempt to prohibit her from going to any shop, or praying at any church, apprentice might select; and once or twice, if we remember rightly, Brownrigg appears

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to have felt some compassion. Not so Old England, who indulges rather in a steady baseness, uniform brutality, and unrelenting oppression.

Let us select from this entertaining little book a short history of dear Ireland, such as even some profligate idle member of the House of Commons, voting as his master bids him, may perchance throw his eye upon, and reflect for a moment upon the iniquity to which he lends his support.

For some centuries after the reign of Henry II. the Irish were killed like game, by persons qualified or unqualified. Whether dogs were used does not appear quite certain, though it is probable they were, spaniels as well as pointers; and that, after a regular point by Basto, well backed by Ponto and Cæsar, Mr. O'Donnel or Mr. O'Leary bolted from the thicket, and were bagged by the English sportsman. With Henry II. came in tithes, to which, in all probability, about one million of lives may have been sacrificed in Ireland. In the reign of Edward I. the Irish who were settled near the English requested that the benefit of the English laws might be extended to them; but the remonstrance of the barons with the hesitating king was in substance this:—'You have made us a present of these wild gentlemen, and we particularly request that no measures may be adopted to check us in that full range of tyranny and oppression in which we consider the value of such a gift to consist. You might as well give us sheep, and prevent us from shearing the wool, or roasting the meat.' This reasoning prevailed, and the Irish were kept to their barbarism, and the barons preserved their live stock.

'Read "Orange faction" (says Captain Rock) here, and you have the wisdom of our rulers, at the end of near six centuries, *in statu quo*—The grand periodic year of the stoics, at the close of which every thing was to begin again, and the same events to be all reacted in the same order, is, on a miniature scale, represented in the history of the English government in Ireland—every succeeding century being but a renewed revolution of the same follies, the same crimes, and the same turbulence that disgraced the former. But "Vive l'ennemi!" say I: whoever may suffer by such measures, Captain Rock, at least, will prosper.

'And such was the result at the period of which I am speaking. The rejection of a petition, so humble and so reasonable, was followed, as a matter of course, by one of those daring rebellions into which the revenge of an insulted people naturally breaks forth. The M'Cartys, the O'Briens, and all the other Macs and O's, who have been kept on the alert by similar causes ever since, flew to arms under the com-

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mand of a chieftain of my family; and, as the proffered *handle* of the sword had been rejected, made their inexorable masters at least feel its *edge*.'—(pp. 23—25.)

Fifty years afterwards the same request was renewed and refused. Up again rose Mac and O,—a *just and necessary war* ensued; and after the usual murders, the usual chains were replaced upon the Irishry. All Irishmen were excluded from every species of office. It was high treason to marry with the Irish blood, and highly penal to receive the Irish into religious houses. War was waged also against their Thomas Moores, Samuel Rogerses, and Walter Scotts, who went about the country harping and singing against English oppression. No such turbulent guests were to be received. The plan of making them poets-laureate, or converting them to loyalty by pensions of 100*l.* per annum, had not then been thought of. They debarred the Irish even from the pleasure of running away, and fixed them to the soil like negroes.

'I have thus selected,' says the historian of Rock, 'cursorily and at random a few features of the reigns preceding the Reformation, in order to show what good use was made of those three or four hundred years in attaching the Irish people to their English governors; and by what a gentle course of alteratives they were prepared for the inoculation of a new religion, which was now about to be attempted upon them by the same skilful and friendly hands.

'Henry the Seventh appears to have been the first monarch to whom it occurred, that matters were not managed exactly as they ought in this part of his dominions; and we find him—with a simplicity which is still fresh and youthful among our rulers—expressing his *surprise* that "his subjects of this land should be so prone to faction and rebellion, and that so little advantage had been hitherto derived from the acquisitions of his predecessors, notwithstanding the fruitfulness and natural advantages of Ireland."—Surprising, indeed, that a policy, such as we have been describing, should not have converted the whole country into a perfect Atalantis of happiness—should not have made it like the imaginary island of Sir Thomas More, where "*tota insula velut una familia est!*"—most stubborn, truly, and ungrateful must that people be, upon whom, up to the very hour in which I write, such a long and unvarying course of penal laws, confiscations, and insurrection acts has been tried, without making them in the least degree in love with their rulers.

'Heloïse tells her tutor Abelard, that the correction which he inflicted upon her only served to increase the ardour of her affection for him; but bayonets and hemp are no such "*amoris stimuli.*"—One more characteristic anecdote of those times, and I have done. At the battle of Knocktow, in the reign of Henry VII., when that remarkable man, the Earl of Kildare, assisted by the great O'Neal and other

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Irish chiefs, gained a victory over Clanricard of Connaught, most important to the English government, Lord Gormanstown, after the battle, in the first insolence of success, said, turning to the Earl of Kildare, "We have now slaughtered our enemies, but to complete the good deed, we must proceed yet further, and—cut the throats of those Irish of our own party?"* Who can wonder that the Rock family were active in those times?'—(pp. 33–35.)

Henry VIII. persisted in all these outrages, and aggravated them by insulting the prejudices of the people. England is almost the only country in the world (even at present), where there is not some favourite religious spot, where absurd lies, little bits of cloth, feathers, rusty nails, splinters, and other invaluable relics, are treasured up, and in defence of which the whole population are willing to turn out and perish as one man. Such was the shrine of St. Kieran, the whole treasures of which the satellites of that corpulent tyrant turned out into the street, pillaged the sacred church of Clonmacnoise, scattered the holy nonsense of the priests to the winds, and burnt the real and venerable crosier of St. Patrick, fresh from the silversmith's shop, and formed of the most costly materials. Modern princes change the uniform of regiments; Henry changed the religion of kingdoms, and was determined that the belief of the Irish should undergo a radical and Protestant conversion. With what success this attempt was made, the present state of Ireland is sufficient evidence.

'Be not dismayed,' said Elizabeth, on hearing that O'Neal meditated some designs against her government; 'tell my friends, if he arise, it will turn to their advantage—*there will be estates for those who want.*' Soon after this prophetic speech, Munster was destroyed by famine and the sword, and near 600,000 acres forfeited to the crown, and distributed among Englishmen. Sir Walter Raleigh (the virtuous and good) butchered the garrison of Limerick in cold blood, after Lord Deputy Gray had selected 700 to be hanged. There were, during the reign of Elizabeth, three invasions of Ireland by the Spaniards, produced principally by the absurd measures of this princess for the reformation of its religion The Catholic clergy, in consequence of these measures, abandoned their cures, the churches fell to ruin, and the people were left without any means of instruction. Add to these circumstances the murder

* Leland gives this anecdote on the authority of an Englishman.

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of M'Mahon, the imprisonment of M'Toole* and O'Dogherty, and the kidnapping of O'Donnel—all truly Anglo-Hibernian proceedings. The execution of the laws was rendered detestable and intolerable by the queen's officers of justice. The spirit raised by these transactions, besides innumerable smaller insurrections, gave rise to the great wars of Desmond and Hugh O'Neal; which, after they had worn out the ablest generals, discomfited the choicest troops, exhausted the treasure, and embarrassed the operations of Elizabeth, were terminated by the destruction of these two ancient families, and by the confiscation of more than half the territorial surface of the island. The two last years of O'Neal's wars cost Elizabeth 140,000*l.* per annum, though the whole revenue of England at that period fell considerably short of 500,000*l.* Essex, after the destruction of Norris, led into Ireland an army of above 20,000 men, which was totally baffled and destroyed by Tyrone, within two years of their landing. Such was the importance of Irish rebellions two centuries before the time in which we live. Sir G. Carew attempted to assassinate the Lugan earl—Mountjoy compelled the Irish rebels to massacre each other. In the course of a few months, 3000 men were starved to death in Tyrone. Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Richard Manson, and other commanders, saw three children feeding on the flesh of their dead mother. Such were the golden days of good Queen Bess!

By the rebellions of Dogherty in the reign of James I., six northern counties were confiscated, amounting to 500,000 acres. In the same manner, 64,000 acres were confiscated in Athlone. The whole of his confiscations amount to nearly a million acres; and if Leland means plantation acres, they constitute a twelfth of the whole kingdom according to Newenham, and a tenth according to Sir W. Petty. The most shocking and scandalous action in the reign of James, was his attack upon the whole property of the province of Connaught, which he would have effected, if he had not been bought off by a sum

* There are not a few of the best and most humane Englishmen of the present day, who, when under the influence of fear or anger, would think it no great crime to put to death people whose names begin with O or Mac. The violent death of Smith, Green, or Thomson, would throw the neighbourhood into convulsions, and the regular forms would be adhered to—but little would be really thought of the death of any body called O'Dogherty or O'Toole.

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greater than he hoped to gain by his iniquity, besides the luxury of confiscation. The Irish, during the reign of James I., suffered under the *double* evils of a licentious soldiery, and a religious persecution.

Charles the First took a bribe of 120,000*l.* from his Irish subjects, to grant them what in those days were called *graces*, but in these days would be denominated the elements of justice. The money was paid, but the graces were never granted. One of these graces is curious enough, 'That the clergy were not to be permitted to keep henceforward any private prisons of their own, but delinquents were to be committed to the public jails.' The idea of a rector, with his own private jail full of dissenters, is the most ludicrous piece of tyranny we ever heard of. The troops in the beginning of Charles's reign were supported by the weekly fines levied upon the Catholics for non-attendance upon established worship. The Archbishop of Dublin went himself, at the head of a file of musketeers, to disperse a Catholic congregation in Dublin,—which object he effected, after a considerable skirmish with the priests. 'The favourite object,' (says Dr. Leland, a Protestant clergyman, and dignitary of the Irish church) 'of the Irish government and the English Parliament, was *the utter extermination* of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland.' The great rebellion took place in this reign, and Ireland was one scene of blood and cruelty and confiscation.

Cromwell began his career in Ireland by massacreing for five days the garrison of Drogheda, to whom quarter had been promised. Two millions and a half of acres were confiscated. Whole towns were put up in lots, and sold. The Catholics were banished from three-fourths of the kingdom, and confined to Connaught. After a certain day, every Catholic found out of Connaught was to be punished with death. Fleetwood complains peevishly 'that the people *do not transport readily*,'—but adds, '*it is doubtless a work in which the Lord will appear.*' Ten thousand Irish were sent as recruits to the Spanish army.

'Such was *Cromwell's* way of settling the affairs of Ireland—and if a nation *is* to be ruined, this method is, perhaps, as good as any. It is, at least, more humane than the slow lingering process of exclusion, disappointment, and degradation, by which their hearts are worn out under more specious forms of tyranny; and that talent of despatch which Molière attributes to one of his physicians, is no ordinary merit in a practitioner like Cromwell:—"C'est un homme expéditif, qui

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aime à depêcher ses malades; et quand on a à mourir, cela se fait avec lui le plus vite du monde." A certain military duke, who complains that Ireland is but half-conquered, would, no doubt, upon an emergency, try his hand in the same line of practice, and, like that "stern hero," Mirmillo, in the Dispensary,

> "While others meanly take whole months to slay,
> Despatch the grateful patient in a day!"

'Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period, the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest —being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf. The Athenians, we are told, encouraged the destruction of wolves by a similar reward (five drachmas); but it does not appear that these heathens bought up the heads of priests at the same rate—such zeal in the cause of religion being reserved for times of Christianity and Protestantism.'—(pp. 97—99.)

Nothing can show more strongly the light in which the Irish were held by Cromwell, than the correspondence with Henry Cromwell, respecting the peopling of Jamaica from Ireland. Secretary Thurloe sends to Henry, the lord-deputy in Ireland, to inform him, that 'a stock of Irish girls, and Irish young men, are wanting for the peopling of Jamaica.' The answer of Henry Cromwell is as follows:—'Concerning the supply of young men, although we must use force in taking them up, *yet it being so much for their own good*, and likely to be of so great advantage to the public, it is not the least doubted but that you may have such a number of them as you may think fit to make use of on this account.

'I shall not need repeat any thing respecting the girls, not doubting to answer your expectations to the full *in that;* and I think it might be of like advantage to your affairs there, and ours here, if you should think fit to send 1500 or 2000 boys to the place above mentioned. *We can well spare them;* and who knows but that it may be the means of making them Englishmen, I mean rather Christians. As for the girls, I suppose you will make provisions of clothes, and other accommodations for them.' Upon this, Thurloe informs Henry Cromwell, that the council have voted 4000 *girls, and as many boys*, to go to Jamaica.

Every Catholic priest found in Ireland was hanged, and five pounds paid to the informer.

'About the year 1652 and 1653,' says Colonel Lawrence in his *Interests of Ireland*, 'the plague and famine had so swept away whole counties, that a man might travel twenty or thirty

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miles and not see a living creature, either man or beast, or bird, —they being all dead, or had quitted those desolate places. Our soldiers would tell stories of the places where they saw smoke—it was so rare to see either smoke by day, or fire or candle by night.' In this manner did the Irish live and die under Cromwell, suffering by the sword, famine, pestilence, and persecution, beholding the confiscation of a kingdom and the banishment of a race. 'So that there perished (says S. W. Petry) in the year 1641, 650,000 human beings, whose blood somebody must atone for to God and the king!!'

In the reign of Charles II., by the Act of Settlement, four millions and an half of acres were for ever taken from the Irish. 'This country,' says the Earl of Essex, lord-lieutenant in 1675, 'has been perpetually rent and torn, since his majesty's restoration. I can compare it to nothing better than the flinging the reward on the death of a deer among the packs of hounds—where every one pulls and tears where he can for himself.' All wool grown in Ireland was, by act of Parliament, compelled to be sold to England; and Irish cattle were excluded from England. The English, however, were pleased to accept 30,000 head of cattle, sent as a gift from Ireland to the sufferers in the great fire!—and the first day of the sessions, after this act of munificence, the Parliament passed fresh acts of exclusion against the productions of that country.

'Among the many anomalous situations in which the Irish have been placed, by those "marriage vows, false as dicers' oaths," which bind their country to England, the dilemma in which they found themselves at the Revolution was not the least perplexing or cruel.* If they were loyal to the king *de jure*, they were hanged by the king *de facto;* and if they escaped with life from the king *de facto*, it was but to be plundered and proscribed by the king *de jure* afterwards.

"Hac *gener* atque *socer* coeant mercede suorum."—VIRGIL.

"In a manner so summary, prompt, and high-mettled,
'Twixt father and son-in-law matters were settled."

'In fact, most of the outlawries in Ireland were for treason com-

* 'Among the persons most puzzled and perplexed by the two opposite royal claims on their allegiance, were the clergymen of the established church; who having first prayed for King James as their lawful sovereign, as soon as William was proclaimed took to praying for *him;* but again, on the success of the Jacobite forces in the north, very prudently prayed for King James once more, till the arrival of Schomberg, when, as far as his quarters reached, they returned to praying for King William again.'

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mitted the very day on which the Prince and Princess of Orange accepted the crown in the banqueting-house; though the news of this event could not possibly have reached the other side of the Channel on the same day, and the lord-lieutenant of King James, with an army to enforce obedience, was at that time in actual possession of the government,—so little was common sense consulted, or the mere decency of forms observed by that rapacious spirit, which nothing less than the confiscation of the whole island could satisfy; and which having, in the reign of James I. and at the restoration, despoiled the natives of no less than ten million six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven acres, now added to its plunder one million sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-two acres more, being the amount, altogether, (according to Lord Clare's calculation), of the whole superficial contents of the island.

'Thus not only had *all* Ireland suffered confiscation in the course of this century, but no inconsiderable portion of it had been twice and even thrice confiscated. Well might Lord Clare say, "that the situation of the Irish nation, at the revolution, stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world." '—(pp. 111—113.)

By the articles of Limerick, the Irish were promised the free exercise of their religion; but from that period till the year 1788, every year produced some fresh penalty against that religion—some liberty was abridged, some right impaired, or some suffering increased. By acts in King William's reign, they were prevented from being solicitors. No Catholic was allowed to marry a Protestant; and any Catholic who sent a son to Catholic countries for education was to forfeit all his lands. In the reign of Queen Anne, any son of a Catholic who chose to turn Protestant got possession of his father's estate. No Papist was allowed to purchase freehold property, or to take a lease for more than thirty years. If a Protestant dies intestate, the estate is to go to the next *Protestant* heir, though all to the tenth generation should be Catholic. In the same manner, if a Catholic dies intestate, his estate is to go to the next Protestant. No Papist is to dwell in Limerick or Galway. No Papist is to take an annuity for life. The widow of a Papist turning Protestant to have a portion of the chattels of deceased, in spite of any will. Every Papist teaching schools to be presented as a regular Popish convict. Prices of catching Catholic priests from 50*s.* to 10*l.*, according to rank. Papists are to answer all questions respecting other Papists, or to be committed to jail for twelve months. No trust to be undertaken for Papists. No Papist to be on grand juries. Some notion may be formed of the spirit of those times, from an order of the House of Commons, 'that the sergeant-at-arms

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should take into custody all Papists that should presume to come into *the gallery!*' (*Commons' Journal*, vol. iii. fol. 976.) During this reign, the English Parliament legislated as absolutely for Ireland as they do now for Rutlandshire—an evil not to be complained of, if they had done it as justly. In the reign of George I. the horses of Papists were seized for the militia, and rode by Protestants; towards which the Catholics paid double, and were compelled to find Protestant substitutes. They were prohibited from voting at vestries, or being high or petty constables. An act of the English Parliament in this reign opens as follows:—'Whereas attempts have been lately made to shake off the subjection of Ireland to the imperial crown of these realms, be it enacted,' &c. &c. In the reign of George II. four-sixths of the population were cut off from the rights of voting at elections, by the necessity under which they were placed of taking the oath of supremacy. Barristers and solicitors marrying Catholics are exposed to all the penalties of Catholics. Persons robbed by privateers during a war with a Catholic state, are to be indemnified by a levy on the Catholic inhabitants of the neighbourhood. All marriages between Catholics and Protestants are annulled. All Popish priests celebrating them are to be hanged. 'This system,' (says Arthur Young) 'has no other tendency than that of driving out of the kingdom all the personal wealth of the Catholics, and extinguishing their industry within it! and the face of the country, every object which presents itself to travellers, tell him how effectually this has been done.'—*Young's Tour in Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Such is the history of Ireland—for we are now at our own times; and the only remaining question is, whether the system of improvement and conciliation begun in the reign of George III. shall be pursued, and the remaining incapacities of the Catholics removed, or all these concessions be made insignificant by an adherence to that spirit of proscription which they professed to abolish? Looking to the sense and reason of the thing, and to the ordinary working of humanity and justice, when assisted, as they are here, by self-interest and worldly policy, it might seem absurd to doubt of the result. But looking to the facts and the persons by which we are now surrounded, we are constrained to say that we greatly fear that these incapacities never will be removed, till they are removed by fear. What else, indeed, can we expect when we see them

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opposed by such enlightened men as Mr. Peel—faintly assisted by men of such admirable genius as Mr. Canning,—when royal dukes consider it as a compliment to the memory of their fathers to continue this miserable system of bigotry and exclusion,—when men act ignominiously and contemptibly on this question, who do so on no other question,—when almost the only persons zealously opposed to this general baseness and fatuity are a few whigs and reviewers, or here and there a virtuous poet like Mr. Moore? We repeat again, that the measure never will be effected but by fear. In the midst of one of our just and necessary wars, the Irish Catholics will compel this country to grant them a great deal more than they at present require, or even contemplate. We regret most severely the protraction of the disease,—and the danger of the remedy;—but in this way it is that human affairs are carried on!

We are sorry we have nothing for which to praise administration on the subject of the Catholic question—but, it is but justice to say, that they have been very zealous and active in detecting fiscal abuses in Ireland, in improving mercantile regulations, and in detecting Irish jobs. The commission on which Mr. Wallace presided has been of the greatest possible utility, and does infinite credit to the government. The name of Mr. Wallace, in any commission, has now become a pledge to the public that there is a real intention to investigate and correct abuse. He stands in the singular predicament of being equally trusted by the rulers and the ruled. It is a new era in government, when such men are called into action; and, if there were not proclaimed and fatal limits to that ministerial liberality—which, so far as it goes, we welcome without a grudge, and praise without a sneer—we might yet hope that, for the sake of mere consistency, they might be led to falsify our forebodings. But alas! there are motives more immediate, and therefore irresistible; and the time is not yet come, when it will be believed easier to govern Ireland by the love of the many than by the power of the few—when the paltry and dangerous machinery of bigoted faction and prostituted patronage may be dispensed with, and the vessel of the state be propelled by the natural current of popular interests and the breath of popular applause. In the mean time, we cannot resist the temptation of gracing our conclusion with the following beautiful passage, in which the author alludes to the hopes that were raised at

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another great era of partial concession and liberality—that of the revolution of 1782,—when, also, benefits were conferred which proved abortive, because they were incomplete—and balm poured into the wound, where the envenomed shaft was yet left to rankle.

'And here,' says the gallant Captain Rock,—'as the free confession of weaknesses constitutes the chief charm and use of biography—I will candidly own that the dawn of prosperity and concord, which I now saw breaking over the fortunes of my country, so dazzled and deceived my youthful eyes, and so unsettled every hereditary notion of what I owed to my name and family, that—shall I confess it?—I even hailed with pleasure the prospects of peace and freedom that seemed opening around me; nay, was ready, in the boyish enthusiasm of the moment, to sacrifice all my own personal interest in all future riots and rebellions, to the one bright, seducing object of my country's liberty and repose.

'When I contemplated such a man as the venerable Charlemont, whose nobility was to the people like a fort over a valley—elevated above them solely for their defence; who introduced the polish of the courtier into the camp of the freeman, and served his country with all that pure, Platonic devotion, which a true knight in the times of chivalry proffered to his mistress;—when I listened to the eloquence of Grattan, the very music of freedom—her first, fresh matin song, after a long night of slavery, degradation, and sorrow;—when I saw the bright offerings which he brought to the shrine of his country,—wisdom, genius, courage, and patience, invigorated and embellished by all those social and domestic virtues, without which the loftiest talents stand isolated in the moral waste around them, like the pillars of Palmyra towering in a wilderness!—when I reflected on all this, it not only disheartened me for the mission of discord which I had undertaken, but made me secretly hope that it might be rendered unnecessary; and that a country, which could produce such men and achieve such a revolution, might yet—in spite of the joint efforts of the government and my family—take her rank in the scale of nations, and be happy!

'My father, however, who saw the momentary dazzle by which I was affected, soon drew me out of this false light of hope in which I lay basking, and set the truth before me in a way but too convincing and ominous. "Be not deceived, boy," he would say, "by the fallacious appearances before you. Eminently great and good as is the man to whom Ireland owes this short era of glory, *our* work, believe me, will last longer than his. We have a power on our side that 'will not willingly let us die;' and, long after Grattan shall have disappeared from earth,—like that arrow shot into the clouds by Alcestes, effecting nothing, but leaving a long train of light behind him,—the family of the Rocks will continue to flourish in all their native glory, upheld by the ever-watchful care of the legislature, and fostered by that 'nursing-mother of Liberty,' the Church." '

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GRANBY. (Edinburgh Review, 1826.)

Granby. A Novel in Three Volumes. London, Colburn, 1826.

There is nothing more amusing in the spectacles of the present day, than to see the Sir Johns and Sir Thomases of the House of Commons struck aghast by the useful science and wise novelties of Mr. Huskisson and the chancellor of the exchequer. Treason, Disaffection, Atheism, Republicanism, and Socinianism—the great guns in the Noodle's park of artillery —they cannot bring to bear upon these gentlemen. Even to charge with a regiment of ancestors is not quite so efficacious as it used to be; and all that remains, therefore, is to rail against Peter M'Culloch and political economy! In the mean time, day after day, down goes one piece of nonsense or another. The most approved trash, and the most trusty clamours, are found to be utterly powerless. Twopenny taunts and trumpery truisms have lost their destructive omnipotence; and the exhausted commonplaceman, and the afflicted fool, moan over the ashes of imbecility, and strew flowers on the urn of ignorance! General Elliot found the London tailors in a state of mutiny, and he raised from them a regiment of light cavalry, which distinguished itself in a very striking manner at the battle of Minden. In humble imitation of this example, we shall avail ourselves of the present political disaffection and unsatisfactory idleness of many men of rank and consequence, to request their attention to the Novel of Granby—written, as we have heard, by a young gentleman of the name of Lister,* and from which we have derived a considerable deal of pleasure and entertainment.

The main question as to a novel is—did it amuse? were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects, it is good; if it does not—story, lan-

* This is the gentleman who now keeps the keys of Life and Death, the Janitor of the world.

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guage, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it must do that, or it does nothing. Now Granby seems to use to answer this test extremely well; it produces unpunctuality, makes the reader too late for dinner, impatient of contradiction, and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman lately from the Pyramids, or the Upper Cataracts, is let loose upon the drawing-room. The objection, indeed, to these compositions, when they are well done is, that it is impossible to do any thing, or perform any human duty, while we are engaged in them. Who can read Mr. Hallam's Middle Ages, or extract the root of an impossible quantity, or draw up a bond, when he is in the middle of Mr. Trebeck and Lady Charlotte Duncan? How can the boy's lesson be heard, about the Jove-nourished Achilles, or his six miserable verses upon Dido be corrected, when Henry Granby and Mr. Courtenay are both making love to Miss Jermyn? Common life palls in the middle of these artificial scenes. All is emotion when the book is open—all dull, flat, and feeble when it is shut.

Granby, a young man of no profession, living with an old uncle in the country, falls in love with Miss Jermyn, and Miss Jermyn with him; but Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn, as the young gentleman is not rich, having discovered, by long living in the world and patient observation of its ways, that young people are commonly Malthus-proof and have children, and that young and old must eat, very naturally do what they can to discourage the union. The young people, however, both go to town—meet at balls—flutter, blush, look and cannot speak—speak and cannot look,—suspect, misinterpret, are sad and mad, peevish and jealous, fond and foolish; but the passion, after all, seems less near to its accomplishment at the end of the season than the beginning. The uncle of Granby, however, dies, and leaves to his nephew a statement accompanied with the requisite proofs—that Mr. Tyrrel, the supposed son of Lord Malton, is illegitimate, and that he, Granby, is the heir to Lord Malton's fortune. The second volume is now far advanced, and it is time for Lord Malton to die. Accordingly Mr. Lister very judiciously despatches him; Granby inherits the estate—his virtues (for what shows off virtue like land?) are discovered by the Jermyns—and they marry in the last act.

Upon this slender story, the author has succeeded in making

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a very agreeable and interesting novel; and he has succeeded, we think, chiefly, by the very easy and natural picture of manners, as they really exist among the upper classes; by the description of new characters judiciously drawn and faithfully preserved; and by the introduction of many striking and well-managed incidents; and we are particularly struck throughout the whole with the discretion and good sense of the author. He is never *nimious;* there is nothing in excess; there is a good deal of fancy and a great deal of spirit at work, but a directing and superintending judgment rarely quits him.

We would instance, as a proof of his tact and talent, the visit at Lord Daventry's, and the description of characters of which the party is composed. There are absolutely no events; nobody runs away, goes mad, or dies. There is little of love, or of hatred; no great passion comes into play; but nothing can be farther removed from dulness and insipidity. Who has ever lived in the world without often meeting the Miss Cliftons?

'The Miss Cliftons were good-humoured girls; not handsome, but of pleasing manners, and sufficiently clever to keep up the ball of conversation very agreeably for an occasional half hour. They were always *au courant du jour*, and knew and saw the first of every thing —were in the earliest confidence of many a bride elect, and could frequently tell that a marriage was "off" long after it had been announced as "on the tapis" in the morning papers—always knew something of the new opera, or the new Scotch novel, before any body else did—were the first who made fizgigs, or acted charades—contrived to have private views of most exhibitions, and were supposed to have led the fashionable throng to the Caledonian Chapel, Cross Street, Hatton Garden. Their employments were like those of most other girls; they sang, played, drew, rode, read occasionally, spoiled much muslin, manufactured purses, handscreens, and reticules for a repository, and transcribed a considerable quantity of music out of large fair print into diminutive manuscript.

'Miss Clifton was clever and accomplished; rather cold, but very conversible; collected seals, franks, and anecdotes of the day; and was a great retailer of the latter. Anne was odd and entertaining; was a formidable quizzer, and no mean caricaturist; liked fun in most shapes; and next to making people laugh, had rather they stared at what she said. Maria was the echo of the other two: vouched for all Miss Clifton's anecdotes, and led the laugh at Anne's repartees. They were plain, and they knew it; and cared less about it than young ladies usually do. Their plainness, however, would have been less striking, but for that hard, pale, par-boiled town look,—that stamp of fashion, with which late hours and hot rooms generally endow the female face.'—(pp. 103—105.)

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Having introduced our reader to the Miss Cliftons, we must make him acquainted with Mr. Trebeck, one of those universally appearing gentlemen and tremendous table tyrants, by whom London society is so frequently governed:—

'Mr. Trebeck had great powers of entertainment, and a keen and lively turn for satire; and could talk down his superiors, whether in rank or talent, with very imposing confidence. He saw the advantages of being formidable, and observed with derision how those whose malignity he pampered with ridicule of others, vainly thought to purchase by subserviency exemption for themselves. He had sounded the gullibility of the world; knew the precise current value of pretension; and soon found himself the acknowledged umpire, the last appeal, of many contented followers.

'He seldom committed himself by praise or recommendation, but rather left his example and adoption to work its way. As for censure he had both ample and witty store; but here too he often husbanded his remarks, and where it was needless or dangerous to define a fault, could check admiration by an incredulous smile, and depress pretensions of a season's standing by the raising of an eyebrow. He had a quick perception of the foibles of others, and a keen relish for bantering and exposing them. No keeper of a menagerie could better show off a monkey than he could an "original." He could ingeniously cause the unconscious subject to place his own absurdities in the best point of view, and would cloak his derision under the blandest cajolery. Imitators he loved much; but to baffle them—more. He loved to turn upon the luckless adopters of his last folly, and see them precipitately back out of the scrape into which himself had led them.

'In the art of cutting he shone unrivalled: he knew the "when," the "where," and the "how." Without affecting useless short-sightedness, he could assume that calm but wandering gaze, which veers, as if unconsciously, round the proscribed individual; neither fixing, nor to be fixed; not looking on vacancy, nor on any one object; neither occupied nor abstracted; a look which perhaps excuses you to the person *cut*, and, at any rate, presents him from accosting you. Originality was his idol. He wished to astonish, even if he did not amuse; and had rather say a silly thing than a commonplace one. He was led by this sometimes even to approach the verge of rudeness and vulgarity; but he had considerable tact, and a happy hardihood, which generally carried him through the difficulties into which his fearless love of originality brought him. Indeed, he well knew that what would, in the present condition of his reputation, be scouted in any body else, would pass current with the world in him. Such was the far-famed and redoubtable Mr. Trebeck.'—(pp. 109—112.)

This sketch we think exceedingly clever. But we are not sure that its merit is fully sustained by the actual presentment of its subject. He makes his debut at dinner very characteristically, by gliding in quietly after it is half over; but in the

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dialogue which follows with Miss Jermyn, he seems to us a little too resolutely witty, and somewhat affectedly odd—though the whole scene is executed with spirit and talent.

'The duke had been discoursing on cookery, when Mr. Trebeck turned to her, and asked in a low tone if she had ever met the duke before—"I assure you," said he, "that upon *that* subject he is well worth attending to. He is supposed to possess more true science than any amateur of his day. By the bye, what is the dish before you! It looks well, and I see you are eating some of it. Let me recommend it to him upon your authority; I dare not upon my own."—"Then pray do not use mine."—"Yes, I will, with your permission; I'll tell him you thought, by what dropped from him in conversation, that it would exactly suit the genius of his taste. Shall I? Yes.—Duke," (raising his voice a little, and speaking across the table,)—"Oh, no! how can you?"—"Why not?—Duke," (with a glance at Caroline,) "will you allow me to take wine with you?"—"I thought," said she, relieved from her trepidation, and laughing slightly, "you would never say any thing so very strange."—"You have too good an opinion of me; I blush for my unworthiness. But confess, that in fact you were rather alarmed at the idea of being held up to such a critic as the recommender of a bad dish."—"Oh, no, I was not thinking of that; but I hardly know the duke: and it would have seemed so odd; and perhaps he might have thought that I had really told you to say something of that kind."—"Of course he would; but you must not suppose that he would have been at all surprised at it. I'm afraid you are not aware of the full extent of your privileges, and are not conscious how many things young ladies can, and may, and will do."—"Indeed I am not—perhaps you will instruct me."—"Ah, I never do that for any body. I like to see young ladies instruct themselves. It is better for them, and much more amusing to me. But, however, for once I will venture to tell you, that a very competent knowledge of the duties of women may, with proper attention, be picked up in a ball room."—"Then I hope," said she, laughing, "you will attribute my deficiency to my little experience of ball. I have only been at two."—"Only two! and one of them I suppose a race ball. Then you have not yet experienced any of the pleasures of a London season? Never had the dear delight of seeing and being seen, in a well of tall people at a rout, or passed a pleasant hour at a ball upon a staircase! I envy you. You have much to enjoy."—"You do not mean that I really have?"—"Yes—really. But let me give you a caution or two. Never dance with any man without first knowing his character and condition, on the word of two credible chaperons. At balls, too, consider what you come for—to dance of course, and not to converse; therefore, never talk yourself, nor encourage it in others."—"I'm afraid I can only answer for myself."—"Why, if foolish, well-meaning people will choose to be entertaining, I question if you have the power of frowning them down in a very forbidding manner: but I would give them no countenance nevertheless."—"Your advice seems a little ironical."—"Oh, you may either follow it or reverse it—that is

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its chief beauty. It is equally good taken either way."—After a slight pause, he continued—"I hope you do not sing, or play, or draw, or do any thing that every body else does."—"I am obliged to confess that I do a little—very little—in each."—"I understand your 'very little:' I'm afraid you are accomplished."—"You need have no fear of that. But why are you an enemy to all accomplishments?"—"All accomplishments? Nay, surely, you do not think me an enemy to all? What can you possibly take me for?"—"I do not know," said she, laughing slightly.—"Yes, I see you do not know exactly what to make of me—and you are not without your apprehensions. I can perceive that, though you try to conceal them.—But never mind. I am a safe person to sit near—sometimes. I am to-day. This is one of my lucid intervals. I'm much better, thanks to my keeper. There he is, on the other side of the table—the tall man in black," (pointing out Mr. Bennet,) "a highly respectable kind of person. I came with him here for change of air. How do you think I look at present?"—Caroline could not answer him for laughing.—"Nay," said he, "it is cruel to laugh on such a subject. It is very hard that you should do that, and misrepresent my meaning too."—"Well then," said Caroline, resuming a respectable portion of gravity; "that I may not be guilty of that again, what accomplishments do you allow to be tolerable?"—"Let me see," said he, with a look of consideration; "you may play a waltz with one hand, and dance as little as you think convenient. You may draw caricatures of your intimate friends. You may *not* sing a note of Rossini; nor sketch gateposts and donkeys after nature. You may sit to a harp, but you need not play it. You must not paint miniatures nor copy Swiss costumes. But you may manufacture any thing—from a cap down to a pair of shoes—always remembering that the less useful your work the better. Can you remember all this?"—"I do not know," said she, "it comprehends so much; and I am rather puzzled between the 'mays' and 'must nots.' However, it seems, according to your code, that very little is to be required of me; for you have not mentioned any thing that I positively *must* do."—"Ah, well, I can reduce all to a very small compass. You must be an archeress in the summer, and a skater in the winter, and play well at billiards all the year; and if you do these extremely well, my admiration will have no bounds."—"I believe I must forfeit all claim to your admiration then, for unfortunately I am not so gifted."—"Then you must place it to the account of your other gifts."—"Certainly—when it comes."—"Oh it is sure to come, as you well know: but, nevertheless, I like that incredulous look extremely."—He then turned away, thinking probably that he had paid her the compliment of sufficient attention, and began a conversation with the duchess, which was carried on in such a well-regulated under tone, as to be perfectly inaudible to any but themselves.'—(pp. 92—99.)

The bustling importance of Sir Thomas Jermyn, the fat duke and his right hand man, the blunt toad-eater, Mr. Charlecote, a loud noisy sportsman, and Lady Jermyn's worldly prudence, are all displayed and managed with considerable

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skill and great power of amusing. One little sin against good taste, our author sometimes commits—an error from which Sir Walter Scott is not exempt. We mean the humour of giving characteristic names to persons and places; for instance, Sir Thomas Jermyn is Member of Parliament for the town of Rottenborough. This very easy and appellative jocularity seems to us, we confess, to savour a little of vulgarity; and is therefore quite as unworthy of Mr. Lister, as Dr. Dryasdust is of Sir Walter Scott. The plainest names which can be found (Smith, Thomson, Johnson, and Simson, always excepted), are the best for novels. Lord Chesterton we have often met with; and suffered a good deal from his lordship: a heavy, pompous, meddling peer, occupying a great share of the conversation—saying things in ten words which required only two, and evidently convinced that he is making a great impression; a large man, with a large head, and very landed manner; knowing enough to torment his fellow-creatures, not to instruct them—the ridicule of young ladies, and the natural butt and target of wit. It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilized beings by prosing, reflect upon the joy he spoils, and the misery he creates, in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues, when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds—the sheep-stealer disappears—the swindler gets ready for the Bay—the solid parts of the murderer are preserved in anatomical collections. But, after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup,—unpunished, untried, undissected—no scaffold, no skeleton—no mob of gentlemen and ladies to gape over his last dying speech and confession.

The scene of quizzing the country neighbours is well imagined, and not ill executed; though there are many more fortunate passages in the book. The elderly widows of the

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metropolis beg, through us, to return their thanks to Mr. Lister for the following agreeable portrait of Mrs. Dormer.

'It would be difficult to find a more pleasing example than Mrs. Dormer, of that much libelled class of elderly ladies of the world, who are presumed to be happy only at the card table; to grow in bitterness as they advanced in years, and to haunt, like restless ghosts, those busy circles which they no longer either enliven or adorn. Such there may be; but of these she was not one. She was the frequenter of society, but not its slave. She had great natural benevolence of disposition; a friendly vivacity of manners, which endeared her to the young, and a steady good sense, which commanded the respect of her contemporaries; and many, who did not agree with her on particular points, were willing to allow that there was a good deal of reason in Mrs. Dormer's *prejudices*. She was, perhaps, a little blind to the faults of her friends; a defect of which the world could not cure her; but she was very kind to their virtues. She was fond of young people, and had an unimpaired gaiety about her, which seemed to expand in the contact with them; and she was anxious to promote, for their sake, even those amusements for which she had lost all taste herself. She was—but after all, she will be best described by negatives. She was not a match-maker, or mischief-maker; nor did she plume herself upon her charity, in implicitly believing only just half of what the world says. She was no retailer of scandalous "*on dits*." She did not combat wrinkles with rouge; nor did she labour to render years less respected by a miserable affectation of girlish fashions. She did not stickle for the inviolable exclusiveness of certain sects; nor was she afraid of being known to visit a friend in an unfashionable quarter of the town. She was no worshipper of mere rank. She did not patronize oddities; nor sanction those who delight in braving the rules of common decency. She did not evince her sense of propriety, by shaking hands with the recent defendant in a crim. con. cause; nor exhale her devotion in Sunday routs.'—(pp. 243, 244.)

Mrs. Clotworthy, we are afraid, will not be quite so well pleased with the description of her rout. Mrs. Clotworthy is one of those ladies who have ices, fiddlers, and fine rooms, but no fine friends. But fine friends may always be had, where there are ices, fiddlers, and fine rooms: and so, with ten or a dozen stars and an Oonalaska chief; and, followed by all vicious and salient London, Mrs. Clotworthy takes the field.

'The poor woman seemed half dead with fatigue already; and we cannot venture to say whether the prospect of five hours more of this high wrought enjoyment tended much to brace her to the task. It was a brilliant sight, and an interesting one, if it could have been viewed from some fair vantage ground, with ample space, in coolness and in quiet. Rank, beauty, and splendour, were richly blended. The gay attire; the glittering jewels; the more resplendent features they adorned, and too frequently the rouged cheek of the sexagenarian:

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the vigilant chaperon; the fair but languid form which she conducted; well curled heads, well propped with starch; well whiskered guardsmen; and here and there fat good-humoured elderly gentlemen, with stars upon their coats;—all these united in one close medley—a curious piece of living mosaic. Most of them came to see and be seen; some of the most youthful professedly to dance; yet how could they? at any rate they tried.—They stood, if they could, with their vis-à-vis facing them,—and sidled across—and back again and made one step, —or two if there was room, to the right or left, and joined hands, and set—perhaps, and turned their partners, or dispensed with it if necessary—and so on to the end of "La Finale;" and then comes a waltz for the few who choose it—and then another squeezy quadrille—and so on—and on, till the weary many "leave ample room and verge enough" for the persevering few to figure in with greater freedom.

'But then they talk; oh! ay! true, we must not forget the charms of conversation. And what passes between nine-tenths of them! Remarks on the heat of the room; the state of the crowd; the impossibility of dancing, and the propriety nevertheless of attempting it; that on last Wednesday was a bad Almack's, and on Thursday a worse Opera; that the new ballet is supposed to be good; mutual inquiries how they like Pasta, or Catalani, or whoever the syren of the day may be; whether they have been at Lady A.'s, and whether they are going to Mrs. B.'s; whether they think Miss Such-a-one handsome! and what is the name of the gentleman talking to her: whether Rossini's music makes the best quadrilles, and whether Collinet's band are the best to play them. There are many who pay in better coin; but the small change is much of this description.'—(I. 249–251.)

We consider the following description of London, as it appears to a person walking home after a rout, at four or five o'clock in the morning, to be as poetical as any thing written on the forests of Guiana, or the falls of Niagara:—

'Granby followed them with his eyes; and now, too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer morning—suddenly passing from the red glare of lamp-light, to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad day-light, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford Street, to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrunk to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool gray tint which slightly mingled with every object, the

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brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the busy din, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent; and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

'There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertion, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary wagon; the twittering of an occasional sparrow; the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman; and the distant rattle of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence: and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim great-coated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.'—(pp. 297–299.)

One of the most prominent characters of the book, and the best drawn, is that of Tyrrel, son of Lord Malton, a noble blackleg, a titled gamester, and a profound plotting villain—a man, in comparison of whom, nine-tenths of the persons hung in Newgate are pure and perfect. The profound dissimulation and wicked artifices of this diabolical person are painted with great energy and power of description. The party at whist made to take in Granby is very good, and that part of the story where Granby compels Tyrrel to refund what he has won of Courtenay is of first-rate dramatic excellence; and if any one wishes for a short and convincing proof of the powers of the writer of this novel—to that scene we refer him. It shall be the taster of the cheese, and we are convinced it will sell the whole article. We are so much struck with it, that we advise the author to consider seriously whether he could not write a good play. It is many years since a good play has been written. It is about time, judging from the common economy of nature, that a good dramatic writer should appear. We promise Mr. Lister sincerely, that the Edinburgh Review shall rapidly undeceive him if he mistakes his talents; and that his delusion shall not last beyond the first tragedy or comedy.

The picture at the exhibition is extremely well managed, and all the various love-tricks of attempting to appear indifferent, are, as well as we can remember, from the life. But it is thirty or forty years since we have been in love.

The horror of an affectionate and dexterous mamma is a handsome young man without money: and the following lec-

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ture deserves to be committed to memory by all managing mothers, and repeated at proper intervals to the female progeny.

'"True, my love, but understand me. I don't wish you positively to *avoid* him. I would not go away, for instance, if I saw him coming, or even turn my head that I might not see him as he passed. That would be too *broad* and marked. People might notice it. It would look *particular*. We should never do any thing that looks *particular*. No, I would answer him civilly and composedly whenever he spoke to me, and then pass on, just as you might in the case of any body else. But I leave all this to your own tact and discretion, of which nobody has more for her age. I am sure you can enter into all these niceties, and that my observations will not be lost upon you. And now, my love, let me mention another thing. You must get over that little embarrassment which I see you show whenever you meet him. It was very natural and excusable the first time, considering our long acquaintance with him and the General: but we must make our conduct conform to circumstances; so try to get the better of this little flutter: it does not look well, and might be observed. There is no quality more valuable in a young person than self-possession. So you must keep down these blushes," said she, patting her on the cheek, "or I believe I must rouge you:—though it would be a thousand pities, with the pretty natural colour you have. But you must remember what I have been saying. Be more composed in your behaviour. Try to adopt the manner which I do. It may be difficult; but you see I contrive it, and I have known Mr. Granby a great deal longer than you have, Caroline."'—(pp. 21, 22.)

These principles are of the highest practical importance in an age when the art of marrying daughters is carried to the highest pitch of excellence, when love must be made to the young men of fortune, not only by the young lady who must appear to be dying for him, but by the father, mother, aunts, cousins, tutor, gamekeeper, and stable-boy—assisted by the parson of the parish, and the church-wardens. If any of these fail, Dives pouts, and the match is off.

The merit of this writer is, that he catches delicate portraits, which a less skilful artist would pass over, from not thinking the features sufficiently marked. We are struck, however, with the resemblance, and are pleased with the conquest of difficulties—we remember to have seen such faces, and are sensible that they form an agreeable variety to the expression of more marked and decided character. Nobody, for instance, can deny that he is acquainted with Miss Darrell.

'Miss Darrell was not strictly a beauty. She had not, as was frequently observed by her female friends, and unwillingly admitted by her male admirers, a single truly good feature in her face. But who

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could quarrel with the *tout ensemble?* who but must be dazzled with the graceful animation with which those features were lighted up? Let critics hesitate to pronounce her beautiful; at any rate they must allow her to be fascinating. Place a perfect stranger in a crowded assembly, and she would first attract his eye; correcter beauties would pass unnoticed, and his first attention would be riveted by her. She was all brilliancy and effect; but it were hard to say she studied it; so little did her spontaneous, airy graces convey the impression of premeditated practice. She was a sparkling tissue of little affectations, which, however, appeared so interwoven with herself, that their seeming artlessness disarmed one's censure. Strip them away, and you destroyed at once the brilliant being that so much attracted you; and it thus became difficult to condemn what you felt unable, and, indeed, unwilling, to remove. With positive affectation, malevolence itself could rarely charge her; and prudish censure seldom exceeded the guarded limits of a dry remark, that Miss Darrell had "a good deal of *manner*."

'Eclat she sought and gained. Indeed, she was both formed to gain it, and disposed to desire it. But she required an extensive sphere. A ball-room was her true arena: for she waltzed "*à ravir*," and could talk enchantingly about nothing. She was devoted to fashion, and all its fickleness, and went to the extreme whenever she could do so consistently with grace. But she aspired to be a leader as well as a follower; seldom, if ever, adopted a mode that was unbecoming to herself, and dressed to suit the genius of her face.'—(pp. 28, 29.)

Tremendous is the power of a novelist! If four or five men are in a room, and show a disposition to break the peace, no human magistrate (not even Mr. Justice Bayley) could do more than bind them over to keep the peace, and commit them if they refused. But the writer of the novel stands with a pen in his hand, and can run any of them through the body,—can knock down any one individual, and keep the others upon their legs; or, like the last scene in the first tragedy written by a young man of genius, can put them all to death. Now, an author possessing such extraordinary privileges, should not have allowed Mr. Tyrrel to strike Granby. This is ill managed; particularly as Granby does not return the blow, or turn him out of the house. Nobody should suffer his hero to have a black eye, or to be pulled by the nose. The Iliad would never have come down to these times if Agamemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the Æneid, if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious Æneas in the 4th book. Æneas may have deserved it; but he could not have founded the Roman empire after so distressing an accident.

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ISLAND OF CEYLON. (Edinburgh Review, 1803.)

An Account of the Island of Ceylon. By Robert Percival, Esq., of his Majesty's Nineteenth Regiment of Foot. London. C. and R. Baldwin.

It is now little more than half a century since the English first began to establish themselves in any force upon the peninsula of India; and we at present possess in that country, a more extensive territory, and a more numerous population, than any European power can boast of at home. In no instance has the genius of the English, and their courage, shone forth more conspicuously than in their contest with the French for the empire of India. The numbers on both sides were always inconsiderable; but the two nations were fairly matched against each other, in the cabinet and the field; the struggle was long and obstinate; and, at the conclusion, the French remained masters of a dismantled town, and the English of the grandest and most extensive colony that the world has ever seen. To attribute this success to the superior genius of Clive, is not to diminish the reputation it confers on his country, which reputation must of course be elevated by the number of great men to which it gives birth. But the French were by no means deficient in casualties of genius at that period, unless Bussy is to be considered as a man of common stature of mind, or Dupleix to be classed with the vulgar herd of politicians. Neither was Clive (though he clearly stands forward as the most prominent figure in the group) without the aid of some military men of very considerable talents. Clive extended our Indian empire; but General Lawrence preserved it to be extended; and the former caught, perhaps, from the latter, that military spirit by which he soon became a greater soldier than him, without whom he never would have been a soldier at all.

Gratifying as these reflections upon our prowess in India are to national pride, they bring with them the painful reflection, that so considerable a portion of our strength and wealth is vested upon such precarious foundations, and at such an im-

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mense distance from the parent country. The glittering fragments of the Portuguese empire, scattered up and down the East, should teach us the instability of such dominion. We are (it is true) better capable of preserving what we have obtained, than any other nation which has ever colonized in Southern Asia: but the object of ambition is so tempting, and the perils to which it is exposed so numerous, that no calculating mind can found any durable conclusions upon this branch of our commerce, and this source of our strength.

In the acquisition of Ceylon, we have obtained the greatest of all our wants—a good harbour. For it is a very singular fact, that, in the whole peninsula of India, Bombay is alone capable of affording a safe retreat to ships during the period of the monsoons.

The geographical figure of our possessions in Ceylon is whimsical enough: we possess the whole of the seacoast, and enclose in a periphery the unfortunate King of Candia, whose rugged and mountainous dominions may be compared to a coarse mass of iron, set in a circle of silver. The Popilian ring, in which this votary of Buddha has been so long held by the Portuguese and Dutch, has infused the most vigilant jealousy into the government, and rendered it as difficult to enter the kingdom of Candia, as if it were Paradise or China; and yet, once there, always there; for the difficulty of departing is just as great as the difficulty of arriving; and his Candian excellency, who has used every device in his power to keep them out, is seized with such an affection for those who baffle his defensive artifices, that he can on no account suffer them to depart. He has been known to detain a string of four or five Dutch embassies, till various members of the legation died of old age at his court, while they were expecting an answer to their questions, and a return to their presents:* and his majesty once exasperated a little French ambassador to such a degree, by the various pretences under which he kept him at his court, that this lively member of the corps diplomatique, one day, in a furious passion, attacked six or seven of his majesty's largest elephants sword in hand, and would, in all probability, have reduced them to mince-meat, if the poor beasts had not been saved from the unequal combat.

The best and most ample account of Ceylon is contained in

* Knox's Ceylon.

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the narrative of Robert Knox, who, in the middle of the 17th century, was taken prisoner there (while refitting his ship) at the age of nineteen, and remained nineteen years on the island, in slavery to the King of Candia. During this period, he learnt the language, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the people. The account he has given of them is extremely entertaining, and written in a very simple and unaffected style; so much so, indeed, that he presents his reader with a very grave account of the noise the devil makes in the woods of Candia, and of the frequent opportunities he has had of hearing him.

Mr. Percival does not pretend to deal with the devil; but appears to have used the fair and natural resources of observation and good sense, to put together an interesting description of Ceylon. There is nothing in the book very animated, or very profound, but it is without pretensions; and if it does not excite attention by any unusual powers of description, it never disgusts by credulity, wearies by prolixity, or offends by affectation. It is such an account as a plain military man of diligence and common sense might be expected to compose; and narratives like these we must not despise. To military men we have been, and must be, indebted for our first acquaintance with the interior of many countries. Conquest has explored more than ever curiosity has done; and the path for science has been commonly opened by the sword.

We shall proceed to give a very summary abstract of the principal contents of Mr. Percival's book.

The immense accessions of territory which the English have acquired in the East Indies since the American war, rendered it absolutely necessary, that some effort should be made to obtain possession of a station where ships might remain in safety during the violent storms incidental to that climate. As the whole of that large track which we possess along the Coromandel coast presents nothing but open roads, all vessels are obliged, on the approach of the monsoons, to stand out in the open seas; and there are many parts of the coast that can be approached only during a few months of the year. As the harbour of Trincomalee, which is equally secure at all seasons, afforded the means of obviating these disadvantages, it is evident that, on the first rupture with the Dutch, our countrymen would attempt to gain possession of it. A body of troops was, in consequence, detached in the year 1795, for the conquest of Ceylon, which (in consequence of the indiscipline which po-

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litical dissension had introduced among the Dutch troops) was effected almost without opposition.

Ceylon is now inhabited by the English; the remains of the Dutch, and Portuguese, the Cinglese or natives, subject to the dominion of the Europeans; the Candians, subject to the king of their own name; and the Vaddahs, or wild men, subject to no power. A Ceylonese Dutchman is a coarse, grotesque species of animal, whose native apathy and phlegm is animated only by the insolence of a colonial tyrant: his principal amusement appears to consist in smoking; but his pipe, according to Mr. Percival's account, is so seldom out of his mouth, that his smoking appears to be almost as much a necessary function of animal life as his breathing. His day is eked out with gin, ceremonious visits, and prodigious quantities of gross food, dripping with oil and butter; his mind, just able to reach from one meal to another, is incapable of farther exertion; and, after the panting and deglutition of a long protracted dinner, reposes on the sweet expectation that, in a few hours, the carnivorous toil will be renewed. He lives only to digest, and, while the organs of gluttony perform their office, he has not a wish beyond; and is the happy man which Horace describes:—

——— *in seipso totus, teres, atque rotundus.*

The descendants of the Portuguese differ materially from the Moors, Malabars, and other Mahometans. Their great object is to show the world they are Europeans and Christians. Unfortunately, their ideas of Christianity are so imperfect, that the only mode they can hit upon of displaying their faith, is by wearing hats and breeches, and by these habiliments they consider themselves as showing a proper degree of contempt, on various parts of the body, towards Mahomet and Buddha. They are lazy, treacherous, effeminate, and passionate to excess; and are, in fact, a locomotive and animated farrago of the bad qualities of all tongues, people, and nations, on the face of the earth.

The Malays, whom we forgot before to enumerate, form a very considerable portion of the inhabitants of Ceylon. Their original empire lies in the peninsula of Malacca, from whence they have extended themselves over Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and a vast number of other islands in the peninsula of India. It has been many years customary for the Dutch to bring them to Ceylon, for the purpose of carrying on various

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branches of trade and manufacture, and in order also to employ them as soldiers and servants. The Malays are the most vindictive and ferocious of living beings. They set little or no value on their own existence, in the prosecution of their odious passions; and having thus broken the great tie which renders man a being capable of being governed, and fit for society, they are a constant source of terror to all those who have any kind of connection or relation with them. A Malay servant, from the apprehension excited by his vindictive disposition, often becomes the master of his master. It is as dangerous to dismiss him as to punish him; and the rightful despot, in order to avoid assassination, is almost compelled to exchange characters with his slave. It is singular, however, that the Malay, incapable of submission on any other occasion, and ever ready to avenge insult with death, submits to the severest military discipline with the utmost resignation and meekness. The truth is, obedience to his officers forms part of his religious creed; and the same man who would repay the most insignificant insult with death, will submit to be lacerated at the halbert with the patience of a martyr. This is truly a tremendous people! When assassins and blood-hounds will fall into rank and file, and the most furious savages submit (with no diminution of their ferocity) to the science and discipline of war, they only want a Malay Bonaparte to lead them to the conquest of the world. Our curiosity has always been very highly excited by the accounts of this singular people; and we cannot help thinking, that, one day or another, when they are more full of opium than usual, they *will run a muck* from Cape Comorin to the Caspian.

Mr. Percival does not consider the Ceylonese as descended from the continentals of the peninsula, but rather from the inhabitants of the Maldive Islands, whom they very much resemble in complexion, features, language, and manners.

'The Ceylonese (says Mr. Percival) are courteous and polite in their demeanour, even to a degree far exceeding their civilization. In several qualities they are greatly superior to all other Indians who have fallen within the sphere of my observation. I have already exempted them from the censure of stealing and lying, which seem to be almost inherent in the nature of an Indian. They are mild, and by no means captious or passionate in their intercourse with each other; though, when once their anger is roused, it is proportionably furious and lasting. Their hatred is indeed mortal, and they will frequently destroy themselves to obtain the destruction of the detested

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object. One instance will serve to show the extent to which this passion is carried. If a Ceylonese cannot obtain money due to him by another, he goes to his debtor, and threatens to kill himself if he is not instantly paid. This threat, which is sometimes put in execution, reduces the debtor, if it be in his power, to immediate compliance with the demand: as, by their law, if any man causes the loss of another man's life, his own is the forfeit. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is a proverbial expression continually in their mouths. This is, on other occasions, a very common mode of revenge among them; and a Ceylonese has often been known to contrive to kill himself in the company of his enemy, that the latter might suffer for it.

'This dreadful spirit of revenge, so inconsistent with the usually mild and humane sentiments of the Ceylonese, and much more congenial to the bloody temper of a Malay, still continues to be fostered by the sacred customs of the Candians. Among the Cinglese, however, it has been greatly mitigated by their intercourse with Europeans. The desperate mode of obtaining revenge which I have just described, has been given up, from having been disappointed of its object; as, in all those parts under our dominion, the European modes of investigating and punishing crimes are enforced. A case of this nature occurred at Caltura in 1799. A Cinglese peasant happening to have a suit or controversy with another, watched an opportunity of going to bathe in company with him, and drowned himself, with the view of having his adversary put to death. The latter was upon this taken up, and sent to Columbo to take his trial for making away with the deceased, upon the principle of having been the last seen in his company. There was, however, nothing more than presumptive proof against the culprit, and he was of course acquitted. This decision, however, did not by any means tally with the sentiments of the Cinglese, who are as much inclined to continue their ancient barbarous practice as their brethren the Candians, although they are deprived of the power.'—(pp. 70—72.)

The warlike habits of the Candians make them look with contempt on the Cinglese, who are almost entirely unacquainted with the management of arms. They have the habit and character of mountaineers—warlike, hardy, enterprising, and obstinate. They have, at various times, proved themselves very formidable enemies to the Dutch; and in that kind of desultory warfare, which is the only one their rugged country will admit of, have cut off large parties of the troops of both these nations. The King of Candia, as we have before mentioned, possesses only the middle of the island, which nature, and his Candian majesty, have rendered as inaccessible as possible. It is traversable only by narrow wood-paths, known to nobody but the natives, strictly watched in peace and war, and where the best troops in the world might be shot in any quantities by the

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Candian marksmen, without the smallest possibility of resisting their enemies; because there would not be the smallest possibility of finding them. The King of Candia is of course despotic: and the history of his life and reign presents the same monotonous ostentation, and baby-like caprice, which characterize oriental governments. In public audiences he appears like a great fool, squatting on his hams; far surpassing gingerbread in splendour; and, after asking some such idiotical question, as whether Europe is in Asia or Africa, retires with a flourish of trumpets very much out of tune. For his private amusement, he rides on the nose of an elephant, plays with his jewels, sprinkles his courtiers with rose-water, and feeds his gold and silver fish. If his tea is not sweet enough, he impales his footman; and smites off the heads of half a dozen of his noblemen, if he has a pain in his own.

—ὁσπερ γαρ (says Aristotle) τελειωθεν βελτιστον των ζωων ανθρωπος εστι, ουτω και χωρισθεν νομου, και δικης χειριστον παντων. Polit.

The only exportable articles of any importance which Ceylon produces, are pearls, cinnamon, and elephants. Mr. Percival has presented us with an extremely interesting account of the pearl fishery, held in Condatchy Bite, near the island of Manaar, in the straits which separate Ceylon from the main land.

'There is perhaps no spectacle which the island of Ceylon affords more striking to an European, than the bay of Condatchy, during the season of the pearl fishery. This desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a scene, which exceeds, in novelty and variety, almost any thing I ever witnessed. Several thousands of people of different colours, countries, castes, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use;—all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object, which can of itself create this scene.

'The bay of Condatchy is the most central rendezvous for the boats

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employed in the fishery. The banks where it is carried on extend several miles along the coast from Manaar southward off Arippo, Condatchy, and Pomparipo. The principal bank is opposite to Condatchy, and lies out at sea about twenty miles. The first step, previous to the commencement of the fishery, is to have the different oyster banks surveyed, the state of the oysters ascertained, and a report made on the subject to government. If it has been found that the quantity is sufficient, and that they are arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, and are usually purchased by a black merchant. This, however, is not always the course pursued: government sometimes judges it more advantageous to fish the banks on its own account, and to dispose of the pearls afterwards to the merchants. When this plan is adopted, boats are hired for the season on account of government, from different quarters; the price varies considerably according to circumstances; but is usually from five to eight hundred pagodas for each boat. There are, however, no stated prices, and the best bargain possible is made for each boat separately. The Dutch generally followed this last system; the banks were fished on government account, and the pearls disposed of in different parts of India or sent to Europe. When this plan was pursued, the governor and council of Ceylon claimed a certain per centage on the value of the pearls; or, if the fishing of the banks was disposed of by public sale, they bargained for a stipulated sum to themselves over and above what was paid on account of government. The pretence on which they founded their claims for this perquisite, was their trouble in surveying and viewing the banks.'—(pp. 59—61.)

The banks are divided into six or seven portions, in order to give the oysters time to grow, which are supposed to attain their maturity in about seven years. The period allowed to the merchant to complete his fishery is about six weeks, during which period all the boats go out and return together, and are subject to very rigorous laws. The dexterity of the divers is very striking; they are as adroit in the use of their feet as their hands; and can pick up the smallest object under water with their toes. Their descent is aided by a great stone, which they slip from their feet when they arrive at the bottom, where they can remain about two minutes. There are instances, however, of divers, who have so much of the aquatic in their nature, as to remain under water for five or six minutes. Their great enemy is the ground-shark; for the rule of, eat and be eaten, which Dr. Darwin called the great law of nature, obtains in as much force fathoms deep beneath the waves as above them: this animal is as fond of the legs of Hindoos, as Hindoos are of the pearls of oysters; and as one appetite appears to him much more natural, and less capricious than the other,

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he never fails to indulge it. Where fortune has so much to do with peril and profit, of course there is no deficiency of conjurers, who, by divers enigmatical grimaces, endeavour to *ostracise* this submarine invader. If they are successful they are well paid in pearls; and when a shark indulges himself with the leg of a Hindoo, there is a witch who lives at Colang, on the Malabar coast, who always bears the blame.

A common mode of theft practised by the common people engaged in the pearl fishery, is by swallowing the pearls. Whenever any one is suspected of having swallowed these precious pills of Cleopatra, the police apothecaries are instantly sent for; a *brisk* cathartic is immediately despatched after the truant pearl, with the strictest orders to apprehend it, in whatever corner of the *viscera* it may be found lurking. Oyster lotteries are carried on here to a great extent. They consist in purchasing a quantity of the oysters unopened, and running the chance of either finding or not finding pearls in them. The European gentlemen and officers who attend the pearl fishery through duty or curiosity, are particularly fond of these lotteries, and frequently make purchases of this sort. The whole of this account is very well written, and has afforded us a great degree of amusement. By what curious links, and fantastical relations, are mankind connected together! At the distance of half the globe, a Hindoo gains his support by groping at the bottom of the sea, for the morbid concretion of a shell-fish, to decorate the throat of a London alderman's wife. It is said that the great Linnæus had discovered the secret of infecting oysters with this perligenous disease: what is become of the secret we do not know, as the only interest we take in oysters is of a much more vulgar, though, perhaps, a more humane nature.

The principal woods of cinnamon lie in the neighbourhood of Columbo. They reach to within half a mile of the fort, and fill the whole surrounding prospect. The grand garden near the town is so extensive, as to occupy a track of country from 10 to 15 miles in length.

'Nature has here concentrated both the beauty and the riches of the island. Nothing can be more delightful to the eye, than the prospect which stretches around Columbo. The low cinnamon trees which cover the plain, allow the view to reach the groves of evergreens, interspersed with tall clumps, and bounded everywhere with extensive ranges of cocoa-nut and other large trees. The whole is diversified with small lakes and green marshes, skirted all round with rice and

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pasture fields. In one part, the intertwining cinnamon trees appear completely to clothe the face of the plain; in another, the openings made by the intersecting footpaths just serve to show that the thick underwood has been penetrated. One large road, which goes out at the west gate of the fort, and returns by the gate on the south, makes a winding circuit of seven miles among the woods. It is here that the officers and gentlemen belonging to the garrison of Columbo take their morning ride, and enjoy one of the finest scenes in nature.'—(pp. 336, 337.)

As this spice constitutes the wealth of Ceylon, great pains are taken to ascertain its qualities, and propagate its choicest kinds. The prime sort is obtained from the Laurus Cinnamomum. The leaf resembles the laurel in shape, but is not of so deep a green. When chewed it has the smell and taste of cloves. There are several different species of cinnamon trees on the island; but four sorts only are cultivated and barked. The picture which we have just quoted from Mr. Percival of a morning ride in a cinnamon wood is so enchanting, that we are extremely sorry the addition of aromatic odours cannot with veracity be made to it. The cinnamon has, unfortunately, no smell at all but to the nostrils of the poet. Mr. Percival gives us a very interesting account of the process of making up cinnamon for the market, in which we are sorry our limits will not permit us to follow him. The different qualities of the cinnamon bundles can only be estimated by the taste; an office which devolves upon the medical men of the settlement, who are employed for *several days together in chewing cinnamon*, the acrid juice of which excoriates the mouth, and puts them to the most dreadful tortures.

The island of Ceylon is completely divided into two parts by a very high range of mountains, on the two sides of which the climate and the seasons are entirely different. These mountains also terminate completely the effect of the monsoons, which set in periodically from opposite sides of them. On the west side, the rains prevail in the months of May, June, and July, the season when they are felt on the Malabar coast. This monsoon is usually extremely violent during its continuance. The northern parts of the island are very little affected. In the months of October and November, when the opposite monsoon sets in on the Coromandel coast, the north of the island is attacked; and scarcely any impression reaches the southern parts. The heat during the day is nearly the same throughout the year: the rainy season renders the nights

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much cooler. The climate, upon the whole, is much more temperate than on the continent of India. The temperate and healthy climate of Ceylon, is, however, confined to the sea-coast. In the interior of the country, the obstructions which the thick woods oppose to the free circulation of air, render the heat almost insupportable, and generate a low and malignant fever, known to Europeans by the name of the Jungle fever. The chief harbours of Ceylon are Trincomalee, Point de Galle, and, at certain seasons of the year, Columbo. The former of these, from its nature and situation, is that which stamps Ceylon one of our most valuable acquisitions in the East Indies. As soon as the monsoons commence, every vessel caught by them in any other part of the Bay of Bengal is obliged to put to sea immediately, in order to avoid destruction. At these seasons, Trincomalee alone, of all the parts on this side of the peninsula, is capacle of affording to vessels a safe retreat; which a vessel from Madras may reach in two days. These circumstances render the value of Trincomalee much greater than that of the whole island; the revenue of which will certainly be hardly sufficient to defray the expense of the establishments kept up there. The agriculture of Ceylon is, in fact, in such an imperfect state, and the natives have so little availed themselves of its natural fertility, that great part of the provisions necessary for its support are imported from Bengal.

Ceylon produces the elephant, the buffalo, tiger, elk, wild-hog, rabbit, hare, flying-fox, and musk-rat. Many articles are rendered entirely useless by the smell of musk, which this latter animal communicates in merely running over them. Mr. Percival asserts (and the fact has been confirmed to us by the most respectable authority), that if it even pass over a bottle of wine, however well corked and sealed up, the wine becomes so strongly tainted with musk, that it cannot be used; and a whole cask may be rendered useless in the same manner. Among the great variety of birds, we were struck with Mr. Percival's account of the honey-bird, into whose body the soul of a common informer appears to have migrated. It makes a loud and shrill noise, to attract the notice of anybody whom it may perceive; and thus inducing him to follow the course it points out, leads him to the tree where the bees have concealed their treasure; after the apiary has been robbed, this feathered scoundrel gleans his reward from the hive. The list of Cey-

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lonese snakes is hideous; and we become reconciled to the crude and cloudy land in which we live, from reflecting, that the indiscriminate activity of the sun generates what is loathsome, as well as what is lovely; that the asp reposes under the rose; and the scorpion crawls under the fragrant flower, and the luscious fruit.

The usual stories are repeated here, of the immense size and voracious appetite of a certain species of serpent. The best history of this kind we ever remember to have read, was of a serpent killed near one of our settlements, in the East Indies; in whose body they found the chaplain of the garrison, all in black, the Rev. Mr.—— (somebody or other, whose name we have forgotten), and who, after having been missing for above a week, was discovered in this very inconvenient situation. The dominions of the King of Candia are partly defended by leeches, which abound in the woods, and from which our soldiers suffered in the most dreadful manner. The Ceylonese, in compensation for their animated plagues, are endowed with two vegetable blessings, the cocoa-nut tree and the talipot tree. The latter affords a prodigious leaf, impenetrable to sun or rain, and large enough to shelter ten men. It is a natural umbrella, and is of as eminent service in that country as a great-coat tree would be in this. A leaf of the talipot tree is a tent to the soldier, a parasol to the traveller, and a book to the scholar.* The cocoa tree affords bread, milk, oil, wine, spirits, vinegar, yeast, sugar, cloth, paper, huts, and ships.

We could with great pleasure proceed to give a farther abstract of this very agreeable and interesting publication, which we very strongly recommend to the public. It is written with great modesty, entirely without pretensions, and abounds with curious and important information. Mr. Percival will accept our best thanks for the amusement he has afforded us. When we can praise with such justice, we are always happy to do it; and regret that the rigid and independent honesty which we have made the very basis of our literary undertaking, should so frequently compel us to speak of the authors who come before us, in a style so different from that in which we have vindicated the merits of Mr. Percival.

* All books are written upon it in Ceylon.

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DELPHINE. (Edinburgh Review, 1803.)

Delphine. By Madame de Staël Holstein. London. Mawman. 6 vols. 12mo.

This dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and, for aught we know, sleeps in a night-cap of steel, and dagger-proof blankets. To us it appears rather an attack upon the Ten Commandments, than the government of Bonaparte, and calculated not so much to enforce the rights of the Bourbons, as the benefits of adultery, murder, and a great number of other vices, which have been somehow or other strangely neglected in this country, and too much so (according to the apparent opinion of Madame de Staël) even in France.

It happens, however, fortunately enough, that her book is as dull as it could have been if her intentions had been good; for wit, dexterity, and the pleasant energies of the mind, seldom rank themselves on the side of virtue and social order; while vice is spiritual, eloquent, and alert, ever choice in expression, happy in allusion, and judicious in arrangement.

The story is simply this.—Delphine, a rich young widow, presents her cousin Matilda de Vernon with a considerable estate, in order to enable her to marry Leonce Mondeville. To this action she is excited by the arts and the intrigues of Madame de Vernon, an hackneyed Parisian lady, who hopes, by this marriage, to be able to discharge her numerous and pressing debts. Leonce, who, like all other heroes of novels, has fine limbs, and fine qualities, comes to Paris—dislikes Matilda—falls in love with Delphine, Delphine with him; and they are upon the eve of jilting poor Matilda, when, from some false reports spread abroad respecting the character of Delphine (which are aggravated by her own imprudences, and by the artifices of Madame Vernon), Leonce, not in a fit of honesty, but of revenge, marries the lady whom he came to marry.

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Soon after, Madame de Vernon dies—discovers the artifices by which she had prevented the union of Leonce and Delphine—and then, after this catastrophe, which ought to have terminated the novel, come two long volumes of complaint and despair. Delphine becomes a nun—runs away from the nunnery with Leonce, who is taken by some French soldiers, upon the supposition that he has been serving in the French emigrant army against his country—is shot, and upon his dead body falls Delphine as dead as he.

Making every allowance for reading this book in a translation, and in a very bad translation, we cannot but deem it a heavy performance. The incidents are vulgar; the characters vulgar, too, except those of Delphine and Madame de Vernon. Madame de Staël has not the artifice to hide what is coming. In travelling through a flat country, or a flat brook, we see our road before us for half the distance we are going. There are no agreeable sinuosities, and no speculations whether we are to ascend next, or descend; what new sight we are to enjoy, or to which side we are to bend. Leonce is robbed and half murdered; the apothecary of the place is certain he will not live; we were absolutely certain that he would live, and could predict to an hour the time of his recovery. In the same manner we could have prophesied every event of the book a whole volume before its occurrence.

This novel is a perfect *Alexandrian*. The two last volumes are redundant, and drag their wounded length: it should certainly have terminated where the interest ceases, at the death of Madame de Vernon; but, instead of this, the scene-shifters come and pick up the dead bodies, wash the stage, sweep it, and do every thing which the timely fall of the curtain should have excluded from the sight, and left to the imagination of the audience. We humbly apprehend, that young gentlemen do not in general make their tutors the confidants of their passion; at least we can find no rule of that kind laid down either by Miss Hamilton or Miss Edgeworth, in their treatises on education. The tutor of Leonce is Mr. Barton, a grave old gentleman, in a peruke and snuff-coloured clothes. Instead of writing to this solemn personage about second causes, the ten categories, and the eternal fitness of things, the young lover raves to him, for whole pages, about the white neck and auburn hair of his Delphine; and, shame to tell! the liquorish old pedagogue

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seems to think these amorous ebullitions the pleasantest sort of writing *in usum Delphini* that he has yet met with.

By altering one word, and making *only* one false quantity,* we shall change the rule of Horace to

> 'Nec *febris* intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit.'———

Delphine and Leonce have eight very bad *typhus* fevers between them, besides *hæmoptoe*, *hemorrhage*, *deliquium animi*, *singultus*, *hysteria*, and *fœminei ululatus*, or screams innumerable. Now, that there should be a reasonable allowance of sickness in every novel, we are willing to admit, and will cheerfully permit the heroine to be once given over, and at the point of death; but we cannot consent, that the interest which ought to be excited by the feelings of the mind should be transferred to the sufferings of the body, and a crisis of perspiration be substituted for a crisis of passion. Let us see difficulties overcome, if our approbation is required; we cannot grant it to such cheap and sterile artifices as these.

The characters in this novel are all said to be drawn from real life; and the persons for whom they are intended are loudly whispered at Paris. Most of them we have forgotten; but Delphine is said to be intended for the authoress, and *Madame de Vernon* (by a slight sexual metamorphosis) for Talleyrand, minister of the French republic for foreign affairs. As this lady (once the friend of the authoress) may probably exercise a considerable influence over the destinies of this country, we shall endeavour to make our readers a little better acquainted with her; but we must first remind them that she was once a bishop, a higher dignity in the church than was ever attained by any of her sex since the days of Pope Joan; and that though she swindles Delphine out of her estate with a considerable degree of address, her dexterity sometimes fails her, as in the memorable instance of the American commissioners. Madame de Staël gives the following description of this pastoral metropolitan female:

'Though she is at least forty, she still appears charming even among the young and beautiful of her own sex. The paleness of her complexion, the slight relaxation of her features, indicate the languor

* Perhaps a fault of all others which the English are least disposed to pardon. A young man, who, on a public occasion, makes a false quantity at the outset of life, can seldom or never get over it.

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of indisposition, and not the decay of years; the easy negligence of her dress accords with this impression. Every one concludes, that when her health is recovered, and she dresses with more care, she must be completely beautiful: this change, however, never happens, but it is always expected; and that is sufficient to make the imagination still add something more to the natural effect of her charms.'—(Vol. I. p. 21.)

Nothing can be more execrable than the manner in which this book is translated. The bookseller has employed one of our countrymen for that purpose, who appears to have been very *lately caught*. The contrast between the passionate exclamations of Madame de Staël, and the barbarous vulgarities of poor Sawney, produces a mighty ludicrous effect. One of the heroes, a man of high fastidious temper, exclaims in a letter to Delphine, 'I cannot endure this Paris; I have met *with ever so many people* whom my soul abhors.' And the accomplished and enraptured Leonce terminates one of his letters thus: '*Adieu! Adieu! my dearest Delphine. I will give you a call* to-morrow.' We doubt if Grub street ever imported from Caledonia a more abominable translator.

We admit the character of Madame de Vernon to be drawn with considerable skill. There are occasional traits of eloquence and pathos in this novel, and very many of those observations upon manners and character, which are totally out of the reach of all who have lived not long in the world, and observed it well.

The immorality of any book (in our estimation) is to be determined by the general impression it leaves on those minds, whose principles, not yet *ossified*, are capable of affording a less powerful defence to its influence. The most dangerous effect that any fictitious character can produce, is when two or three of its popular vices are varnished over with every thing that is captivating and gracious in the exterior, and ennobled by association with splendid virtues: this apology will be more sure of its effect, if the faults are not against nature, but against society. The aversion to murder and cruelty could not perhaps be so overcome; but a regard to the sanctity of marriage vows, to the sacred and sensitive delicacy of the female character, and to numberless restrictions important to the well-being of our species, may easily be relaxed by this subtle and voluptuous confusion of good and evil. It is in vain to say the fable evinces, in the last act, that vice is productive of misery. We may decorate a villain with graces and felicities for nine

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volumes, and hang him in the last page. This is not teaching virtue, but gilding the gallows, and raising up splendid associations in favour of being hanged. In such an union of the *amiable* and the vicious, (especially if the vices are such, to the commission of which there is no want of natural disposition,) the vice will not degrade the man, but the man will ennoble the vice. We shall wish to be him we admire, *in spite* of his vices, and, if the novel be well written, even *in consequence* of his vice. There exists, through the whole of this novel, a show of exquisite sensibility to the evils which individuals suffer by the inflexible rules of virtue prescribed by society, and an eager disposition to apologize for particular transgressions. Such doctrine is not confined to Madame de Staël; an Arcadian cant is gaining fast upon Spartan gravity; and the happiness diffused, and the beautiful order established in society, by this unbending discipline, are wholly swallowed up in compassion for the unfortunate and interesting individual. Either the exceptions or the rule must be given up: every highwayman who thrusts his pistol into a chaise window has met with *unforeseen misfortunes;* and every loose matron who flies into the arms of her *Greville* was compelled to marry an old man whom she detested, by an avaricious and unfeeling father. The passions want not accelerating, but retarding machinery. This fatal and foolish sophistry has power enough over every heart, not to need the aid of fine composition, and well-contrived incident—auxiliaries which Madame de Staël intended to bring forward in the cause, though she has fortunately not succeeded.

M. de Serbellone is received as a guest into the house of M. d'Ervins, whose wife he debauches as a recompense for his hospitality. Is it possible to be disgusted with ingratitude and injustice, when united to such an assemblage of talents and virtues as this man of paper possesses? Was there ever a more delightful, fascinating adulteress than Madame d'Ervins is intended to be? or a *povero cornuto* less capable of exciting compassion than her husband? The morality of all this is the old morality of Farquhar, Vanburgh, and Congreve—that every witty man may transgress the seventh commandment, which was never meant for the protection of husbands who labour under the incapacity of making repartees. In Matilda, religion is always as unamiable as dissimulation is graceful in Madame de Vernon, and imprudence generous in Delphine.

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This said Delphine, with her fine auburn hair, and her beautiful blue or green eyes (we forget which), cheats her cousin Matilda out of her lover, alienates the affections of her husband, and keeps a sort of assignation house for Serbellone and his *chère amie*, justifying herself by the most touching complaints against the rigour of the world, and using the customary phrases, *union of souls*, *married in the eye of heaven*, &c. &c. &c., and such like diction, the types of which Mr. Lane, of the Minerva Press, very prudently keeps ready composed, in order to facilitate the printing of the Adventures of Captain C—— and Miss F——, and other interesting stories, of which he, the said inimitable Mr. Lane, of the Minerva Press, well knows these sentiments must make a part. Another perilous absurdity which this *useful* production tends to cherish, is the common notion, that contempt of rule and order is a proof of greatness of mind. Delphine is everywhere a great spirit struggling with the shackles imposed upon her in common with the little world around her; and it is managed so that her contempt of restrictions shall always appear to flow from the extent, variety, and splendour of her talents. The vulgarity of this heroism ought in some degree to diminish its value. Mr. Colquhoun, in his Police of the Metropolis, reckons up above 40,000 heroines of this species, most of whom, we dare to say, have at one time or another reasoned like the sentimental Delphine about the judgments of the world.

To conclude—Our general opinion of this book is, that it is calculated to shed a mild lustre over adultery; by gentle and convenient gradation, to destroy the modesty and the caution of women: to facilitate the acquisition of easy vices, and encumber the difficulty of virtue. What a wretched qualification of this censure to add, that the badness of the principles is alone corrected by the badness of the style, and that this celebrated lady would have been very guilty, if she had not been very dull!

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MISSION TO ASHANTEE. (Edinburgh Review, 1819.)

Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, with a Statistical Account of that Kingdom, and Geographical Notices of other Parts of the Interior of Africa. By T. Edward Bowdich, Esq., Conductor. London, Murray. 1819.

Cape Coast Castle, or Cape Corso, is a factory of Africa, on the Gold Coast. The Portuguese settled here in 1610, and built the citadel; from which, in a few years afterwards, they were dislodged by the Dutch. In 1661, it was demolished by the English under Admiral Holmes; and by the treaty of Breda, it was made over to our government. The latitude of Cape Coast Castle is 5° 6′ north; the longitude 1° 51′ west. The capital of the kingdom of Ashantee is Coomassie, the latitude of which is about 6° 30′ 20″ north, and the longitude 2° 6′ 30″ west. The mission quitted Cape Coast Castle on the 22d of April, and arrived at Coomassie about the 16th of May—halting two or three days on the route, and walking the whole distance, or carried by hammock-bearers at a foot-pace. The distance between the fort and the capital is not more than 150 miles, or about as far as from Durham to Edinburgh; and yet the kingdom of Ashantee was, before the mission of Mr. Bowdich, almost as much unknown to us as if it had been situated in some other planet. The country which surrounds Cape Coast Castle belongs to the Fantees; and, about the year 1807, an Ashantee army reached the coast for the first time. They invaded Fantee again in 1811, and, for the third time, in 1816. To put a stop to the horrible cruelties committed by the stronger on the weaker nation; to secure their own safety, endangered by the Ashantees; and to enlarge our knowledge of Africa—the government of Cape Coast Castle persuaded the African committee to send a deputation to the kingdom of Ashantee; and of this embassy the publication now before us is the narrative. The embassy walked through a beautiful country, laid waste by the recent wars, and arrived in the time we have mentioned, and without meeting with any remarkable

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accident, at Coomassie the capital. The account of their first reception there we shall lay before our readers.

'We entered Coomassie at two o'clock, passing under a fetish, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of 5000 people, the greater part warriors, met us with with awful bursts of martial music, discordant only in its mixture; for horns, drums, rattles, and gong-gongs, were all exerted with a zeal bordering on frenzy, to subdue us by the first impression. The smoke which encircled us from the incessant discharges of musketry, confined our glimpses to the foreground; and we were halted whilst the captains performed their Pyrrhic dance, in the centre of a circle formed by their warriors; where a confusion of flags, English, Dutch, and Danish, were waved and flourished in all directions; the bearers plunging and springing from side to side, with a passion of enthusiasm only equalled by the captains, who followed them, discharging their shining blunderbusses so close, that the flags now and then were in a blaze; and emerging from the smoke with all the gesture and distortion of maniacs. Their followers kept up the firing around us in the rear. The dress of the captains was a war cap, with gilded rams' horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with bands of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and saphies in gold and silver; and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells, and knives; long leopards' tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose cotton trowsers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist belt; these were also ornamented with bells, horses' tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather; a small quiver of poisoned arrows hung from their right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth with a scarp of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands, covered with red cloth and silk tassels; their black countenances heightened the effect of this attire and completed a figure scarcely human.

'This exhibition continued about half an hour, when we were allowed to proceed, encircled by the warriors, whose numbers, with the crowds of people, made our movement as gradual as if it had taken place in Cheapside; the several streets branching off to the right presented long vistas crammed with people; and those on the left hand being on an acclivity, innumerable rows of heads rose one above another: the large open porches of the houses, like the fronts of stages in small theatres, were filled with the better sort of females and children, all impatient to behold white men for the first time; their exclamations were drowned in the firing and music, but their gestures were in character with the scene. When we reached the palace, about half a mile from the place where we entered, we were again halted, and an open file was made, through which the bearers were passed,

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to deposit the presents and baggage in the house assigned to us. Here we were gratified by observing several of the caboceers (chiefs) pass by with their trains, the novel splendour of which astonished us. The bands, principally composed of horns and flutes, trained to play in concert, seemed to soothe our hearing into its natural tone again by their wild melodies; whilst the immense umbrellas, made to sink and rise from the jerkings of the bearers, and the large fans waving around, refreshed us with small currents of air, under a burning sun, clouds of dust, and a density of atmosphere almost suffocating. We were then squeezed, at the same funeral pace, up a long street, to an open-fronted house, where we were desired by a royal messenger to wait a further invitation from the king.'—(pp. 31-33.)

The embassy remained about four months, leaving one of their members behind as a permanent resident. Their treatment, though subjected to the fluctuating passions of barbarians, was, upon the whole, not bad; and a foundation appears to have been laid for future intercourse with the Ashantees, and a mean opened, through them, of becoming better acquainted with the interior of Africa.

The Moors, who seem (barbarians as they are) to be the civilizers of internal Africa, have penetrated to the capital of the Ashantees: they are bigoted and intolerant to Christians, but not sacrificers of human victims in their religious ceremonies; —nor averse to commerce; and civilized in comparison to most of the idolatrous natives of Africa. From their merchants who resorted from various parts of the interior, Mr. Bowdich employed himself in procuring all the geographical details which their travels enabled them to afford. Timbuctoo they described as inferior to Houssa, and not at all comparable to Boornoo. The Moorish influence was stated to be powerful in it, but not predominant. A small river goes nearly round the town, overflowing in the rains, and obliging the people of the suburbs to move to an eminence in the centre of the town where the king lives. The king, a Moorish negro called Billabahada, had a few double-barrelled guns, which were fired on great occasions; and gunpowder was as dear as gold. Mr. Bowdich calculates Houssa to be N. E. from the Niger 20 days' journey of 18 miles each day; and the latitude and longitude to be 18° 59′ N. and 3° 59′ E. Boornoo was spoken of as the first empire in Africa. The Mahometans of Sennaar reckon it among the four powerful empires of the world; the other three being Turkey, Persia, and Abyssinia.

The Niger is only known to the Moors by the name of the

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Quolla, pronounced as *Quorra* by the negroes, who, from whatever countries they come, all spoke of this as the largest river with which they were acquainted; and it was the grand feature in all the routes to Ashantee, whether from *Houssa*, *Boornoo*, or the intermediate countries. The Niger, after leaving the lake Dibbri, was invariably described as dividing into two large streams; the Quolla, or the greater division, pursuing its course south-eastward, till it joined the *Bahr Abiad;* and the other branch running northward of east, near to Timbuctoo, and dividing again soon afterwards—the smaller division running northwards by *Yahoodee*, a place of great trade, and the larger running directly eastward, and entering the lake *Caudi* under the name of Gambaroo. 'The variety of this concurrent evidence respecting the *Gambaroo*, made an impression on my mind,' says Mr. Bowdich, 'almost amounting to conviction.' The same author adds, that he found the Moors very cautious in their accounts; declining to speak unless they were positive—and frequently referring doubtful points to others whom they knew to be better acquainted with them.

The character of the present king is, upon the whole, respectable; but he is ambitious, has conquered a great deal, and is conquering still. He has a love of knowledge; and was always displeased when the European objects which attracted his attention were presented to him as gifts. His motives, he said, ought to be better understood, and more respect paid to his dignity and friendship. He is acute, capricious, and severe, but not devoid of humanity; and has incurred unpopularity on some occasions, by limiting the number of human sacrifices more than was compatible with strict orthodoxy. His general subjects of discourse with the mission were war, legislation, and mechanics. He seemed very desirous of standing well in the estimation of his European friends; and put off a conversation once because he was a little tipsy, and at another time because he felt himself cross and out of temper.

The king, four aristocratical assessors, and the assembly of captains, are the three estates of the Ashantee government. The noble quartumvirate, in all matters of foreign policy, have a veto on the king's decisions. They watch, rather than share, the domestic administration; generally influencing it by their opinion, rather than controlling it by their authority. In exercising his judicial functions, the king always retires in pri-

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rate with the aristocracy, to hear their opinions. The course of succession in Ashantee is the brother, the sister's son, the son, and the chief slave.

The king's sisters may marry, or intrigue with any person they please, provided he is very strong and handsome; and these elevated and excellent women are always ready to set an example of submission to the laws of their country. The interest of money is about 300 per cent. A man may kill his own slave; or an inferior, for the price of seven slaves. Trifling thefts are punished by exposure. The property of the wife is distinct from that of the husband—though the king is heir to it. Those accused of witchcraft are tortured to death. Slaves, if ill treated, are allowed the liberty of transferring themselves to other masters.

The Ashantees believe that an higher sort of god takes care of the whites, and that they are left to the care of an inferior species of deities. Still the black kings and black nobility are to go to the upper gods after death, where they are to enjoy eternally the state and luxury which was their portion on earth. For this reason a certain number of cooks, butlers, and domestics of every description, are sacrificed on their tombs. They have two sets of priests: the one dwell in the temples, and communicate with the idols; the other species do business as conjurers and cunning men, tell fortunes, and detect small thefts. Half the offerings to the idols are (as the priests say) thrown into the river, the other half they claim as their own. The doors of the temples are, from motives of the highest humanity, open to runaway slaves; but shut, upon a fee paid by the master to the priest. Every person has a small set of household gods, bought of the Fetishmen. They please their gods by avoiding particular sorts of meat; but the prohibited viand is not always the same. Some curry favour by eating no veal; some seek protection by avoiding pork; others say, that the real monopoly which the celestials wish to establish, is that of beef—and so they piously and prudently rush into a course of mutton. They have the customary nonsense of lucky days, trial by ordeal, and libations and relics. The most horrid and detestable of their customs is their sacrifice of human victims, and the tortures preparatory to it. This takes place at all their great festivals, or customs, as they are called.—Some of these occur every twenty-one days; and there are not fewer than a hundred victims immolated at each. Besides

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these, there are sacrifices at the death of every person of rank, more or less bloody according to their dignity. On the death of his mother, the king butchered no less than *three thousand* victims; and on his own death this number would probably be doubled. The funeral rites of a great captain were repeated weekly for three months; and 200 persons, it is said, were slaughtered each time, or 2400 in all. The author gives an account of the manner of these abominations, in one instance of which he was an unwilling spectator. On the funeral of the mother of Quatchie Quofie, which was by no means a great one,—

'A dash of sheep and rum was exchanged between the king and Quatchie Quofie, and the drums announced the sacrifice of the victims. All the chiefs first visited them in turn; I was not near enough to distinguish wherefore. The executioners wrangled and struggled for the office: and the indifference with which the first poor creature looked on, in the torture he was from the knife passed through his cheeks, was remarkable. The nearest executioner snatched the sword from the others, the right hand of the victim was then lopped off, he was thrown down, and his head was sawed rather than cut off: it was cruelly prolonged, I will not say wilfully. Twelve more were dragged forward, but we forced our way through the crowd, and retired to our quarters. Other sacrifices, principally female, were made in the bush where the body was buried. It is usual to "wet the grave" with the blood of a freeman of respectability. All the retainers of the family being present, and the heads of all the victims deposited in the bottom of the grave, several are unsuspectingly called on in a hurry to assist in placing the coffin or basket; and just as it rests on the head or skulls, a slave from behind stuns one of these freemen by a violent blow, followed by a deep gash in the back part of the neck, and he is rolled in on the top of the body, and the grave instantly filled up.'—(pp. 287, 288.)

'About a hundred persons, mostly culprits reserved, are generally sacrificed, in different quarters of the town, at this custom (that is, at the feast for the new year). Several slaves were also sacrificed at Bantama, over the large brass pan, their blood mingling with the various vegetable and animal matter within (fresh and putrefied), to complete the charm, and produce invincible fetish. All the chiefs kill several slaves, that their blood may flow into the hole from whence the new yam is taken. Those who cannot afford to kill slaves, take the head of one already sacrificed, and place it on the hole.'—(p. 279.)

The Ashantees are very superior in discipline and courage to the water-side Africans: they never pursue when it is near sunset; the general is always in the rear, and the fugitives are instantly put to death. The army is prohibited, during the active part of the campaign, from all food but meal, which each

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man carries in a small bag by his side, and mixes in his hands with the first water he comes to; no fires are allowed, lest their position should be betrayed; they eat little select bits of the first enemy's heart whom they kill; and all wear ornaments of his teeth and bones.

In their buildings, a mould is made for receiving the clay, by two rows of stakes placed at a distance equal to the intended thickness of the wall: the interval is then filled with gravelly clay mixed with water, which, with the outward surface of the framework, is plastered so as to exhibit the appearance of a thick mud wall. The captains have pillars which assist to support the roof, and form a proscenium, or open front. The steps and raised floors of the rooms are clay and stone, with a thick layer of red earth, washed and painted daily.

'While the walls are still soft, they formed moulds or frameworks of the patterns in delicate slips of cane, connected by grass. The two first slips (one end of each being inserted in the soft wall) projected the relief, commonly mezzo: the interstices were then filled up with the plaster, and assumed the appearance depicted. The poles or pillars were sometimes encircled by twists of cane, intersecting each other, which, being filled up with thin plaster, resembled the lozenge and cable ornaments of the Anglo-Norman order; the quatre-foil was very common, and by no means rude, from the symmetrical bend of the cane which formed it. I saw a few pillars (after they had been squared with the plaster), with numerous slips of cane pressed perpendicularly on to the wet surface, which, being covered again with a very thin coat of plaster, closely resembled fluting. When they formed a large arch, they inserted one end of a thick piece of cane in the wet clay of the floor or base, and, bending the other over, inserted it in the same manner; the entablature was filled up with wattle-work plastered over. Arcades and piazzás were common. A white wash, very frequently renewed, was made from a clay in the neighbourhood. Of course the plastering is very frail, and in the relief frequently discloses the edges of the cane, giving, however, a piquant effect, auxiliary to the ornament. The doors were an entire piece of cotton wood, cut with great labour out of the stems or buttresses of that tree; battens variously cut and painted were afterwards nailed across. So disproportionate was the price of labour to that of provision, that I gave but two tokoos for a slab of cotton wood, five feet by three. The locks they use are from Houssa, and quite original: one will be sent to the British Museum. Where they raised a first floor, the under room was divided into two by an intersecting wall, to support the rafters for the upper room, which were generally covered with a frame-work thickly plastered over with red ochre. I saw but one attempt at flooring with plank; it was cotton wood shaped entirely with an adze, and looked like a ship's deck. The windows

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were open wood-work, carved in fanciful figures and intricate patterns, and painted red; the frames were frequently cased in gold, about as thick as cartridge paper. What surprised me most, and is not the least of the many circumstances deciding their great superiority over the generality of negroes, was the discovery that every house had its cloacæ, besides the common ones for the lower orders without the town.'—(pp. 305, 306.)

The rubbish and offal of each house are burnt every morning at the back of the street; and they are as nice in their dwellings as in their persons. The Ashantee loom is precisely on the same principles as the English: the fineness, variety, brilliancy, and size of their cloths are astonishing. They paint white cloths, not inelegantly, as fast as an European can write. They excel in pottery, and are good goldsmiths. Their weights are very neat brass casts of almost every animal, fruit, and vegetable, known in the country. The king's scales, blow-pan, boxes, weights, and pipe-tongs were neatly made of the purest gold. They work finely in iron, tan leather, and are excellent carpenters.

Mr. Bowdich computes the number of men capable of bearing arms to be 204,000. The disposable force is 150,000; the population a million; the number of square miles 14,000. Polygamy is tolerated to the greatest extent; the king's allowance is 3333 wives; and the full compliment is always kept up. Four of the principal streets in Coomassie are half a mile long, and from 50 to 100 yards wide. The streets were all named, and a superior captain in charge of each. The street where the mission was lodged was called Apperemsoo, or *Cannon Street;* another street was called Daebrim, or *Great Market Street;* another, *Prison Street*, and so on. A plan of the town is given. The Ashantees persisted in saying that the population of Coomassie was above 100,000; but this is thought, by the gentlemen of the mission, to allude rather to the population collected on great occasions, than the permanent residents, not computed by them at more than 15,000. The markets were daily; and the articles for sale, beef, mutton, wild-hog, deer, monkeys' flesh, fowls, yams, plantains, corn, sugarcane, rice, peppers, vegetable butter, oranges, papans, pine-apples, bananas, salt and dried fish, large snails smoke-dried; palm wine, rum, pipes, beads, looking-glasses; sandals, silk, cotton cloth, powder, small pillars, white and blue thread, and calabashes. The cattle in Ashantee are as large as English cattle; their sheep are hairy. They have no implement but the hoe; have two crops

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of corn in the year; plant their yams at Christmas, and dig them up in September. Their plantations, extensive and orderly, have the appearance of hop gardens well fenced in, and regularly planted in lines, with a broad walk around, and a hut at each wicker-gate, where a slave and his family reside to protect the plantation. All the fruits mentioned as sold in the market grew in spontaneous abundance, as did the sugar-cane. The oranges were of a large size and exquisite flavour. There were no cocoa trees. The berry which gives to acids the flavour of sweets, making limes taste like honey, is common here. The castor-oil plant rises to a large tree. The cotton tree sometimes rises to the height of 150 feet.

The great obstacle to the improvement of commerce with the Ashantee people (besides the jealousy natural to barbarians) is our rejection of the slave trade, and the continuance of that detestable traffic by the Spaniards. While the mission was in that country, one thousand slaves left Ashantee for two Spanish schooners on the coast.—How is an African monarch to be taught that he has not a right to turn human creatures into rum and tobacco? or that the nation which prohibits such an intercourse, are not his enemies? To have free access to Ashantee, would command Dagwumba. The people of Inta and Dagwumba being commercial, rather than warlike, an intercourse with them would be an intercourse with the interior, as far as Timbuctoo and Houssa northwards, and Cassina, if not Boornoo, eastwards.

After the observations of Mr. Bowdich, senior officer of the mission, follows the narrative of Mr. Hutchinson, left as chargé-d'affaires, upon the departure of the other gentlemen. Mr. Hutchinson mentions some white men residing at Yenné, whom he supposes to have been companions of Park; and Ali Baba, a man of good character and consideration, upon the eve of departure from these regions, assured him, that there were two Europeans then resident at Timbuctoo.—In his observations on the river Gaboon, Mr. Bowdich has the following information on the present state of the slave trade:—

'Three Portuguese, one French, and two large Spanish ships, visited the river for slaves during our stay; and the master of a Liverpool vessel assured me that he had fallen in with twenty-two between Gaboon and the Congo. Their grand rendezvous is Mayumba. The Portuguese of St. Thomas's and Prince's Islands send small schooner boats to Gaboon for slaves, which are kept, after they are transported this short distance, until the coast is clear for shipping them to

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America. A third large Spanish ship, well armed, entered the river the night before we quitted it, and hurried our exit, for one of that character was committing piracy in the neighbouring rivers. Having suffered from falling into their hands before, I felicitated myself on the escape. We were afterwards chased and boarded by a Spanish armed schooner, with three hundred slaves on board; they only desired provisions.'

These are the most important extracts from this publication, which is certainly of considerable importance, from the account it gives us of a people hitherto almost entirely unknown; and from the light which the very diligent and laborious inquiries of Mr. Bowdich have thrown upon the geography of Africa, and the probability held out to us of approaching the great kingdoms on the Niger, by means of an intercourse by no means difficult to be established with the kingdoms of Inta and Dagwumba. The river Volta flows into the Gulf of Guinea, in latitude 7° north. It is navigable, and by the natives navigated for ten days, to Odentee. Now, from Odentee to Sallagha, the capital of the kingdom of Inta, is but four days' journey; and seven days' journey from Sallagha, through the Inta Jam of Zengoo, is Yahndi, the capital of Dagwumba. Yahndi is described to be beyond comparison larger than Coomassie, the houses much better built and ornamented. The Ashantees who had visited it, told Mr. Bowdich they had frequently lost themselves in the streets. The king has been converted by the Moors, who have settled themselves there in great numbers. Mr. Lucas calls it the Mahometan kingdom of Degomba; and it was represented to him as peculiarly wealthy and civilized. The markets of Yahndi are described as animated scenes of commerce, constantly crowded with merchants from almost all the countries of the interior. It seems to us, that the best way of becoming acquainted with Africa, is not to plan such sweeping expeditions as have been lately sent out by government, but to submit to become acquainted with it by degrees, and to acquire by little and little a knowledge of the best methods of arranging expeditions. The kingdom of Dagwumba, for instance, is not 200 miles from a well-known and regular water carriage, on the Volta. Perhaps it is nearer, but the distance is not greater than this. It is one of the most commercial nations in Africa, and one of the most civilized; and yet it is utterly unknown, except by report, to Europeans.—Then why not plan an expedition to Dagwumba? The expense of which would be very trifling, and the issue known in three or four

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months. The information procured from such a wise and moderate undertaking, would enable any future mission to proceed with much greater ease and safety into the interior; or prevent them from proceeding, as they hitherto have done, to their own destruction. We strongly believe, with Mr. Bowdich, that this is the right road to the Niger.

Nothing in this world is created in vain: lions, tigers, conquerors, have their use. Ambitious monarchs, who are the curse of civilized nations, are the civilizers of savage people. With a number of little independent hordes, civilization is impossible. They must have a common interest before there can be peace; and be directed by one will before there can be order. When mankind are prevented from daily quarrelling and fighting, they first begin to improve; and all this, we are afraid, is only to be accomplished, in the first instance, by some great conqueror. We sympathise, therefore, with the victories of the King of Ashantee—and feel ourselves, for the first time, in love with military glory. The ex-emperor of the French would, at Coomassie, Dagwomba, or Inta, be an eminent benefactor to the human race.

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PUBLIC CHARACTERS OF 1801, 1802. (EDINBURGH REVIEW, 1802.)

Public Characters of 1801—1802. Richard Phillips, St. Paul's. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE design of this book appeared to us so extremely reprehensible, and so capable, even in the hands of a blockhead, of giving pain to families and individuals, that we considered it as a fair object of literary police, and had prepared for it a very severe chastisement. Upon the perusal of the book, however, we were entirely disarmed. It appears to be written by some very innocent scribbler, who feels himself under the necessity of dining, and who preserves, throughout the whole of the work, that degree of good humour, which the terror of indictment by our lord the king is so well calculated to inspire. It is of some importance, too, that grown-up country gentlemen should be habituated to read printed books; and such may read a story book about their living friends, who would read nothing else.

We suppose the booksellers have authors at two different prices. Those who do write grammatically, and those who do not; and that they have not thought fit to put any of their best hands upon this work. Whether or not there may be any improvement on this point in the next volume, we request the biographer will at least give us some means of ascertaining when he is comical, and when serious. In the life of Dr. Rennell, we find this passage:—

'Dr. Rennell might well look forward to the highest dignities in the establishment; but, if our information be right, and we have no reason to question it, this is what he by no means either expects or courts. There is a primitive simplicity in this excellent man, which much resembles that of the first prelates of the Christian church, who were with great difficulty prevailed upon to undertake the episcopal office.'

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ACCOUNT OF NEW SOUTH WALES. (Edinburgh Review, 1803.)

Account of the English Colony of New South Wales. By Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, of the Royal Marines. Vol. II. 4to. Cadell and Davies, London.

To introduce an European population, and, consequently, the arts and civilization of Europe, into such an untrodden country as New Holland, is to confer a lasting and important benefit upon the world. If man be destined for perpetual activity, and if the proper objects of that activity be the subjugation of physical difficulties, and of his own dangerous passions, how absurd are those systems which proscribe the acquisitions of science and the restraints of law, and would arrest the progress of man in the rudest and earliest stages of his existence! Indeed, opinions so very extravagant in their nature, must be attributed rather to the wantonness of paradox, than to sober reflection and extended inquiry.

To suppose the savage state permanent, we must suppose the numbers of those who compose it to be stationary, and the various passions by which men have actually emerged from it to be extinct; and this is to suppose man a very different being from what he really is. To prove such a permanence beneficial (if it were possible), we must have recourse to matter of fact, and judge of the rude state of society, not from the praises of tranquil *literati*, but from the narratives of those who have seen it, through a nearer and better medium than that of imagination. There is an argument, however, for the continuation of evil, drawn from the ignorance of good; by which it is contended, that to teach men their situation *can* be better, is to teach them that it *is* bad, and to destroy that happiness which always results from an ignorance that any greater happiness is within our reach. All pains and pleasures are clearly by comparison; but the most deplorable savage enjoys a sufficient contrast of good, to know that the grosser evils from which civilization rescues him *are* evils. A New Hollander seldom passes

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a year without suffering from famine; the small-pox falls upon him like a plague; he dreads those calamities, though he does not know how to avert them; but doubtless would find his happiness increased, if they *were* averted. To deny this, is to suppose that men are reconciled to evils, because they are inevitable; and yet hurricanes, earthquakes, bodily decay, and death, stand highest in the catalogue of human calamities.

Where civilization gives birth to new comparisons unfavourable to savage life, with the information that a greater good is possible, it generally connects the means of attaining it. The savage no sooner becomes ashamed of his nakedness, than the loom is ready to clothe him; the forge prepares for him more perfect tools, when he is disgusted with the awkwardness of his own: his weakness is strengthened, and his wants supplied, as soon as they are discovered; and the use of the discovery is, that it enables him to derive from comparison the best reasons for present happiness. A man born blind is ignorant of the pleasures of which he is deprived. After the restoration of his sight, his happiness will be increased from two causes;—from the delight he experiences at the novel accession of power, and from the contrast he will always be enabled to make between his two situations, long after the pleasure of novelty has ceased. For these reasons it is humane to restore him to sight.

But, however beneficial to the general interests of mankind the civilization of barbarous countries may be considered to be, in this particular instance of it, the interest of Great Britain would seem to have been very little consulted. With fanciful schemes of universal good we have no business to meddle. Why we are to erect penitentiary houses and prisons at the distance of half the diameter of the globe, and to incur the enormous expense of feeding and transporting their inhabitants to, and at such a distance, it is extremely difficult to discover.* It certainly is not from any deficiency of barren islands near our own coast, nor of uncultivated wastes in the interior; and if we were sufficiently fortunate to be wanting in such species of accommodation, we might discover in Canada, or the West Indies, or on the coast of Africa, a climate malignant enough, or a soil sufficiently sterile, to revenge all the injuries which

* The transportation committee of last year in their report arrive at the same conclusion, but not till after 7,000,000*l.* have been spent in the experiment.

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have been inflicted on society by pickpockets, larcenists, and petty felons. Upon the foundation of a new colony, and especially one peopled by criminals, there is a disposition in government (where any circumstance in the commission of the crime affords the least pretence for the commutation) to convert capital punishments into transportation; and by these means to hold forth a very dangerous, though certainly a very unintentional, encouragement to offences. And when the history of the colony has been attentively perused in the parish of St. Giles, the ancient avocation of picking pockets will certainly not become more discreditable from the knowledge, that it may eventually lead to the possession of a farm of a thousand acres on the river Hawkesbury. Since the benevolent Howard attacked our prisons, incarceration has become not only healthy but elegant; and a county jail is precisely the place to which any pauper might wish to retire to gratify his taste for magnificence, as well as for comfort. Upon the same principle, there is some risk that transportation will be considered as one of the surest roads to honour and to wealth; and that no felon will hear a verdict of '*not guilty*,' without considering himself as cut off in the fairest career of prosperity. It is foolishly believed, that the colony of Botany Bay unites our moral and commercial interests, and that we shall receive hereafter an ample equivalent, in bales of goods, for all the vices we export. Unfortunately, the expense we have incurred in founding the colony will not retard the natural progress of its emancipation, or prevent the attacks of other nations, who will be as desirous of reaping the fruit, as if they had sown the seed. It is a colony, besides, begun under every possible disadvantage: it is too distant to be long governed, or well defended: it is undertaken, not by the voluntary association of individuals, but by government, and by means of compulsory labour. A nation must, indeed, be redundant in capital, that will expend it where the hopes of a just return are so very small.

It may be a curious consideration, to reflect what we are to do with this colony when it comes to years of discretion. Are we to spend another hundred millions of money in discovering its strength, and to humble ourselves again before a fresh set of Washingtons and Franklins? The moment after we have suffered such serious mischief from the escape of the old tiger, we are breeding up a young cub, whom we cannot render less ferocious, or more secure. If we are gradually to

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manumit the colony, as it is more and more capable of protecting itself, the degrees of emancipation, and the periods at which they are to take place, will be judged of very differently by the two nations. But we confess ourselves not to be so sanguine as to suppose, that a spirited and commercial people would, in spite of the example of America, ever consent to abandon their sovereignty over an important colony, without a struggle. Endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism, not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled.

The experiment, however, is not less interesting in a moral, because it is objectionable in a commercial point of view. It is an object of the highest curiosity, thus to have the growth of a nation subjected to our examination; to trace it by such faithful records, from the first day of its existence; and to gather that knowledge of the progress of human affairs, from actual experience, which is considered to be only accessible to the conjectural reflections of enlightened minds.

Human nature, under very old governments, is so trimmed, and pruned, and ornamented, and led into such a variety of factitious shapes, that we are almost ignorant of the appearance it would assume, if it were left more to itself. From such an experiment as that now before us, we shall be better able to appreciate what circumstances of our situation are owing to those permanent laws by which all men are influenced, and what to the accidental positions in which we have been placed. New circumstances will throw new light upon the effects of our religious, political, and economical institutions, if we cause them to be adopted as models in our rising empire; and if we do not, we shall estimate the effects of their presence, by observing those which are produced by their non-existence.

The history of the colony is at present, however, in its least interesting state, on account of the great preponderance of depraved inhabitants, whose crimes and irregularities give a monotony to the narrative, which it cannot lose, till the respectable part of the community come to bear a greater proportion to the criminal.

These Memoirs of Colonel Collins resume the history of the colony from the period at which he concluded it in his

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former volume, September, 1796, and continue it down to August, 1801. They are written in the style of a journal, which, though not the most agreeable mode of conveying information, is certainly the most authentic, and contrives to banish the suspicion (and most probably the reality) of the interference of a book-maker—a species of gentlemen who are now almost become necessary to deliver naval and military authors in their literary labours, though they do not always atone, by orthography and grammar, for the sacrifice of truth and simplicity. Mr. Collins's book is written with great plainness and candour: he appears to be a man always meaning well; of good, plain, common sense; and composed of those well-wearing materials, which adapt a person for situations where genius and refinement would only prove a source of misery and of error.

We shall proceed to lay before our readers an analysis of the most important matter contained in this volume.

The natives in the vicinity of Port Jackson stand extremely low, in point of civilization, when compared with many other savages, with whom the discoveries of Captain Cook have made us acquainted. Their notions of religion exceed even that degree of absurdity which we are led to expect in the creed of a barbarous people. In politics, they appear to have scarcely advanced beyond family government. Huts they have none; and in all their economical inventions, there is a rudeness and deficiency of ingenuity, unpleasant, when contrasted with the instances of dexterity with which the descriptions and importations of our navigators have rendered us so familiar. Their numbers appear to us to be very small: a fact at once indicative either of the ferocity of manners in any people, or more probably of the sterility of their country; but which, in the present instance, proceeds from both these causes.

'Gaining every day (says Mr. Collins) some further knowledge of the inhuman habits and customs of these people, their being so thinly scattered through the country ceased to be a matter of surprise. It was almost daily seen, that from some trifling cause or other, they were continually living in a state of warfare: to this must be added, their brutal treatment of their women, who are themselves equally destructive to the measure of population, by the horrid and cruel custom of endeavouring to cause a miscarriage, which their female acquaintance effect by pressing the body in such a way as to destroy the infant in the womb; which violence not unfrequently occasions the death of the unnatural mother also. To this they have recourse, to avoid the trouble of carrying the infant about when born, which,

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when it is very young, or at the breast, is the duty of the woman. The operation for this destructive purpose is termed Mee-brā. The burying an infant (when at the breast) with the mother, if she should die, is another shocking cause of the thinness of population among them. The fact, that such an operation as the Mee-brā was practised by these wretched people, was communicated by one of the natives to the principal surgeon of the settlement.'—(pp. 124, 125.)

It is remarkable, that the same paucity of numbers has been observed in every part of New Holland which has hitherto been explored; and yet there is not the smallest reason to conjecture that the population of it has been very recent; nor do the people bear any marks of descent from the inhabitants of the numerous islands by which this great continent is surrounded. The force of population can only be resisted by some great physical evils; and many of the causes of this scarcity of human beings, which Mr. Collins refers to the ferocity of the natives, are ultimately referable to the difficulty of support. We have always considered this phenomenon as a symptom extremely unfavourable to the future destinies of this country. It is easy to launch out into eulogiums of the fertility of nature in particular spots; but the most probable reason why a country that has been long inhabited is not well inhabited is, that it is not calculated to support many inhabitants without great labour. It is difficult to suppose any other causes powerful enough to resist the impetuous tendency of man, to obey that mandate for increase and multiplication, which has certainly been better observed than any other declaration of the Divine will ever revealed to us.

There appears to be some tendency to civilization, and some tolerable notions of justice, in a practice very similar to our custom of duelling; for duelling, though barbarous in civilized, is a highly civilized institution among barbarous people; and, when compared to assassination, is a prodigious victory gained over human passions. Whoever kills another in the neighbourhood of Botany Bay is compelled to appear at an appointed day before the friends of the deceased, and to sustain the attacks of their missile weapons. If he is killed, he is deemed to have met with a deserved death; if not, he is considered to have expiated the crime, for the commission of which he was exposed to the danger. There is, in this institution, a command over present impulses, a prevention of secrecy in the gratification of revenge, and a wholesome correction of that passion by the effects of public observation, which evince such

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a superiority to the mere animal passions of ordinary savages, and form such a contrast to the rest of the history of this people, that it may be considered as altogether an anomalous and inexplicable fact. The natives differ very much in the progress they have made in the arts of economy. Those to the north of Port Jackson evince a considerable degree of ingenuity and contrivance in the structure of their houses, which are rendered quite impervious to the weather, while the inhabitants at Port Jackson have no houses at all. At Port Dalrymple, in Van Diemen's Land, there was every reason to believe the natives were unacquainted with the use of canoes; a fact extremely embarrassing to those who indulge themselves in speculating on the genealogy of nations; because it reduces them to the necessity of supposing that the progenitors of this insular people swam over from the mainland, or that they were aboriginal; a species of dilemma, which effectually bars all conjecture upon the intermixture of nations. It is painful to learn, that the natives have begun to plunder and rob in so very alarming a manner, that it has been repeatedly found necessary to fire upon them; and many have, in consequence, fallen victims to their rashness.

The soil is found to produce coal in vast abundance, salt, lime, very fine iron ore, timber fit for all purposes, excellent flax, and a tree, the bark of which is admirably adapted for cordage. The discovery of coal (which, by the bye, we do not believe was ever before discovered so near the line,) is probably rather a disadvantage than an advantage; because, as it lies extremely favourable for sea-carriage, it may prove to be a cheaper fuel than wood, and thus operate as a discouragement to the clearing of lands. The soil upon the sea-coast has not been found to be very productive, though it improves in partial spots in the interior. The climate is healthy, in spite of the prodigious heat of the summer months; at which period the thermometer has been observed to stand in the shade at 107, and the leaves of garden vegetables to fall into dust, as if they had been consumed with fire. But one of the most insuperable defects in New Holland, considered as the future country of a great people, is the want of large rivers penetrating very far into the interior, and navigable for small craft. The Hawkesbury, the largest river yet discovered, is not accessible to boats for more than twenty miles. The same river occasionally rises above its natural level, to the astonishing height

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of fifty feet; and has swept away, more than once, the labours and the hopes of the new people exiled to its banks.

The laborious acquisition of any good we have long enjoyed is apt to be forgotten. We walk and talk, and run and read, without remembering the long and severe labour dedicated to the cultivation of these powers, the formidable obstacles opposed to our progress, or the infinite satisfaction with which we overcame them. He who lives among a civilized people may estimate the labour by which society has been brought into such a state, by reading in these annals of Botany Bay, the account of a whole nation exerting itself to new-floor the government-house, repair the hospital, or build a wooden receptacle for stores. Yet the time may come, when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valour with which he has led his New Hollanders into the heart of China. At that period, when the Grand Lahma is sending to supplicate alliance; when the Spice Islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs; when enormous tributes of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port Jackson, and landed on the quays of Sidney; who will ever remember, that the sawing of a few planks, and the knocking together a few nails, were such a serious trial of the energies and resources of a nation?

The government of the colony, after enjoying some little respite from this kind of labour, has begun to turn its attention to the coarsest and most necessary species of manufactures, for which their wool appears to be extremely well adapted. The state of stock in the whole settlement, in June, 1801, was about 7000 sheep, 1300 head of cattle, 250 horses, and 5000 hogs. There were under cultivation at the same time between 9000 and 10,000 acres of corn. Three years and a half before this, in December, 1797, the numbers were as follows:—Sheep, 2500; cattle, 350; horses, 100; hogs, 4300; acres of land in cultivation, 4000. The temptation to salt pork, and sell it for government store, is probably the reason why the breed of hogs has been so much kept under. The increase of cultivated lands between the two periods is prodigious. It appears (p. 319), that the whole number of convicts imported between January, 1788, and June, 1801 (a period of thirteen years and a half), has been about 5000, of whom 1157 were females. The total amount of the population on the continent,

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as well as at Norfolk Island, amounted, June, 1801, to 6500 persons; of these 766 were children born at Port Jackson. In the returns from Norfolk Island, children are not discriminated from adults. Let us add to the imported population of 5000 convicts, 500 free people, which (if we consider that a regiment of soldiers has been kept up there), is certainly a very small allowance; then, in thirteen years and a half, the imported population has increased only by two-thirteenths. If we suppose that something more than a fifth of the free people were women, this will make the total of women 1270; of whom we may fairly presume that 800 were capable of child-bearing; and if we suppose the children of Norfolk Island to bear the same proportion to the adults as at Port Jackson, their total number at both settlements will be 913:—a state of infantine population which certainly does not justify the very high eulogiums which have been made on the fertility of the female sex in the climate of New Holland.

The governor, who appears on all occasions to be an extremely well disposed man, is not quite so conversant in the best writings on political economy as we could wish; and indeed, (though such knowledge would be extremely serviceable to the interests which this Romulus of the Southern Pole is superintending), it is rather unfair to exact from a superintendant of pickpockets, that he should be a philosopher. In the 18th page, we have the following information respecting the price of labour:—

'Some representations having been made to the governor from the settlers in different parts of the colony, purporting, that the wages demanded by the free labouring people, whom they had occasion to hire, were so exorbitant as to run away with the greatest part of the profit of their farms, it was recommended to them to appoint quarterly meetings among themselves, to be held in each district for the purpose of settling the rate of wages to labourers in every different kind of work; that, to this end, a written agreement should be entered into, and subscribed by each settler, a breach of which should be punished by a penalty, to be fixed by the general opinion, and made recoverable in a court of civil judicature. It was recommended to them to apply this forfeiture to the common benefit; and they were to transmit to the head-quarters a copy of their agreement, with the rate of wages which they should from time to time establish, for the governor's information; holding their first meeting as early as possible.'

And again, at p. 24, the following arrangements on that head are enacted:—

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'In pursuance of the order which was issued in January last, recommending the settlers to appoint meetings, at which they should fix the rate of wages that it might be proper to pay for the different kinds of labour which their farms should require, the settlers had met and submitted to the governor the several resolutions that they had entered into, by which he was enabled to fix a rate that he conceived to be fair and equitable between the farmer and the labourer.

'The following prices of labour were now established; viz.

	£	s.	d.
Felling forest timber, *per acre*	0	9	0
Do. in brush ground, do.	0	10	6
Burning off open ground, do.	1	5	0
Do. brush ground, do.	1	10	0
Breaking up new ground, do.	1	4	0
Chipping fresh ground, do.	0	12	3
Chipping in wheat, do.	0	7	0
Breaking up stubble or corn ground, 1¼d. per rod, or do.	0	16	8
Planting Indian corn, do.	0	7	0
Hilling do. do.	0	7	0
Reaping wheat, do.	0	10	0
Thrashing do. per bushel, do.	0	0	9
Pulling and husking Indian corn, per bushel	0	0	6
Splitting paling of 7 feet long, per hundred	0	3	0
Do. of 5 feet long, do.	0	1	6
Sawing plank, do.	0	7	0
Ditching per rod, 3 feet wide and 3 feet deep	0	0	10
Carriage of wheat, per bushel, per mile	0	0	2
Do. Indian corn, neat	0	0	3
Yearly wages for labour, with board	10	0	0
Wages per week, with provisions, consisting of 4lb. of salt pork, or 6lb. of fresh, and 21lb. of wheat with vegetables	0	6	0
A day's wages with board	0	1	0
Do. without board	0	2	6
A government-man allowed to officers or settlers in their own time	0	0	10
Price of an axe	0	2	0
New steeling do.	0	0	6
A new hoe	0	1	9
A sickle	0	1	6
Hire of a boat to carry grain, per day	0	5	0

'The settlers were reminded, that, in order to prevent any kind of dispute between the master and servant, when they should have occasion to hire a man for any length of time, they would find it most convenient to engage him for a quarter, half year, or year, and to make their agreement in writing; on which, should any dispute arise, an appeal to the magistrates would settle it.'

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This is all very bad; and if the governor had cherished the intention of destroying the colony, he could have done nothing more detrimental to its interests. The high price of labour is the very corner-stone on which the prosperity of a new colony depends. It enables the poor man to live with ease; and is the strongest incitement to population, by rendering children rather a source of riches than of poverty. If the same difficulty of subsistence existed in new countries as in old, it is plain that the progress of population would be equally slow in each. The very circumstances which cause the difference is, that in the latter, there is a competition among the labourers to be employed; and, in the former, a competition among the occupiers of land to obtain labourers. In the one, land is scarce, and men plenty: in the other, men are scarce, and land is plenty. To disturb this natural order of things, a practice injurious at all times, must be particularly so, where the predominant disposition of the colonists is an aversion to labour, produced by a long course of dissolute habits. In such cases, the high prices of labour, which the governor was so desirous of abating, bid fair not only to increase the agricultural prosperity, but to effect the moral reformation of the colony. We observe the same unfortunate ignorance of the elementary principles of commerce, in the attempts of the governor to reduce the prices of the European commodities, by bulletins and authoritative interference, as if there were any other mode of lowering the price of an article (while the demand continues the same) but by increasing its quantity. The avaricious love of gain, which is so feelingly deplored, appears to us a principle which, in able hands, might be guided to the most salutary purposes. The object is to encourage the love of labour, which is best encouraged by the love of money. We have very great doubts on the policy of reserving the best timber on the estates as government timber. Such a reservation would probably operate as a check upon the clearing of lands, without attaining the object desired; for the timber, instead of being immediately cleared, would be slowly destroyed, by the neglect or malice of the settlers, whose lands it encumbered. Timber is such a drug in new countries, that it is at any time to be purchased for little more than the labour of cutting. To secure a supply of it by vexatious and invidious laws is surely a work of supererogation and danger. The greatest evil which the government has yet had to contend with is, the inordinate use of spirituous

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liquors; a passion which puts the interests of agriculture at variance with those of morals: for a dram-drinker will consume as much corn, in the form of alcohol, in one day, as would supply him with bread for three; and thus, by his vices, opens a market to the industry of a new settlement. The only mode, we believe, of encountering this evil, is by deriving from it such a revenue as will not admit of smuggling. Beyond this, it is almost invincible by authority; and is probably to be cured only by the progressive refinement of manners.

To evince the increasing commerce of the settlement, a list is subjoined of one hundred and forty ships which have arrived there since its first foundation; forty only of which were from England. The colony at Norfolk Island is represented to be in a very deplorable situation, and will most probably be abandoned for one about to be formed on Van Diemen's Land,* though the capital defect of the former settlement has been partly obviated, by a discovery of the harbour for small craft.

The most important and curious information contained in this volume, is the discovery of straits which separate Van Diemen's Land (hitherto considered as its southern extremity) from New Holland. For this discovery we are indebted to Mr. Bass, a surgeon, after whom the straits have been named, and who was led to a suspicion of their existence by a prodigious swell which he observed to set in from the westward, at the mouth of the opening which he had reached on a voyage of discovery, prosecuted in a common whale boat. To verify this suspicion, he proceeded afterwards in a vessel of 25 tons, accompanied by Mr. Flinders, a naval gentleman; and entering the straits between the latitudes of 39° and 40° south, actually circumnavigated Van Diemen's land. Mr. Bass's ideas of the importance of this discovery we shall give from his narrative, as reported by Mr. Collins.

'The most prominent advantage which seemed likely to accrue to the settlement from this discovery was, the expediting of the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to Port Jackson; for although a line drawn from the Cape to 44° of south latitude, and to the longitude of the South Cape of Van Diemen's Land, would not sensibly differ from one drawn to the latitude of 40°, to the same longitude; yet it

* It is singular that government are not more desirous of pushing their settlements rather to the north, than the south of Port Jackson. The soil and climate would probably improve, in the latitude nearer the equator; and settlements in that position would be more contiguous to our Indian colonies.

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must be allowed, that a ship will be four degrees nearer to Port Jackson in the latter situation than it would be in the former. But there is, perhaps, a greater advantage to be gained by making a passage through the strait than the mere saving of four degrees of latitude along the coast. The major part of the ships that have arrived at Port Jackson have met with N.E. winds, on opening the sea round the South Cape and Cape Pillar, and have been so much retarded by them, that a fourteen days' passage to the port is reckoned to be a fair one, although the difference of latitude is but ten degrees, and the most prevailing winds at the latter place are from S.E. to S. in summer, and from W.S.W. to S. in winter. If, by going through Bass Strait, these N.E. winds can be avoided, which in many cases would probably be the case, there is no doubt but a week or more would be gained by it; and the expense, with the wear and tear of a ship for one week, are objects to most owners, more especially when freighted with convicts by the run.

'This strait likewise presents another advantage. From the prevalence of the N.E. and easterly winds off the South Cape, many suppose that a passage may be made from thence to the westward, either to the Cape of Good Hope, or to India; but the fear of the great unknown bight between the South Cape and the S.W. Cape of Lewen's Land, lying in about 35° south and 113° east, has hitherto prevented the trial being made. Now, the strait removes a part of this danger, by presenting a certain place of retreat, should a gale oppose itself to the ship in the first part of the essay; and should the wind come at S.W. she need not fear making a good stretch to the W.N.W.; which course, if made good, is within a few degrees of going clear of all. There is, besides, King George the Third's Sound, discovered by Captain Vancouver, situate in the latitude of 35° 03′ south, and longitude 118° 12′ east; and it is to be hoped, that a few years will disclose many others upon the coast, as well as the confirmation or futility of the conjecture, that a still larger than Bass Strait dismembers New Holland.'—(pp. 192, 193.)

We learn from a note subjoined to this passage, that, in order to verify or refute this conjecture, of the existence of other important inlets on the west coast of New Holland, Captain Flinders has sailed with two ships under his command, and is said to be accompanied by several professional men of considerable ability.

Such are the most important contents of Mr. Collins's book, the style of which we very much approve, because it appears to be written by himself; and we must repeat again, that nothing can be more injurious to the opinion the public will form of the authenticity of a book of this kind, than the suspicion that it has been tricked out and embellished by other hands. Such men, to be sure, have existed as Julius Cæsar: but, in general, a correct and elegant style is hardly attainable by those who

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have passed their lives in action; and no one has such a pedantic love of good writing, as to prefer mendacious finery to rough and ungrammatical truth. The events which Mr. Collins's book records, we have read with great interest. There is a charm in thus seeing villages, and churches, and farms, rising from a wilderness, where civilized man has never set his foot since the creation of the world. The contrast between fertility and barrenness, population and solitude, activity and indolence, fill the mind with the pleasing images of happiness and increase. Man seems to move in his proper sphere, while he is thus dedicating the powers of his mind and body to reap those rewards which the bountiful author of all things has assigned to his industry. Neither is it any common enjoyment to turn for a while from the memory of those distractions which have so recently agitated the Old World, and to reflect, that its very horrors and crimes may have thus prepared a long era of opulence and peace for a people yet involved in the womb of time.

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WITTMAN'S TRAVELS. (Edinburgh Review, 1803.)

Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria, &c. and into Egypt. By William Wittman, M. D. 1803. London. Phillips.

Dr. Wittman was sent abroad with the military mission to Turkey, towards the spring of 1799, and remained attached to it during its residence in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, its march through the desert, and its short operations in Egypt. The military mission, consisting of General Koehler, and some officers and privates of the artillery and engineers, amounting on the whole to seventy, were assembled at Constantinople, June 1799, which they left in the same month of the following year, joined the grand vizier at Jaffa in July, and entered Egypt with the Turks in April, 1801. After the military operations were concluded there, Dr. Wittman returned home by Constantinople, Vienna, &c.

The travels are written in the shape of a journal, which begins and concludes with the events which we have just mentioned. It is obvious that the route described by Dr. Wittman is not new: he could make no cursory and superficial observations upon the people whom he saw, or the countries through which he passed, with which the public are not already familiar. If his travels were to possess any merit at all, they were to derive that merit from accurate physical researches, from copious information on the state of medicine, surgery, and disease in Turkey; and above all, perhaps, from gratifying the rational curiosity which all inquiring minds must feel upon the nature of the plague, and the indications of cure. Dr. Wittman, too, was passing over the same ground trodden by Bonaparte in his Syrian expedition, and had an ample opportunity of inquiring its probable object, and the probable success which (but for the heroic defence of Acre), might have attended it; he was on the theatre of Bonaparte's imputed crimes, as well as his notorious defeat; and might have brought us back, not anile conjecture, but sound evidence of events which must determine his character, who may determine our fate. We should have

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been happy also to have found in the travels of Dr. Wittman a full account of the tactics and manœuvres of the Turkish army; and this it would not have been difficult to have obtained through the medium of his military companions. Such appear to us to be the subjects, from an able discussion of which, Dr. Wittman might have derived considerable reputation, by gratifying the ardour of temporary curiosity, and adding to the stock of permanent knowledge.

Upon opening Dr. Wittman's book, we turned with a considerable degree of interest, to the subject of Jaffa; and to do justice to the doctor, we shall quote all that he has said upon the subject of Bonaparte's conduct at this place.

'After a breach had been effected, the French troops stormed, and carried the place. It was probably owing to the obstinate defence made by the Turks, that the French commander-in-chief was induced to give orders for the horrid massacre which succeeded. Four thousand of the wretched inhabitants who had surrendered, and who had in vain implored the mercy of their conquerors, were, together with a part of the late Turkish garrison of El-Arish, (amounting, it has been said, to five or six hundred,) dragged out in cold blood, *four days after the French had obtained possession of Jaffa*, to the sand hills, about a league distant, in the way to Gaza, and there most inhumanly put to death. I have seen the skeletons of these unfortunate victims, which lie scattered over the hills; a modern Golgotha, which remains a lasting disgrace to a nation calling itself civilized. It would give pleasure to the author of this work, as well as to every liberal mind, to hear these facts contradicted on substantial evidence. Indeed, I am sorry to add, that the charge of cruelty against the French general does not rest here. It having been reported, that, previously to the retreat of the French army from Syria, their commander-in-chief had ordered all the French sick at Jaffa to be poisoned, I was led to make the inquiry to which every one who should have visited the spot would naturally have been directed, respecting an act of such singular, and, it should seem, wanton inhumanity. It concerns me to have to state, not only that such a circumstance was positively asserted to have happened, but that, while in Egypt, an individual was pointed out to us, as having been the executioner of these diabolical commands.'—(p. 128.)

Now, in this passage, Dr. Wittman offers no other evidence whatever of the massacre, than that he had seen the skeletons scattered over the hills, and that the fact was universally believed. But how does Dr. Wittman know what skeletons those were which he saw? An oriental camp, affected by the plague, leaves as many skeletons behind it as a massacre. And though the Turks bury their dead, the doctor complains of the very

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little depth at which they are interred; so that jackals, high winds and a sandy soil, might, with great facility, undo the work of Turkish sextons. Let any one read Dr. Wittman's account of the camp near Jaffa, where the Turks remained so long in company with the military mission, and he will immediately perceive that, a year after their departure, it might have been mistaken, with great ease for the scene of a massacre. The spot which Dr. Wittman saw might have been the spot where a battle had been fought. In the turbulent state of Syria, and amidst the variety of its barbarous inhabitants, can it be imagined that every bloody battle, with its precise limits and circumscription, is accurately committed to tradition, and faithfully reported to inquirers? Besides, why scattered among hills? If 5000 men were marched out to a convenient spot and massacred, their remains would be heaped up in a small space, a mountain of the murdered, a vast bridge of bones and rottenness. As the doctor has described the bone scenery, it has much more the appearance of a battle and pursuit than of a massacre. After all, this gentleman lay eight months under the walls of Jaffa; whence comes it he has given us no better evidence? Were 5000 men murdered in cold blood by a division of the French army, a year before, and did no man remain in Jaffa, who said, I saw it done—I was present when they were marched out—I went the next day, and saw the scarcely dead bodies of the victims? If Dr. Wittman received any such evidence, why did he not bring it forward? If he never inquired for such evidence, how is he qualified to write upon the subject? If he inquired for it and could not find it, how is the fact credible?

This author cannot make the same excuse as Sir Robert Wilson, for the suppression of his evidence, as there could be no probability that Bonaparte would wreak his vengeance upon Soliman Aga, Mustapha Cawn, Sidi Mahomet, or any given Turks, upon whose positive evidence Dr. Wittman might have rested his accusation. Two such wicked acts as the poisoning and the massacre, have not been committed within the memory of man;—within the same memory, no such extraordinary person has appeared, as he who is said to have committed them; and yet, though their commission must have been public, no one has yet said, *Vidi ego*. The accusation still rests upon hearsay.

At the same time, widely disseminated as this accusation

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has been over Europe, it is extraordinary that it has not been contradicted in print: and, though Sir Robert Wilson's book must have been read in France, that no officer of the division of Bon has come forward in vindication of a criminal who could repay incredulity so well. General Andreossi, who was with the First Consul in Syria, treats the accusations as contemptible falsehoods. But though we are convinced he is a man of character, his evidence has certainly less weight, as he may have been speaking in the mask of diplomacy. As to the general circulation of the report, he must think much higher of the sagacity of multitudes than we do, who would convert this into a reason of belief. Whoever thinks it so easy to get at truth in the midst of passion, should read the various histories of the recent rebellion in Ireland; or he may, if he chooses, believe, with thousands of worthy Frenchmen, that the *infernale* was planned by Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville. As for us, we will state what appears to us to be the truth, should it even chance to justify a man in whose lifetime Europe can know neither happiness nor peace.

The story of the poisoning is given by Dr. Wittman precisely in the same desultory manner as that of the massacre. 'An individual was pointed out to us as the executioner of these diabolical commands.' By how many persons was he pointed out as the executioner? by persons of what authority? and of what credibility? Was it asserted from personal knowledge, or merely from rumour? Whence comes it that such an agent, after the flight of his employer, was not driven away by the general indignation of the army? If Dr. Wittman had combined this species of information with his stories, his conduct would have been more just, and his accusations would have carried greater weight. At present, when he, who had the opportunity of telling us so much, has told us so little, we are rather less inclined to believe than we were before. We do not say these accusations are not true, but that Dr. Wittman has not proved them to be true.

Dr. Wittman did not see more than two cases of plague: he has given both of them at full length. The symptoms were, thirst, headache, vertigo, pains in the limbs, bilious vomitings, and painful tumours in the groins. The means of cure adopted were, to evacuate the primæ viæ; to give diluting and refreshing drinks; to expel the redundant bile by emetics; and to assuage the pain in the groin by fomentations and anodynes; both cases

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proved fatal. In one of the cases, the friction with warm oil was tired in vain; but it was thought useful in the prevention of plague: the immediate effect produced was, to throw the person rubbed into a very copious perspiration. A patient in typhus, who was given over, recovered after this discipline was administered.

The boldness and enterprise of medical men are quite as striking as the courage displayed in battle, and evinces how much the power of encountering danger depends upon habit. Many a military veteran would tremble to feed upon *pus;* to sleep in sheets running with water; or to draw up the breath of feverish patients. Dr. White might not, perhaps, have marched up to a battery with great alacrity; but Dr. White, in the year 1801, inoculated himself in the arms, with recent matter taken from the bubo of a pestiferous patient, and rubbed the same matter upon different parts of his body. With somewhat less of courage, and more of injustice, he wrapt his Arab servant in the bed of a person just dead of the plague. The doctor died; and the doctor's man (perhaps to prove his master's theory, that the plague was not contagious), ran away. The bravery of our naval officers never produced any thing superior to this therapeutic heroism of the doctor's.

Dr. Wittman has a chapter which he calls *An Historical Journal of the Plague;* but the information which it contains amounts to nothing at all. He confesses that he has had no experience in the complaint; that he has no remedy to offer for its cure, and no theory for its cause.* The treatment of the minor plague of Egypt, ophthalmia, was precisely the method common in this country; and was generally attended with success, where the remedies were applied in time.

Nothing can be conceived more dreadful than was the situation of the military mission in the Turkish camp; exposed to a mutinous Turkish soldiery, to infection, famine, and a scene of the most abominable filth and putrefaction; and this they endured for a year and a half, with the patience of apostles of peace, rather than war. Their occupation was to teach diseased barbarians, who despised them, and thought it no small favour that they should be permitted to exist in their neighbourhood. They had to witness the cruelties of despotism, and the pas-

* One fact mentioned by Dr. Wittman appears to be curious;—that Constantinople was nearly free from plague during the interruption of its communication with Egypt.

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sions of armed and ignorant multitudes; and all this embellished with the fair probability of being swept off, in some grand engagement, by the superior tactics and activity of the enemy to whom the Turks were opposed. To the filth, irregularity, and tumult of a Turkish camp, as it appeared to the British officers in 1800, it is curious to oppose the picture of one drawn by Busbequius in the middle of the sixteenth century: 'Turcæ in proximis campis tendebant; cum vero in eo loco tribus mensibus vixerim, fuit mihi facultas videndorum ipsorum castrorum, et cognoscendæ aliqua ex parte disciplinæ; qua de re nisi pauca attingam, habeas fortasse quod me accuses. Sumpto habitu Christianis hominibus in illis locis usitato, cum uno aut altero comite quacunque vagabar ignotus: primum videbam summo ordine cujusque corporis milites suis locis distributos, et, quod vix credat, qui nostratis militiæ consuetudinem novit, summum erat ubique silentium, summa quies, rixa nulla, nullum cujusquam insolens factum: sed ne nox quidem aut vitulatio per lasciviam aut ebrietatem emissa. *Ad hæc summa mundities, nulla sterquilinia, nulla purgamenta*, nihil quod oculos aut nares offenderet. Quicquid est hujusmodi, aut defodiunt Turcæ, aut procul à conspectu submovent. Sed nec ullas compotationes aut convivia, nullum aleæ genus, magnum nostratis militiæ flagitium, videre erat: nulla lusoriarum chartarum, neque tesserarum damna norunt Turcæ.'—*Augeri Busbequii, Epist.* 3, p. 187. *Hanoviæ.* 1622. There is at present, in the Turkish army, a curious mixture of the severest despotism in the commander, and the most rebellious insolence in the soldier. When the soldier misbehaves, the vizier cuts his head off, and places it under his arm. When the soldier is dissatisfied with the vizier, he fires his ball through his tent, and admonishes him, by these messengers, to a more pleasant exercise of his authority. That such severe punishments should not confer a more powerful authority, and give birth to a better discipline, is less extraordinary, if we reflect, that we hear only that the punishments are severe, not that they are steady, and that they are just; for, if the Turkish soldiers were always punished with the same severity when they were in fault, and never but then, it is not in human nature to suppose, that the Turkish army would long remain in as contemptible a state as it now is. But the governed soon learn to distinguish between systematic energy, and the excesses of casual and capricious

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cruelty; the one awes them into submission, the other rouses them to revenge.

Dr. Wittman, in his chapter on the Turkish army, attributes much of its degradation to the altered state of the corps of Janissaries; the original constitution of which corps was certainly both curious and wise. The children of Christians made prisoners in the predatory incursions of the Turks, or procured in any other manner, were exposed in the public markets of Constantinople. Any farmer or artificer was at liberty to take one into his service, contracting with government to produce him again when he should be wanted: and in the mean time to feed and clothe him, and to educate him to such works of labour as are calculated to strengthen the body. As the Janissaries were killed off, the government drew upon this stock of hardy orphans for its levies; who, instead of hanging upon weeping parents at their departure, came eagerly to the camp, as the situation which they had always been taught to look upon as the theatre of their future glory, and towards which all their passions and affections had been bent, from their earliest years. Arrived at the camp, they received at first low pay, and performed menial offices for the little division of Janissaries to which they were attached: 'Ad Gianizaros rescriptus primo meret menstruo stipendio, paulo plus minus, unius ducati cum dimidio. Id enim militi novitio, et rudi satis esse censent. Sed tamen ne quid victus necessitati desit, cum ea decuria, in cujus contuernium adscitus est, gratis cibum capit, eâ conditione, ut in culinâ reliquoque ministerio ei decuriæ serviat; usum armorum adeptus tyro, cnedum tamen suis contubernalibus honore neque stipendio par unam in solâ virtute, se illis æquandi, spem habet: utpote si militiæ quæ prima se obtulerit, tale specimen sui dederit, ut dignus judicetur, qui tyrocinio exemptus, honoris gradu et stipendii magnitudine, reliquis Gianizaris par habeatur. Quâ quidem spe plerique tyrones impulsi, multa præclare audent, et fortitudine cum veteranis certant.'—*Busbequius, De Re Mil. cont. Turc. Instit. Constitium.** The same author observes, that there was no rank or dignity in the Turkish army, to which a common Janissary might not arrive, by his courage or his capacity. This

* This is a very spirited appeal to his countrymen on the tremendous power of the Turks; and, with the substitution of France for Turkey, is so applicable to the present times, that it might be spoken in Parliament with great effect.

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last is a most powerful motive to exertion, and is, perhaps, one leading cause of the superiority of the French arms. Ancient governments promote, from numberless causes, which ought to have no concern with promotion: revolutionary governments, and military despotisms, can make generals of persons who are fit for generals: to enable them to be unjust in all other instances, they are forced to be just in this. What, in fact, are the sultans and pachas of Paris, but Janissaries raised from the ranks? At present, the Janissaries are procured from the lowest of the people, and the spirit of the corps is evaporated. The low state of their armies is in some degree imputable to this; but the principal reason why the Turks are no longer as powerful as they were is, that they are no longer enthusiasts, and that war is now become more a business of science than of personal courage.

The person of the greatest abilities in the Turkish empire is the capitan pacha; he has disciplined some ships and regiments in the European fashion, and would, if he were well seconded, bring about some important reforms in the Turkish empire. But what is become of all the reforms of the famous Gazi Hassan? The blaze of partial talents is soon extinguished. Never was there so great a prospect of improvement as that afforded by the exertions of this celebrated man, who, in spite of the ridicule thrown upon him by Baron de Tott, was such a man as the Turks cannot expect to see again once in a century. He had the whole power of the Turkish empire at his disposal for fifteen years; and, after repeated efforts to improve the army, abandoned the scheme as totally impracticable. The celebrated Bonneval, in his time, and De Tott since, made the same attempt with the same success. They are not to be taught; and six months after his death, every thing the present capitan pacha has done will be immediately pulled to pieces. The present grand vizier is a man of no ability. There are some very entertaining instances of his gross ignorance cited in the 133d page of the Travels. Upon the news being communicated to him that the earth was round, he observed that this could not be the case: for the people and the objects on the other side would in that case fall off; and that the earth could not move round the sun; for if so a ship bound from Jaffa to Constantinople, instead of proceeding to the capital, would be carried to London, or elsewhere. We cannot end this article without confessing with great pleasure the entertainment we

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have received from the work which occasions it. It is an excellent lounging-book, full of pleasant details, never wearying by prolixity, or offending by presumption, and is apparently the production of a respectable worthy man. So far we can conscientiously recommend it to the public; for any thing else,

Non cuivis homini contingit adire, &c. &c. &c.

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SPEECHES.

CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

A Speech at a Meeting of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire, held at Beverley, in that Riding, on Monday, April 11, 1825, *for the Purpose of Petitioning Parliament, &c.**

MR. ARCHDEACON,—It is very disagreeable to me to differ from so many worthy and respectable clergymen here assembled, and not only to differ from them, but, I am afraid, to stand alone among them. I would much rather vote in majorities, and join in this, or any other political chorus, than to stand unassisted and alone, as I am now doing. I dislike such meetings for such purposes—I wish I could reconcile it to my conscience to stay away from them, and to my temperament to be silent at them; but if they are called by others, I deem it right to attend—if I attend I must say what I think. If it is unwise in us to meet in taverns to discuss political subjects, the fault is not mine, for I should never think of calling such a meeting. If the subject is trite, no blame is imputable to me: it is as dull to me to handle such subjects, as it is to you to hear them. The customary promise on the threshold of an inn is good entertainment for man and horse.—If there is any truth in any part of this sentence at the Tiger, at Beverley, our horses at this moment must certainly be in a state of much greater enjoyment than the masters who rode them.

It will be some amusement, however, to this meeting, to observe the schism which this question has occasioned in my

* I was left at this meeting in a minority of one. A poor clergyman whispered to me, that he was quite of my way of thinking, but had nine children. I begged he would remain a Protestant.

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own parish of Londesborough. My excellent and respectable curate, Mr. Milestones, alarmed at the effect of the pope upon the East Riding, has come here to oppose me, and there he stands, breathing war and vengeance on the Vatican. We had some previous conversation on this subject, and, in imitation of our superiors, we agreed not to make it a cabinet question. —Mr. Milestones, indeed, with that delicacy and propriety which belong to his character, expressed some scruples upon the propriety of voting against his rector, but I insisted he should come and vote against me. I assured him nothing would give me more pain than to think I had prevented, in any man, the free assertion of honest opinions. That such conduct, on his part, instead of causing jealousy and animosity between us, could not, and would not fail to increase my regard and respect for him.

I beg leave, sir, before I proceed on this subject, to state what I mean by Catholic emancipation. I mean eligibility of Catholics to all civil offices, with the usual exceptions introduced into all bills—jealous safeguards for the preservation of the Protestant church, and for the regulation of the intercourse with Rome—and, lastly, provision for the Catholic clergy.

I object, sir, to the law as it stands at present, because it is impolitic, and because it is unjust. It is impolitic, because it exposes this country to the greatest danger in time of war. Can you believe, sir, can any man of the most ordinary turn for observation, believe, that the monarchs of Europe mean to leave this country in the quiet possession of the high station which it at present holds? Is it not obvious that a war is coming on between the governments of law and the governments of despotism?—that the weak and tottering race of the Bourbons will (whatever our wishes may be) be compelled to gratify the wounded vanity of the French, by plunging them into a war with England. Already they are pitying the Irish people, as you pity the West Indian slaves—already they are opening colleges for the reception of Irish priests. Will they wait for your tardy wisdom and reluctant liberality? Is not the present state of Ireland a premium upon early invasion? Does it not hold out the most alluring invitation to your enemies to begin? And if the flag of any hostile power in Europe is unfurled in that unhappy country, is there one Irish peasant who will not hasten to join it?—and not only the peasantry, sir; the peasantry begin these things, but the peasantry do not

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end them—they are soon joined by an order a little above them —and then, after a trifling success, a still superior class think it worth while to try the risk: men are hurried into a rebellion, as the oxen were pulled into the cave of Cacus—tail foremost: The mob first, who have nothing to lose but their lives, of which every Irishman has nine—then comes the shopkeeper —then the parish priest—then the vicar-general—then Dr. Doyle; and, lastly, Daniel O'Connell. But if the French were to make the same blunders respecting Ireland as Napoleon committed, if wind and weather preserved Ireland for you a second time, still all your resources would be crippled by watching Ireland. The force employed for this might liberate Spain and Portugal, protect India, or accomplish any great purpose of offence or defence.

War, sir, seems to be almost as natural a state to mankind as peace; but if you could hope to escape war, is there a more powerful receipt for destroying the prosperity of any country, than these eternal jealousies and distinctions between the two religions? What man will carry his industry and his capital into a country where his yard measure is a sword, his pounce-box a powder-flask, and his ledger a return of killed and wounded? Where a cat will get; there I know a cotton-spinner will penetrate; but let these gentlemen wait till a few of their factories have been burnt down, till one or two respectable merchants of Manchester have been carded, and till they have seen the cravatists hanging the shanavists in cotton twist. In the present fervour for spinning, ourang-outangs, sir, would be employed to spin, if they could be found in sufficient quantities; but miserably will those reasoners be disappointed who repose upon cotton—not upon justice—and who imagine this great question can be put aside, because a few hundred Irish spinners are gaining a morsel of bread by the overflowing industry of the English market.

But what right have you to continue these rules, sir, these laws of exclusion? What necessity can you show for it? Is the reigning monarch a concealed Catholic?—Is his successor an open one?—Is there a disputed succession?—Is there a Catholic pretender? If some of these circumstances are said to have justified the introduction, and others the continuation of these measures, why does not the disappearance of all these circumstances justify the repeal of the restrictions? If you must be unjust—if it is a luxury you cannot live without—re-

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serve your injustice for the weak, and not for the strong—persecute the Unitarians, muzzle the Ranters, be unjust to a few thousand sectaries, not to six millions—galvanize a frog, don't galvanize a tiger.

If you go into a parsonage-house in the country, Mr. Archdeacon, you see sometimes a style and fashion of furniture which does very well for us, but which has had its day in London. It is seen in London no more; it is banished to the provinces; from the gentlemen's houses of the provinces these pieces of furniture, as soon as they are discovered to be unfashionable, descend to the farm-houses, then to cottages, then to the faggot-heap, then to the dunghill. As it is with furniture, so is it with arguments. I hear at country meetings many arguments against the Catholics which are never heard in London; their London existence is over—they are only to be met with in the provinces, and there they are fast hastening down, with clumsy chairs and ill-fashioned sofas, to another order of men. But, sir, as they are not yet gone where I am sure they are going, I shall endeavour to point out their defects, and to accelerate their descent.

Many gentlemen now assembled at the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, believe that the Catholics do not keep faith with heretics; these gentlemen ought to know that Mr. Pitt put this very question to six of the leading Catholic universities in Europe. He inquired of them whether this tenet did or did not constitute any part of the Catholic faith. The question received from these universities the most decided negative; they denied that such doctrine formed any part of the creed of Catholics. Such doctrine, sir, is denied upon oath, in the bill now pending in Parliament, a copy of which I hold in my hand. The denial of such a doctrine upon oath is the only means by which a Catholic can relieve himself from his present incapacities. If a Catholic, therefore, sir, will not take the oath, he is not relieved, and remains where you wish him to remain; if he does take the oath, you are safe from this peril; if he has no scruple about oaths, of what consequence is it whether this bill passes, the very object of which is to relieve him from oaths? Look at the fact, sir. Do the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, living under the same state with the Catholic cantons, complain that no faith is kept with heretics? Do not the Catholics and Protestants in the kingdom of the Netherlands meet in one common Parliament? Could they pursue a common purpose,

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have common friends, and common enemies, if there was a shadow of truth in this doctrine imputed to the Catholics? The religious affairs of this last kingdom are managed with the strictest impartiality to both sects? ten Catholics and ten Protestants (gentlemen need not look so much surprised to hear it), positively meet together, sir, in the same room. They constitute what is called the religious committee for the kingdom of the Netherlands, and so extremely desirous are they of preserving the strictest impartiality, that they have chosen a Jew for their secretary. Their conduct has been unimpeachable and unimpeached; the two sects are at peace with each other; and the doctrine, that no faith is kept with heretics, would, I assure you, be very little credited at Amsterdam or the Hague, cities as essentially Protestant as the town of Beverley.

Wretched is our condition, and still more wretched the condition of Ireland, if the Catholic does not respect his oath. He serves on grand and petty juries in both countries; we trust our lives, our liberties, and our properties, to his conscientious reverence of an oath, and yet, when it suits the purposes of party to bring forth this argument, we say he has no respect for oaths. The right to a landed estate of 3000*l.* per annum was decided last week, in York, by a jury, the foreman of which was a Catholic; does any human being harbour a thought, that this gentleman, whom we all know and respect, would, under any circumstances, have thought more lightly of the obligation of an oath, than his Protestant brethren of the box? We all disbelieve these arguments of Mr. A. the Catholic, and of Mr. B. the Catholic; but we believe them of Catholics in general, of the abstract Catholics, of the Catholic of the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, the formidable unknown Catholic, that is so apt to haunt our clerical meetings.

I observe that some gentlemen who argue this question, are very bold about other offices, but very jealous lest Catholic gentlemen should become justices of the peace. If this jealousy is justifiable anywhere, it is justifiable in Ireland, where some of the best and most respectable magistrates are Catholics.

It is not true that the Roman Catholic religion is what it was. I meet that assertion with a plump denial. The pope does not dethrone kings, nor give away kingdoms, does not extort money, has given up, in some instances, the nomination of bishops to Catholic princes, in some, I believe, to Protestant princes; Protestant worship is now carried on at Rome. In

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the Low Countries, the seat of the Duke of Alva's cruelties, the Catholic tolerates the Protestant, and sits with him in the same Parliament—the same in Hungary—the same in France. The first use which even the Spanish people made of their ephemeral liberty, was to destroy the Inquisition. It was destroyed also by the mob of Portugal. I am so far from thinking the Catholic not to be more tolerant than he was, that I am much afraid the English, who gave the first lesson of toleration to mankind, will very soon have a great deal to learn from their pupils.

Some men quarrel with the Catholics, because their language was violent in the Association; but a groan or two, sir, after two hundred years of incessant tyranny, may surely be forgiven. A few warm phrases to compensate the legal massacre of a million of Irishmen are not unworthy of our pardon. All this hardly deserves the eternal incapacity of holding civil offices. Then they quarrel with the Bible Society; in other words, they vindicate that ancient tenet of their church, that the Scriptures are not to be left to the unguided judgment of the laity. The objection to Catholics is, that they did what Catholics ought to do—and do not many prelates of our church object to the Bible Society, and contend that the Scriptures ought not to be circulated without the comment of the Prayer Book and the Articles? If they are right, the Catholics are not wrong; and if the Catholics are wrong, they are in such good company, that we ought to respect their errors.

Why not pay their clergy? the Presbyterian clergy in the north of Ireland are paid by the state: the Catholic clergy of Canada are provided for: the priests of the Hindoos are, I believe, in some of their temples, paid by the Company. You must surely admit, that the Catholic religion (the religion of two-thirds of Europe), is better than no religion. I do not regret that the Irish are under the dominion of the priests. I am glad that so savage a people as the lower orders of Irish are under the dominion of their priests; for it is a step gained to place such beings under any influence, and the clergy are always the first civilizers of mankind. The Irish are deserted by their natural aristocracy, and I should wish to make their priesthood respectable in their appearance, and easy in their circumstances. A government provision has produced the most important changes in the opinions of the Presbyterian clergy of the north of Ireland, and has changed them from

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levellers and Jacobins into reasonable men; it would not fail to improve most materially the political opinions of the Catholic priests. This cannot, however, be done, without the emancipation of the laity. No priest would dare to accept a salary from government, unless this preliminary was settled. I am aware it would give to government a tremendous power in that country; but I must choose the least of two evils. The great point, as the physicians say, in some diseases, is to resist the tendency to death. The great object of our day is to prevent the loss of Ireland, and the consequent ruin of England; to obviate the tendency to death; we will first keep the patient alive, and then dispute about his diet and his medicine.

Suppose a law were passed, that no clergyman, who had ever held a living in the East Riding, could be made a bishop. Many gentlemen here (who have no hopes of ever being removed from their parishes) would feel the restriction of the law as a considerable degradation. We should soon be pointed at as a lower order of clergymen. It would not be long before the common people would find some fortunate epithet for us, and it would not be long either before we should observe in our brethren of the north and west an air of superiority, which would aggravate not a little the justice of the privation. Every man feels the insults thrown upon his *caste;* the insulted party falls lower, every body else becomes higher. There are heart-burnings and recollections. Peace flies from that land. The volume of parliamentary evidence I have brought here is loaded with the testimony of witnesses of all ranks and occupations, stating to the House of Commons the undoubted effects produced upon the lower order of Catholics by these disqualifying laws, and the lively interest they take in their removal. I have seventeen quotations, sir, from this evidence, and am ready to give any gentleman my references; but I forbear to read them, from compassion to my reverend brethren, who have trotted many miles to vote against the pope, and who will trot back in the dark, if I attempt to throw additional light upon the subject.

I have, also, sir, a high-spirited class of gentlemen to deal with, who will do nothing from fear, who admit the danger, but think it disgraceful to act as if they feared it. There is a degree of fear, which destroys a man's faculties, renders him incapable of acting, and makes him ridiculous. There is another sort of fear, which enables a man to foresee a coming evil, to

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measure it, to examine his powers of resistance, to balance the evil of submission against the evils of opposition or defeat, and if he thinks he must be ultimately overpowered, leads him to find a good escape in a good time. I can see no possible disgrace in feeling this sort of fear, and in listening to its suggestions. But it is mere cant to say, that men will not be actuated by fear in such questions as these. Those who pretend not to fear now, would be the first to fear upon the approach of danger; it is always the case with this distant valour. Most of the concessions which have been given to the Irish have been given to fear. Ireland would have been lost to this country, if the British legislature had not, with all the rapidity and precipitation of the truest panic, passed those acts which Ireland did not ask, but demanded in the time of her armed associations. I should not think a man brave, but mad, who did not fear the treasons and rebellions of Ireland in time of war. I should think him not dastardly, but consummately wise, who provided against them in time of peace. The Catholic question has made a greater progress since the opening of this Parliament than I ever remember it to have made, and it has made that progress from fear alone. The House of Commons were astonished by the union of the Irish Catholics. They saw that Catholic Ireland had discovered her strength, and stretched out her limbs, and felt manly powers, and called for manly treatment; and the House of Commons wisely and practically yielded to the innovations of time, and the shifting attitude of human affairs.

I admit the church, sir, to be in great danger. I am sure the state is so also. My remedy for these evils is, to enter into an alliance with the Irish people—to conciliate the clergy, by giving them pensions—to loyalize the laity, by putting them on a footing with the Protestant. My remedy is the old one, approved of from the beginning of the world, to lessen dangers, by increasing friends, and appeasing enemies. I think it most probable, that under this system of crown patronage, the clergy will be quiet. A Catholic layman, who finds all the honours of the state open to him, will not, I think, run into treason and rebellion—will not live with a rope about his neck, in order to turn our bishops out, and put his own in; he may not, too, be of opinion that the utility of his bishop will be four times as great, because his income is four times as large; but whether he is or not, he will never endanger his sweet acres (large mea-

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sure) for such questions as these. Anti-Trinitarian Dissenters sit in the House of Commons, whom we believe to be condemned to the punishments of another world. There is no limit to the introduction of Dissenters into both houses—Dissenting Lords or Dissenting Commons. What mischief have Dissenters for this last century and a half plotted against the Church of England? The Catholic lord and the Catholic gentleman (restored to their fair rights) will never join with levellers and Iconoclasts. You will find them defending you hereafter against your Protestant enemies. The crosier in any hand, the mitre on any head, are more tolerable in the eyes of a Catholic than doxological Barebones and tonsured Cromwell.

We preach to our congregations, sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is not emerging—she is still veiled in darkness—her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floor of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history any thing but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging, famine, and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world? This is the system which, I am sure, with very different intentions, and different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences, which those laws your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart, to that memorable proclamation which the head of our church—the present monarch of these realms—has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities on account of religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign. Hostile armies have been destroyed; fleets have been captured; formidable combinations have been broken to pieces—*but this sentiment*,

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in the mouth of a king, deserves more than all glories and victories the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man. Great as it is, sir, this is not the only pleasure I have received in these latter days. I have seen, within these few weeks, a degree of wisdom in our mercantile law, such superiority to vulgar prejudice, views so just and so profound, that it seemed to me as if I was reading the works of a speculative economist, rather than the improvement of a practical politician, agreed to by a legislative assembly, and upon the eve of being carried into execution, for the benefit of a great people. Let who will be their master, I honour and praise the ministers who have learnt such a lesson. I rejoice that I have lived to see such an improvement in English affairs —that the stubborn resistance to all improvement—the contempt of all scientific reasoning, and the rigid adhesion to every stupid error which so long characterized the proceedings of this country, are fast giving way to better things, under better men, placed in better circumstances.

I confess it is not without severe pain that, in the midst of all this expansion and improvement, I perceive that in our profession we are still calling for the same exclusion—still asking that the same fetters may be riveted on our fellow-creatures—still mistaking what constitutes the weakness and misfortune of the church, for that which contributes to its glory, its dignity, and its strength. Sir, there are two petitions at this moment in this house, against two of the wisest and best measures which ever came into the British Parliament, against the impending corn law and against the Catholic emancipation—the one bill intended to increase the comforts, and the other to allay the bad passions of man.—Sir, I am not in a situation of life to do much good, but I will take care that I will not willingly do any evil.—The wealth of the riding should not tempt me to petition against either of those bills. With the corn bill, I have nothing to do at this time. Of the Catholic emancipation bill, I shall say, that it will be the foundation stone of a lasting religious peace; that it will give to Ireland not all that it wants, but what it most wants, and without which no other boon will be of any avail.

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When this bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law —when this bill passes, the Orange flag will fall—when this bill passes, the Green flag of the rebel will fall—when this bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin than that flag which blends the lion with the harp—that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of freedom and of joy—the only banner in Europe which floats over a limited king and a free people.

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SPEECH AT THE TAUNTON REFORM MEETING.*

Mr. Bailiff,—This is the greatest measure which has ever been before Parliament in my time, and the most pregnant with good or evil to the country; and though I seldom meddle with political meetings, I could not reconcile it to my conscience to be absent from this.

Every year, for this half century, the question of reform has been pressing upon us, till it has swelled up at last into this great and awful combination; so that almost every city and every borough in England are at this moment assembled for the same purpose, and are doing the same thing we are doing. It damps the ostentation of argument and mitigates the pain of

* I was a sincere friend to reform; I am so still. It was a great deal too violent—but the only justification is, that you cannot reform as you wish, by degrees; you must avail yourself of the few opportunities that present themselves. The reform carried, it became the business of every honest man to turn it to good, and to see that the people (drunk with their new power) did not ruin our ancient institutions. We have been in considerable danger, and that danger is not over. What alarms me most is the large price paid by both parties for popular favour. The yeomanry were put down: nothing could be more grossly absurd—the people were rising up against the poor-laws, and such an excellent and permanent force was abolished because they were not deemed a proper force to deal with popular insurrections. You may just as well object to put out a fire with pond water because pump water is better for the purpose: I say, put out the fire with the first water you can get; but the truth is, radicals don't like armed yeomen: they have an ugly homicide appearance. Again, —a million of revenue is given up in the nonsensical penny-post scheme, to please my old, excellent, and universally dissentient friend, Noah Warburton. I admire the whig ministry, and think they have done more good things than all the ministries since the Revolution; but these concessions are sad and unworthy marks of weakness, and fill reasonable men with just alarm. All this folly has taken place since they have become ministers upon principles of chivalry and gallantry; and the tories, too, for fear of the people, have been much too quiet. There is only one principle of public conduct—*Do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident.* Upon any other plan, office is shabbiness, labour, and sorrow.

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doubt, to believe (as I believe) that the measure is inevitable; the consequences may be good or bad, but done it must be; I defy the most determined enemy of popular influence, either now or a little time from now, to prevent a reform in Parliament. Some years ago, by timely concession, it might have been prevented. If members had been granted to Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester, and other great towns, as opportunities occurred, a spirit of conciliation would have been evinced, and the people might have been satisfied with a reform, which though remote would have been gradual; but with the customary blindness and insolence of human beings, the day of adversity was forgotten, the rapid improvement of the people was not noticed; the object of a certain class of politicians was to please the court and to gratify their own arrogance by treating every attempt to expand the representation, and to increase the popular influence, with every species of contempt and obloquy: the golden opportunity was lost; and now proud lips must swallow bitter potions.

The arguments and the practices (as I remember to have heard Mr. Huskisson say), which did very well twenty years ago, will not do now. The people read too much, think too much, see too many newspapers, hear too many speeches, have their eyes too intensely fixed upon political events. But if it was possible to put off parliamentary reform a week ago, is it possible now? When a monarch (whose amiable and popular manners have, I verily believe, saved us from a revolution) approves the measure—when a minister of exalted character plans and fashions it—when a cabinet of such varied talent and disposition protects it—when such a body of the aristocracy vote for it—when the hundred-horse power of the press is labouring for it;—who does not know, after this, (whatever be the decision of the present Parliament), that the measure is virtually carried—and that all the struggle between such annunciation of such a plan, and its completion, is tumult, disorder, disaffection, and (it may be) political ruin?

An honourable member of the honourable house, much connected with this town, and once its representative, seems to be amazingly surprised, and equally dissatisfied, at this combination of king, ministers, nobles, and people, against his opinion:—like the gentleman who came home from serving on a jury very much disconcerted, and complaining he had met with eleven of the most obstinate people he had ever seen in his life,

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whom he found it absolutely impossible by the strongest arguments to bring over to his way of thinking.

They tell you, gentlemen, that you have grown rich and powerful with these rotten boroughs, and that it would be madness to part with them, or to alter a constitution which had produced such happy effects. There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a labouring man, of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-labourers; and who has made such good use of that superiority, that he has saved what is (for his station in life) a very considerable sum of money, and if his existence is extended to the common period, he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is (and long has been) troubled with violent stomachic pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent labourer were to send for a physician, and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him, "My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach. Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? has not your situation, since you were first attacked, been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?"—Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? "Monster of rhubarb! (he would say) I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer, and fifty times happier, if I had never had any pains in my stomach at all." Gentlemen, these rotten boroughs are your pains in the stomach—and you would have been a much richer and greater people if you had never had them at all. Your wealth and your power have been owing, not to the debased and corrupted parts of the House of Commons, but to the many independent and honourable members whom it has always contained within its walls. If there had been a few more of these very valuable members for close boroughs, we should, I verily believe, have been by this time about as free as Denmark, Sweden, or the Germanized states of Italy.

They tell you of the few men of name and character who have sat for boroughs; but nothing is said of those mean and menial men who are sent down every day by their aristocratic

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masters to continue unjust and unnecessary wars, to prevent inquiring into profligate expenditure, to take money out of your pockets, or to do any other bad or base thing which the minister of the day may require at their unclean hands. What mischief, it is asked, have these boroughs done? I believe there is not a day of your lives in which you are not suffering in all the taxed commodities of life from the accumulation of bad votes of bad men. But, Mr. Bailiff, if this *were otherwise*, if it really were a great political invention, that cities of 100,000 men should have no representatives, because those representatives were wanted for political ditches, political walls, and political parks; that the people should be bought and sold like any other commodity; that a retired merchant should be able to go into the market and buy ten shares in the government of twenty millions of his fellow-subjects; yet can such asseverations be made openly before the people? Wise men, men conversant with human affairs, may whisper such theories to each other in retirement; but can the people ever be taught that it is right they should be bought and sold? Can the vehemence of eloquent democrats be met with such arguments and theories? Can the doubts of honest and limited men be met by such arguments and theories? The moment such a government is looked at by all the people it is lost. It is impossible to explain, defend, and recommend it to the mass of mankind. And true enough it is, that as often as misfortune threatens us at home, or imitation excites us from abroad, political reform is clamoured for by the people—there it stands, and ever will stand, in the apprehension of the multitude—reform, the cure of every evil—corruption, the source of every misfortune—famine, defeat, decayed trade, depressed agriculture, will all lapse into the question of reform. Till that question is set at rest (and it may be set at rest), all will be disaffection, tumult, and perhaps (which God avert!) destruction.

But democrats and agitators (and democrats and agitators there are in the world,) will not be contented with this reform. Perhaps not, sir; I never hope to content men whose game is never to be contented—but if they are not contented, I am sure their discontent will then comparatively be of little importance. I am afraid of them now; I have no arguments to answer them: but I shall not be afraid of them after this bill, and would tell them boldly, in the middle of their mobs, that there was no longer cause for agitation and excitement, and that they were

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intending wickedly to the people. You may depend upon it such a measure would destroy their trade, as the repeal of duties would destroy the trade of the smuggler; their functions would be carried on faintly, and with little profit; you would soon feel that your position was stable, solid, and safe.

All would be well, it is urged, if they would but let the people alone. But what chance is there, I demand, of these wise politicians, that the people will ever be let alone; that the orator will lay down his craft, and the demagogue forget his cunning? If many things were let alone, which never will be let alone, the aspect of human affairs would be a little varied. If the winds would let the waves alone, there would be no storms. If gentlemen would let ladies alone, there would be no unhappy marriages, and deserted damsels. If persons who can reason no better than this, would leave speaking alone, the school of eloquence might be improved. I have little hopes, however, of witnessing any of these acts of forbearance, particularly the last, and so we must (however foolish it may appear,) proceed to make laws for a people who, we are sure, will not be let alone.

We might really imagine, from the objections made to the plan of reform, that the great mass of Englishmen were madmen, robbers, and murderers. The kingly power is to be destroyed, the House of Lords is to be annihilated, the church is to be ruined, estates are to be confiscated. I am quite at a loss to find in these perpetrators of crimes—in this mass of pillagers and lunatics—the steady and respectable tradesmen and farmers, who will have votes to confer, and the steady and respectable country gentlemen, who will probably have votes to receive;—it may be true of the tradesmen of *Mauritania*, it may be just of the country gentlemen of *Fez*—it is any thing but true of the English people. The English are a tranquil, phlegmatic, money-loving, money-getting people, who want to be quiet—and would be quiet if they were not surrounded by evils of such magnitude, that it would be baseness and pusillanimity not to oppose to them the strongest constitutional resistance.

Then it is said that there is to be a lack of talent in the new Parliament: it is to be composed of ordinary and inferior persons, who will bring the government of the country into contempt. But the best of all talents, gentlemen, is to conduct our affairs honestly, diligently, and economically—and this talent

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will, I am sure, abound as much in the new Parliament as in many previous parliaments. Parliament is not a school for rhetoric and declamation, where a stranger would go to hear a speech, as he would go to the opera to hear a song; but if it were otherwise—if eloquence be a necessary ornament of, and an indispensable adjunct to, popular assemblies—can it ever be absent from popular assemblies? I have always found that all things moral or physical grow in the soil best suited for them. Show me a deep and tenacious earth—and I am sure the oak will spring up in it. In a low and damp soil I am equally certain of the alder and the willow. Gentlemen, the free Parliament of a free people is the native soil of eloquence—and in that soil will it ever flourish and abound—there it will produce those intellectual effects which drive before them whole tribes and nations of the human race, and settle the destinies of man. And, gentlemen, if a few persons of a less elegant and aristocratic description were to become members of the House of Commons, where would be the evil? They would probably understand the common people a great deal better, and in this way the feelings and interests of all classes of people would be better represented. The House of Commons, thus organized, will express more faithfully the opinions of the people.

The people are sometimes, it is urged, grossly mistaken; but are kings never mistaken? Are the higher orders never mistaken?—never wilfully corrupted by their own interests? The people have at least this superiority, that they always intend to do what is right.

The argument of fear is very easily disposed of: he who is afraid of a knock on the head or a cut on the cheek is a coward; he who is afraid of entailing greater evils on the country by refusing the remedy than by applying it, and who acts in pursuance of that conviction, is a wise and prudent man—nothing can be more different than personal and political fear; it is the artifice of our opponents to confound them together.

The right of disfranchisement, gentlemen, must exist somewhere, and where but in Parliament? If not, how was the Scotch union, how was the Irish union, effected? The Duke of Wellington's administration disfranchised at one blow 200,000 Irish voters—for no fault of theirs, and for no other reason than the best of all reasons, that public expediency required it. These very same politicians are now looking in an agony of terror at the disfranchisement of corporations containing twenty

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or thirty persons, sold to their representatives, who are themselves perhaps sold to the government: and to put an end to these enormous abuses is called *corporation robbery*, and there are some persons wild enough to talk of compensation. This principle of compensation you will consider perhaps in the following instance to have been carried as far as sound discretion permits. When I was a young man, the place in England I remember as most notorious for highwaymen and their exploits was Finchley Common, near the metropolis; but Finchley Common, gentlemen, in the progress of improvement, came to be enclosed, and the highwaymen lost by these means the opportunity of exercising their gallant vocation. I remember a friend of mine proposed to draw up for them a petition to the House of Commons for compensation, which ran in this manner—"We, your loyal highwaymen of Finchley Common, and its neighbourhood, having, at great expense, laid in a stock of blunderbusses, pistols, and other instruments for plundering the public, and finding ourselves impeded in the exercise of our calling by the said enclosure of the said Common of Finchley, humbly petition your honourable house will be pleased to assign to us such compensation as your honourable house in its wisdom and justice may think fit." Gentlemen, I must leave the application to you.

An honourable baronet says, if Parliament is dissolved, I will go to my borough with the bill in my hand, and will say, "I know of no crime you have committed, I found nothing proved against you: I voted against the bill, and am come to fling myself upon your kindness, with the hope that my conduct will be approved, and that you will return me again to Parliament." That honourable baronet may, perhaps, receive from his borough an answer he little expects—"We are above being bribed by such a childish and unworthy artifice; we do not choose to consult our own interest at the expense of the general peace and happiness of the country; we are thoroughly convinced a reform ought to take place; we are very willing to sacrifice a privilege we ought never to have possessed to the good of the community, and we will return no one to Parliament who is not deeply impressed with the same feeling." This I hope is the answer that gentleman will receive, and this, I hope, will be the noble and generous feeling of every borough in England.

The greater part of human improvements, gentlemen, I am sorry to say, are made after war, tumult, bloodshed, and civil

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commotion: mankind seem to object to every species of gratuitous happiness, and to consider every advantage as too cheap, which is not purchased by some calamity. I shall esteem it as a singular act of God's providence, if this great nation, guided by these warnings of history, not waiting till tumult for reform, nor trusting reform to the rude hands of the lowest of the people, shall amend their decayed institutions at a period when they are ruled by a popular monarch, guided by an upright minister, and blest with profound peace.

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SPEECH AT TAUNTON.

Mr. Chairman,—I am particularly happy to assist on this occasion, because I think that the accession of the present king is a marked and important era in English history. Another coronation has taken place since I have been in the world, but I never assisted at its celebration. I saw in it a change of masters, not a change of system. I did not understand the joy which it occasioned. I did not feel it, and I did not counterfeit what I did not feel.

I think very differently of the accession of his present majesty. I believe I see in that accession a great probability of serious improvement, and a great increase of public happiness. The evils which have been long complained of by bold and intelligent men are now universally admitted. The public feeling, which has been so often appealed to, is now intensely excited. The remedies which have so often been called for are now at last vigorously, wisely, and faithfully applied. I admire, gentlemen, in the present king, his love of peace—I admire in him his disposition to economy, and I admire in him, above all, his faithful and honourable conduct to those who happen to be his ministers. He was, I believe, quite as faithful to the Duke of Wellington as to Lord Grey, and would, I have no doubt, be quite as faithful to the political enemies of Lord Grey (if he thought fit to employ them), as he is to Lord Grey himself. There is, in this reign, no secret influence, no double ministry —on whomsoever he confers the office, to him he gives that confidence without which the office cannot be holden with honour, nor executed with effect. He is not only a peaceful king and an economical king, but he is an honest king. So far, I believe, every individual of this company will go with me. There is another topic of eulogium, on which, before I sit down, I should like to say a few words—I mean the willingness of our present king to investigate abuses and to reform them. If this subject is not unpleasant, I will offer upon it a very few observations—a few, because the subject is exhausted,

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and because, if it were not, I have no right, from my standing or my situation in this county, to detain you long upon that or any other subject.

In criticising this great question of reform, I think there is some injustice done to its authors. Men seem to suppose that a minister can sit down and make a plan of reform with as much ease and as much exactness, and with as complete a gratification of his own will, as an architect can do in building or altering a house. But a minister of state (it should be in justice observed), works in the midst of hatred, injustice, violence, and the worst of human passions—his works are not the works of calm and unembarrassed wisdom—they are not the best that a dreamer of dreams can imagine. It is enough if they are the best plans which the passions, parties, and prejudices of the times in which he acts will permit. In passing a reform bill the minister overthrows the long and deep interest which powerful men have in existing abuses—he subjects himself to the deepest hatred, and encounters the bitterest opposition. Auxiliaries he must have, and auxiliaries he can only find among the people —not the mob—but the great mass of those who have opinions worth hearing, and property worth defending—a greater mass, I am happy to say, in this country than exists in any other country on the face of the earth. Now, before the middling orders will come forward with one great impulse, they must see that something is offered them worth the price of contention; they must see that the object is great and the gain serious. If you call them in at all, it must not be to displace one faction at the expense of another, but to put down all factions—to substitute purity and principle for corruption—to give to the many that political power which the few have unjustly taken to themselves—to get rid of evils so ancient and so vast that any other arm than the public arm would be lifted up against them in vain. This, then, I say, is one of the reasons why ministers have been compelled to make their measures a little more vigorous and decisive than a speculative philosopher, sitting in his closet, might approve of. They had a mass of opposition to contend with which could be encountered only by a general exertion of public spirit—they had a long-suffering and an often deceived public to appeal to, who were determined to suffer no longer, and to be deceived no more. The alternative was to continue the ancient abuses, or to do what they have done—and most firmly do I believe that you and I, and the latest pos-

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terity of us all, will rejoice in the decision they have made. Gradation has been called for in reform: we might, it is said, have taken thirty or forty years to have accomplished what we have done in one year. 'It is not so much the magnitude of what you are doing we object to, as the suddenness.' But was not gradation tendered? Was it not said by the friends of reform—'Give us Birmingham and Manchester, and we will be satisfied?' and what was the answer? 'No Manchester, no Birmingham, no reform in any degree—all abuses as they are—all perversions as we have found them—the corruptions which our fathers bequeathed us we will hand down unimpaired and unpurified to our children.' But I would say to the graduate philosopher,—'How often does a reforming minister occur?' and if such are so common that you can command them when you please, how often does a reforming monarch occur? and how often does the conjunction of both occur? Are you sure that a people, bursting into new knowledge, and speculating on every public event, will wait for your protracted reform? Strike while the iron is hot—up with the arm and down with the hammer, and up again with the arm, and down again with the hammer. The iron is hot—the opportunity exists now—if you neglect it, it may not return for an hundred years to come.

There is an argument I have often heard, and that is this—Are we to be afraid?—is this measure to be carried by intimidation?—is the House of Lords to be overawed? But this style of argument proceeds from confounding together two sets of feelings which are entirely distinct—personal fear and political fear. If I am afraid of voting against this bill, because a mob may gather about the House of Lords—because stones may be flung at my head—because my house may be attacked by a mob, I am a poltroon, and unfit to meddle with public affairs; but I may rationally be afraid of producing great public agitation—I may be honourably afraid of flinging people into secret clubs and conspiracies—I may be wisely afraid of making the aristocracy hateful to the great body of the people. This surely has no more to do with fear than a loose identity of name; it is in fact prudence of the highest order; the deliberate reflection of a wise man who does not like what he is going to do, but likes still less the consequence of not doing it, and who, of two evils, chooses the least.

There are some men much afraid of what is to happen: my

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lively hope of good is, I confess, mingled with very little apprehension, but of one thing I must be candid enough to say that I am much afraid, and that is of the opinion now increasing, that the people are become indifferent to reform; and of that opinion I am afraid, because I believe in an evil hour it may lead some misguided members of the upper house of Parliament to vote against the bill. As for the opinion itself, I hold it in the utmost contempt. The people are waiting in virtuous patience for the completion of the bill, because they know it is in the hands of men who do not mean to deceive them. I do not believe they have given up one atom of reform—I do not believe that a great people were ever before so firmly bent upon any one measure. I put it to any man of common sense, whether he believes it possible, after the king and Parliament have acted as they have done, that the people will ever be content with much less than the present bill contains. If a contrary principle is acted upon, and the bill attempted to be got rid of altogether, I confess I tremble for the consequences, which I believe will be of the worst and most painful description; and this I say deliberately, after the most diligent and extensive inquiry. Upon that diligent inquiry I repeat again my firm conviction, that the desire of reform has increased, not diminished; that the present repose is not indifference, but the calmness of victory, and the tranquillity of success. When I see all the wishes and appetites of created beings changed, when I see an eagle, that, after long confinement, has escaped into the air, come back to his cage and his chain,—when I see the emancipated negro asking again for the hoe which has broken down his strength, and the lash which has tortured his body, I will then, and not till then, believe that the English people will return to their ancient degradation—that they will hold out their repentant hands for those manacles which at this moment lay broken into links at their feet.

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SPEECH AT TAUNTON.

(*From the "Taunton Courier" of October 12th*, 1831.)

The Reverend Sydney Smith rose and said:—Mr. Bailiff, I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favour I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and patterns, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit

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was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

They tell you, gentlemen, in the debates by which we have been lately occupied, that the bill is not justified by experience. I do not think this true, but if it were true, nations are sometimes compelled to act without experience for their guide, and to trust to their own sagacity for the anticipation of consequences. The instances where this country has been compelled thus to act have been so eminently successful, that I see no cause for fear, even if we were acting in the manner imputed to us by our enemies. What precedents and what experience were there at the Reformation, when the country, with one unanimous effort, pushed out the pope, and his grasping and ambitious clergy?—What experience, when, at the Revolution, we drove away our ancient race of kings, and chose another family more congenial to our free principles?—And yet to those two events, contrary to experience, and unguided by precedents, we owe all our domestic happiness, and civil and religious freedom—and having got rid of corrupt priests and despotic kings, by our sense and our courage, are we now to be intimidated by the awful danger of extinguishing boroughmongers, and shaking from our necks the ignominious yoke which their baseness has imposed upon us? Go on, they say, as you have done for these hundred years last past. I answer, it is impossible—five hundred people now write and read, where one hundred wrote and read fifty years ago. The iniquities and enormities of the borough system are now known to the meanest of the people. You have a different sort of men to deal with—you must change because the beings whom you govern are changed. After all, and to be short, I must say that it has always appeared to me to be the most absolute nonsense that we cannot be a great, or a rich and happy nation, without suffering ourselves to be bought and sold every five years like a pack of negro slaves. I hope I am not a very rash man, but I would launch boldly into this experiment without any fear of consequences, and I believe there is not a man here present who would not cheerfully embark with me. As to the enemies of the bill, who pretend to be reformers, I know them, I believe, better than you do, and I earnestly caution you against

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them. You will have no more of reform than they are compelled to grant—you will have no reform at all, if they can avoid it—you will be hurried into a war to turn your attention from reform. They do not understand you—they will not believe in the improvement you have made—they think the English of the present day are as the English of the times of Queen Anne or George the First. They know no more of the present state of their own country, than of the state of the Esquimaux Indians. Gentlemen, I view the ignorance of the present state of the country with the most serious concern, and I believe they will one day or another waken into conviction with horror and dismay. I will omit no means of rousing them to a sense of their danger;—for this object I cheerfully sign the petition proposed by Dr. Kinglake, which I consider to be the wisest and most moderate of the two.

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SPEECH BY THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Stick to the bill—it is your Magna Charta, and your Runnymede. King John made a present to the barons. King William has made a similar present to you. Never mind, common qualities good in common times. If a man does not vote for the bill, he is unclean—the plague-spot is upon him; push him into the lazaretto of the last century, with Wetherell and Sadler; purify the air before you approach him; bathe your hands in chloride of lime, if you have been contaminated by his touch.

So far from its being a merely theoretical improvement, I put it to any man, who is himself embarked in a profession, or has sons in the same situation, if the unfair influence of boroughmongers has not perpetually thwarted him in his lawful career of ambition, and professional emolument? "I have been in three general engagements at sea," said an old sailor,—"have been twice wounded;—I commanded the boats when the French frigate, the Astrolabe, was cut out so gallantly.' "Then you are made a post captain?" "No. I was very near it; but—Lieutenant Thomson cut me out, as I cut out the French frigate; his father is town clerk of the borough for which Lord F———— is member, and there my chance was finished." In the same manner, all over England, you will find great scholars rotting on curacies—brave captains starving in garrets—profound lawyers decayed and mouldering in the inns of court, because the parsons, warriors, and advocates of boroughmongers must be crammed to saturation, before there is a morsel of bread for the man who does not sell his votes, and put his country up to auction; and though this is of every day occurrence, the borough system, we are told, is no practical evil.

Who can bear to walk through a slaughter-house? blood, garbage, stomachs, entrails, legs, tails, kidneys, horrors—I often walk a mile about to avoid it. What a scene of disgust and horror is an election—the base and infamous traffic of principles

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—a candidate of high character reduced to such means—the perjury and evasion of agents—the detestable rapacity of voters —the ten days' dominion of mammon and Belial. The bill lessens it—begins the destruction of such practices—affords some chance, and some means of turning public opinion against bribery, and of rendering it infamous.

But the thing I cannot, and will not bear, is this;—what right has *this* lord, or *that* marquis, to buy ten seats in Parliament, in the shape of boroughs, and then to make laws to govern me? And how are these masses of power re-distributed? The eldest son of my lord is just come from Eton—he knows a good deal about Æneas, and Dido, Apollo, and Daphne—and that is all; and to this boy, his father gives a six-hundredth part of the power of making laws, as he would give him a horse, or a double-barrelled gun. Then Vellum, the steward, is put in—an admirable man;—he has raised the estates—watched the progress of the family road, and canal bills —and Vellum shall help to rule over the people of Israel. A neighbouring country gentleman, Mr. Plumpkin, hunts with my lord—opens him a gate or two, while the hounds are running—dines with my lord—agrees with my lord—wishes he could rival the Southdown sheep of my lord—and upon Plumpkin is conferred a portion of the government. Then there is a distant relation of the same name, in the county militia, with white teeth, who calls up the carriage at the opera, and is always wishing O'Connell was hanged, drawn, and quartered—then a barrister, who has written an article in the Quarterly, and is very likely to speak, and refute M'Culloch; and these five people, in whose nomination I have no more agency than I have in the nomination of the toll-keepers of the Bosphorus, are to make laws for me and my family—to put their hands in my purse, and to sway the future destinies of this country; and when the neighbours step in, and beg permission to say a few words before these persons are chosen, there is an universal cry of ruin, confusion, and destruction; —we have become a great people under Vellum and Plumpkin —under Vellum and Plumpkin our ships have covered the ocean —under Vellum and Plumpkin our armies have secured the strength of the hills—to turn out Vellum and Plumpkin is not reform, but revolution.

Was there ever such a ministry? Was there ever before a real ministry of the people? Look at the condition of the coun-

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try when it was placed in their hands: the state of the house when the incoming tenant took possession: windows broken, chimneys on fire, mobs round the house threatening to pull it down, roof tumbling, rain pouring in. It was courage to occupy it; it was a miracle to save it; it will be the glory of glories to enlarge and expand it, and to make it the eternal palace of wise and temperate freedom.

Proper examples have been made among the unhappy and misguided disciples of Swing: a rope has been carried round O'Connell's legs, and a ring inserted in Cobbett's nose. Then the game laws!!! Was ever conduct so shabby as that of the two or three governments which preceded that of Lord Grey? The cruelties and enormities of this code had been thoroughly exposed; and a general conviction existed of the necessity of a change. Bills were brought in by various gentlemen, containing some trifling alteration in this abominable code, and even these were sacrificed to the tricks and manœuvres of some noble Nimrod, who availed himself of the emptiness of the town in July, and flung out the bill. Government never stirred a step. The fulness of the prisons, the wretchedness and demoralization of the poor, never came across them. The humane and considerate Peel never once offered to extend his ægis over them. It had nothing to do with the state of party; and some of their double-barrelled voters might be offended. In the mean time, for every ten pheasants which fluttered in the wood, one English peasant was rotting in jail. No sooner is Lord Althorp chancellor of the exchequer, than he turns out of the house a trumpery and (perhaps) an insidious bill for the improvement of the game laws; and in an instant offers the assistance of government for the abolition of the whole code.

Then look at the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at 12 o'clock, and before 6, has a bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of the people of England for centuries For twenty-five long years did Lord Eldon sit in that court, surrounded with misery and sorrow, which he never held up a finger to alleviate. The widow and the orphan cried to him as vainly as the town crier cries when he offers a small reward for a full purse; the bankrupt of the court became the lunatic of the court; estates mouldered away, and mansions fell down; but the fees came in, and all was well. But in an instant the iron mace of Brougham shivered to atoms this house of fraud and of delay; and this is the man who will help to

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govern you; who bottoms his reputation on doing good to you; who knows, that to reform abuses is the safest basis of fame and the surest instrument of power; who uses the highest gifts of reason, and the most splendid efforts of genius, to rectify those abuses, which all the genius and talent of the profession* have hitherto been employed to justify, and to protect. Look to Brougham, and turn you to that side where he waves his long, and lean finger; and mark well that face which nature has marked so forcibly—which dissolves pensions—turns jobbers into honest men—scares away the plunderer of the public—and is a terror to him who doeth evil to the people. But, above all, look to the northern earl, victim, before this honest and manly reign, of the spitefulness of the court. You may now, for the first time, learn to trust in the professions of a minister; you are directed by a man who prefers character to place, and who has given such unequivocal proofs of honesty and patriotism, that his image ought to be amongst your household gods, and his name to be lisped by your children; two thousand years hence it will be a legend like the fable of Perseus and Andromeda: Britannia chained to a mountain—two hundred rotten animals menacing her destruction, till a tall earl, armed with schedule A., and followed by his page Russell, drives them into the deep, and delivers over Britannia in safety to crowds of ten-pound renters, who deafen the air with their acclamations. Forthwith, Latin verses upon this—school exercises—boys whipt, and all the usual absurdities of education. Don't part with an administration composed of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham; and not only these, but look at them all—the mild wisdom of Lansdowne—the genius and extensive knowledge of Holland, in whose bold and honest life there is no varying nor shadow of change—the unexpected and exemplary activity of Lord Melbourne—and the rising parliamentary talents of Stanley. You are ignorant of your best interests, if every vote you can bestow is not given to such a ministry as this.

You will soon find an alteration of behaviour in the upper orders when elections become real. You will find that you are raised to the importance to which you ought to be raised. The merciless ejector, the rural tyrant, will be restrained with-

* Lord Lyndhurst is an exception; I firmly believe he had no wish to perpetuate the abuses of the Court of Chancery.

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in the limits of decency and humanity, and will improve their own characters, at the same time that they better your condition.

It is not the power of aristocracy that will be destroyed by these measures, but the unfair power. If the Duke of Newcastle is kind and obliging to his neighbours, he will probably lead his neighbours; if he is a man of sense, he will lead them more certainly, and to a better purpose. All this is as it should be; but the Duke of Newcastle, at present, by buying certain old houses, could govern his neighbours, and legislate for them, even if he had not five grains of understanding, and if he were the most churlish and brutal man under heaven. The present state of things renders unnecessary all those important virtues, which rich and well-born men, under a better system, would exercise for the public good. The Duke of Newcastle (I mention him only as an instance,) Lord Exeter will do as well, but either of those noblemen, depending not upon walls, arches, and abutments, for their power—but upon mercy, charity, forbearance, indulgence, and example—would pay this price, and lead the people by their affections; one would be the God of Stamford, and the other of Newark. This union of the great with the many is the real healthy state of a country; such a country is strong to invincibility—and this strength the borough system entirely destroys.

Cant words creep in, and affect quarrels; the changes are rung between revolution and reform; but, first settle whether a wise government ought to attempt the measure—whether any thing is wanted—whether less would do—and, having settled this, mere nomenclature becomes of very little consequence. But, after all, if it is revolution, and not reform, it will only induce me to receive an old political toast in a twofold meaning, and with twofold pleasure. When King William and the great and glorious Revolution are given, I shall think not only of escape from bigotry, but exemption from corruption; and I shall thank Providence, which has given us a second King William for the destruction of vice, as the other, of that name, was given us for the conservation of freedom.

All formal political changes, proposed by these very men, it is said, were mild and gentle, compared to this; true, but are you on Saturday night to seize your apothecary by the throat, and to say to him "Subtle compounder, fraudulent posologist, did not you order me a dram of this medicine on Monday morn-

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ing, and now you declare that nothing short of an ounce can do me any good?" "True enough," would he of the phials reply, "*but you did not take the dram on Monday morning* —that makes all the difference, my dear sir; if you had done as I advised you at first, the small quantity of medicine would have sufficed; and instead of being in a night-gown and slippers up stairs, you would have been walking vigorously in Piccadilly. Do as you please—and die if you please; but don't blame me because you despised my advice, and by your own ignorance and obstinacy have entailed upon yourself tenfold rhubarb, and unlimited infusion of senna."

Now see the consequences of having a manly leader, and a manly cabinet. Suppose they had come out with a little ill-fashioned seven months' reform; what would have been the consequence? The same opposition from the tories—that would have been quite certain—and not a single reformer in England satisfied with the measure. You have now a real reform, and a fair share of power delegated to the people.

The anti-reformers cite the increased power of the press—this is the very reason why I want an increased power in the House of Commons. The Times, Herald, Advertiser, Globe, Sun, Courier, and Chronicle, are an heptarchy, which govern this country, and govern it because the people are so badly represented. I am perfectly satisfied, that with a fair and honest House of Commons the power of the press would diminish—and that the greatest authority would centre in the highest place.

Is it possible for a gentleman to get into Parliament, at present, without doing things he is utterly ashamed of—without mixing himself up with the lowest and basest of mankind? Hands, accustomed to the scented lubricity of soap, are defiled with pitch, and contaminated with filth. Is there not some inherent vice in a government, which cannot be carried on but with such abominable wickedness, in which no gentleman can mingle without moral degradation; and the practice of crimes, the very imputation of which, on other occasions, he would repel at the hazard of his life?

What signifies a small majority in the house? The miracle is, that there should have been any majority at all; that there was not an immense majority on the other side. It was a very long period before the courts of justice in Jersey could put down smuggling; and why? The judges, counsel, attorneys,

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crier of the court, grand and petty jurymen, were all smugglers, and the high sheriff and the constables were running goods every moonlight night.

How are you to do without a government? And what other government, if this bill is ultimately lost, could possibly be found? How could any country defray the ruinous expense of protecting, with troops and constables, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who literally would not be able to walk from the Horse Guards to Grosvenor Square, without two or three regiments of foot to screen them from the mob; and in these hollow squares the hero of Waterloo would have to spend his political life. By the whole exercise of his splendid military talents, by strong batteries at Bootle's, and White's, he might, on nights of great debate, reach the House of Lords; but Sir Robert would probably be cut off, and nothing could save Twiss and Lewis.

The great majority of persons returned by the new boroughs would either be men of high reputation for talents, or persons of fortune known in the neighbourhood; they have property and character to lose. Why are they to plunge into mad and revolutionary projects of pillaging the public creditor? It is not the interest of any such man to do it; he would lose more by the destruction of public credit than he would gain by a remission of what he paid for the interest of the public debt. And if it is not the interest of any one to act in this manner, it is not the interest of the mass. How many, also, of these new legislators would there be, who were not themselves creditors of the state? Is it the interest of such men to create a revolution, by destroying the constitutional power of the House of Lords, or of the king? Does there exist in persons of that class, any disposition for such changes? Are not all feelings, and opinions and prejudices, on the opposite side? The majority of the new members will be landed gentlemen: their genus is utterly distinct from the revolutionary tribe; they have molar teeth; they are destitute of the carnivorous and incisive jaws of political adventurers.

There will be mistakes at first, as there are in all changes. All young ladies will imagine (as soon as this bill is carried) that they will be instantly married. Schoolboys believe that gerunds and supines will be abolished, and that currant tarts must ultimately come down in price; the corporal and sergeant are sure of double pay; bad poets will expect a de-

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mand for their epics; fools will be disappointed, as they always are; reasonable men, who know what to expect, will find that a very serious good has been obtained.

What good to the hewer of wood and the drawer of water? How is he benefited, if Old Sarum is abolished, and Birmingham members created? But if you ask this question of reform, you must ask it of a great number of other measures? How is he benefited by Catholic emancipation, by the repeal of the Corporation and Test Act, by the Revolution of 1688, by any great political change? by a good government? In the first place, if many are benefited, and the lower orders are not injured, this alone is reason enough for the change, But the hewer of wood and the drawer of water *are* benefited by reform. Reform will produce economy and investigation; there will be fewer jobs, and a less lavish expenditure; wars will not be persevered in for years after the people are tired of them; taxes will be taken off the poor and laid upon the rich; demotic habits will be more common in a country where the rich are forced to court the poor for political power; cruel and oppressive punishments (such as those for night poaching), will be abolished. If you steal a pheasant you will be punished as you ought to be, but not sent away from your wife and children for seven years. Tobacco will be 2*d*. per lb. cheaper. Candles will fall in price. These last results of an improved government will be felt. We do not pretend to abolish poverty or to prevent wretchedness; but if peace, economy, and justice, are the results of reform, a number of small benefits, or rather of benefits which appear small to us but not to them, will accrue to millions of the people; and the connection between the existence of John Russell, and the reduced price of bread and cheese, will be as clear as it has been the object of his honest, wise, and useful life to make it.

Don't be led away by such nonsense; all things are dearer under a bad government, and cheaper under a good one. The real question they ask you is, What difference can any change of government make to you? They want to keep the bees from buzzing and stinging, in order that they may rob the hive in peace.

Work well! How does it work well, when every human being in doors and out (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington), says it must be made to work better, or it will soon cease to work at all? It is little short of absolute non-

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sense to call a government good, which the great mass of Englishmen would, before twenty years were elapsed, if reform were denied, rise up and destroy. Of what use have all the cruel laws been of Perceval, Eldon and Castlereagh, to extinguish reform? Lord John Russell and his abettors, would have been committed to jail twenty years ago for half only of his present reform; and now relays of the people would drag them from London to Edinburgh; at which latter city we are told by Mr. Dundas, that there is no eagerness for reform. Five minutes before Moses struck the rock, this gentleman would have said that there was no eagerness for water.

There are two methods of making alterations: the one is to despise the applicants, to begin with refusing every concession, then to relax by making concessions which are always too late; by offering in 1831 what is then too late, but would have been cheerfully accepted in 1830—gradually to O'Connellize the country, till at last, after this process has gone on for some time, the alarm becomes too great, and every thing is conceded in hurry and confusion. In the mean time fresh conspiracies have been hatched by the long delay, and no gratitude is expressed for what has been extorted by fear. In this way, peace was concluded with America, and emancipation granted to the Catholics; and in this way the war of complexion will be finished in the West Indies. The other method is, to see at a distance that the thing must be done, and to do it effectually, *and at once;* to take it out of the hands of the common people, and to carry the measure in a manly liberal manner, so as to satisfy the great majority. The merit of this belongs to the administration of Lord Grey. He is the only minister I know of who has begun a great measure in good time, conceded at the beginning of twenty years what would have been extorted at the end of it, and prevented that folly, violence, and ignorance, which emanate from a long denial and extorted concession of justice to great masses of human beings. I believe the question of reform, or any dangerous agitation of it, is set at rest for thirty or forty years; and this is an eternity in politics.

Boroughs are not the power proceeding from wealth. Many men, who have no boroughs, are infinitely richer than those who have—but it is the artifice of wealth in seizing hold of certain localities. The boroughmonger is like rheumatism, which owes its power not so much to the intensity of the pain

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as to its peculiar position; a little higher up, or a little lower down, the same pain would be trifling; but it fixes in the joints, and gets into the head quarters of motion and activity. The boroughmonger knows the importance of arthritic positions; he disdains muscle, gets into the joints, and lords it over the whole machine by felicity of place. Other men are as rich—but those riches are not fixed in the critical spot.

I live a good deal with all ranks and descriptions of people; I am thoroughly convinced that the party of democrats and republicans is very small and contemptible; that the English love their institutions—that they love not only this king, (who would not love him?) but the kingly office—that they have no hatred to the aristocracy. I am not afraid of trusting English happiness to English gentlemen. I believe that the half million of new voters will choose much better for the public than the twenty or thirty peers, to whose usurped power they succeed.

If any man doubts the power of reform, let him take these two memorable proofs of its omnipotence. First, but for the declaration against it, I believe the Duke of Wellington might this day have been in office; and, secondly, in the whole course of the debates at county meetings, and in Parliament, there are not twenty men who have declared against reform. Some advance an inch, some a foot, some a yard—but nobody stands still—nobody says, We ought to remain just where we were—every body discovers that he is a reformer, and has long been so—and appears infinitely delighted with this new view of himself. Nobody appears without the cockade—bigger or less—but always the cockade.

An exact and elaborate census is called for—vast information should have been laid upon the table of the House—great time should have been given for deliberation. All these objections, being turned into English, simply mean, that the chances of another year should have been given for defeating the bill. In that time the Poles may be crushed, the Belgians organized, Louis Philip dethroned; war may rage all over Europe—the popular spirit may be diverted to other objects. It is certainly provoking that the ministry foresaw all these possibilities, and determined to model the iron while it was red and glowing.

It is not enough that a political institution works well practically: it must be defensible; it must be such as will bear discussion, and not excite ridicule and contempt. It might work

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well for aught I know, if, like the savages of Onelashka, we sent out to catch a king: but who could defend a coronation by chase? who can defend the payment of 40,000*l.* for the three-hundredth part of the power of Parliament, and the re-sale of this power to government for places to the Lord Williams, and Lord Charles's, and others of the Anglophagi? Teach a million of the common people to read—and such a government (work it ever so well) must perish in twenty years. It is impossible to persuade the mass of mankind, that there are not other and better methods of governing a country. It is so complicated, so wicked, such envy and hatred accumulate against the gentlemen who have fixed themselves on the joints, that it cannot fail to perish, and to be driven as it *is* driven from the country, by a general burst of hatred and detestation. I meant, gentlemen, to have spoken for another half-hour, but I am old and tired. Thank me for ending—but, gentlemen, bear with me for another moment; one word before I end. I am old, but I thank God I have lived to see more than my observations on human nature taught me I had any right to expect. I have lived to see an honest king, in whose word his ministers can trust; who disdains to deceive those men whom he has called to the public service, but makes common cause with them for the common good; and exercises the highest powers of a ruler for the dearest interests of the state. I have lived to see a king with a good heart, who, surrounded by nobles, thinks of common men; who loves the great mass of English people, and wishes to be loved by them; who knows that his real power, as he feels that his happiness, is founded on their affection. I have lived to see a king, who, without pretending to the pomp of superior intellect, has the wisdom to see, that the decayed institutions of human policy require amendment; and who, in spite of clamour, interest, prejudice, and fear, has the manliness to carry these wise changes into immediate execution. Gentlemen, farewell: shout for the king.

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BALLOT.

It is possible, and perhaps not very difficult, to invent a machine, by the aid of which electors may vote for a candidate, or for two or three candidates, out of a greater number, without its being discovered for whom they vote; it is less easy than the rabid and foaming radical supposes; but I have no doubt it may be accomplished. In Mr. Grote's dagger ballot box, which has been carried round the country by eminent patriots, you stab the card of your favourite candidate with a dagger. I have seen another, called the mouse-trap ballot box, in which you poke your finger into the trap of the member you prefer, and are caught and detained till the trap-clerk below (who knows by means of a wire when you are caught) marks your vote, pulls the liberator, and releases you. Which may be the most eligible of these two methods I do not pretend to determine, nor do I think my excellent friend Mr. Babbage has as yet made up his mind on the subject; but, by some means or other, I have no doubt the thing may be done.

Landed proprietors imagine they have a right to the votes of their tenants; and instances, in every election, are numerous where tenants have been dismissed for voting contrary to the wishes of their landlords. In the same manner strong combinations are made against tradesmen who have chosen to think and act for themselves in political matters, rather than yield their opinions to the solicitations of their customers. There is a great deal of tyranny and injustice in all this. I should no more think of asking what the political opinions of a shopkeeper were, than of asking whether he was tall or short, or large or small: for a difference of 2½ per cent., I would desert the most aristocratic butcher that ever existed, and deal with one who

"Shook the arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece."

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On the contrary, I would not adhere to the man who put me in uneasy habiliments, however great his veneration for trial by jury, or however ardent his attachment to the liberty of the subject. A tenant I never had; but I firmly believe that if he had gone through certain pecuniary formalities twice a year, I should have thought it a gross act of tyranny to have interfered either with his political or his religious opinions.

I distinctly admit that every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own. I cannot, by law, prevent any one from discharging his tenants and changing his tradesmen for political reasons; but I may judge whether that man exercises his right to the public detriment, or for the public advantage. A man has a right to refuse dealing with any tradesman who is not five feet eleven inches high; but if he acts upon this rule, he is either a madman or a fool. He has a right to lay waste his own estate, and to make it utterly barren; but I have also a right to point him out as one who exercises his right in a manner very injurious to society. He may set up a religious or a political test for his tradesmen; but admitting his right, and deprecating all interference of law, I must tell him he is making the aristocracy odious to the great mass, and that he is sowing the seeds of revolution. His purse may be full, and his fields may be wide; but the moralist will still hold the rod of public opinion over his head, and tell the money-bloated blockhead that he is shaking those laws of property which it has taken ages to extort from the wretchedness and rapacity of mankind; and that what he calls his own will not long be his own, if he tramples too heavily upon human patience.

All these practices are bad; but the facts and the consequences are exaggerated.

In the first place, the plough is not a political machine: the loom and the steam-engine are furiously political, but the plough is not. Nineteen tenants out of twenty care nothing about their votes, and pull off their opinions as easily to their landlords as they do their hats. As far as the great majority of tenants are concerned, these histories of persecution are mere declamatory nonsense; they have no more predilection for whom they vote than the organ pipes have for what tunes they are to play. A tenant dismissed for a fair and just cause often attributes his dismissal to political motives, and endeavours to make himself a martyr with the public: a man who ploughs badly, or who pays badly, says he is dismissed for his vote. No candidate

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is willing to allow that he has lost his election by his demerits; and he seizes hold of these stories, and circulates them with the greatest avidity: they are stated in the House of Commons; John Russell and Spring Rice fall a crying: there is lamentation of liberals in the land; and many groans for the territorial tyrants.

A standing reason against the frequency of dismissal of tenants is, that it is always injurious to the pecuniary interests of a landlord to dismiss a tenant; the property always suffers in some degree by a going off tenant; and it is therefore always the interest of a landlord not to change when the tenant does his duty as an agriculturalist.

To part with tenants for political reasons always makes a landlord unpopular. The Constitutional, price 4*d.*; the Cato, at 3½*d.*; and the Lucius Junius Brutus, at 2*d.*, all set upon the unhappy scutiger; and the squire, unused to be pointed at, and thinking that all Europe and part of Asia are thinking of him and his farmers, is driven to the brink of suicide and despair. That such things are done is not denied; that they are scandalous when they are done is equally true; but these are reasons why such acts are less frequent than they are commonly represented to be. In the same manner, there are instances of shopkeepers being materially injured in their business from the votes they have given; but the facts themselves, as well as the consequences, are grossly exaggerated. If shopkeepers lose tory they gain whig customers; and it is not always the vote which does the mischief, but the low vulgar impertinence, and the unbridled scurrility of a man who thinks that by dividing to mankind their rations of butter and of cheese he has qualified himself for legislation, and that he can hold the rod of empire because he has wielded the yard of mensuration. I detest all inquisition into political opinions, but I have very rarely seen a combination against any tradesman who modestly, quietly, and conscientiously took his own line in politics. But Brutus and butterman, cheesemonger and Cato, do not harmonize well together; good taste is offended, the coxcomb loses his friends, and general disgust is mistaken for combined oppression. Shopkeepers, too, are very apt to cry out before they are hurt: a man who sees after an election one of his customers buying a pair of gloves on the opposite side of the way, roars out that his honesty will make him a bank-

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rupt, and the county papers are filled with letters from Brutus, Publicola, Hampden, and Pym.

This interference with the freedom of voting, bad as it is, produces no political deliberation; it does not make the tories stronger than the whigs, nor the whigs than the tories, for both are equally guilty of this species of tyranny; and any particular system of measures fails or prevails, much as if no such practice existed. The practice had better not be at all, but if a certain quantity of the evil does exist, it is better that it should be equally divided among both parties, than that it should be exercised by one for the depression of the other. There are politicians always at a white heat, who suppose that there are landed tyrants only on one side of the question; but human life has been distressingly abridged by the flood: there is no time to spare; it is impossible to waste it upon such senseless bigotry.

If a man is sheltered from intimidation, is it at all clear that he would vote from any better motive than intimidation? If you make so tremendous an experiment, are you sure of attaining your object? The landlord has perhaps said a cross word to the tenant; the candidate for whom the tenant votes in opposition to his landlord has taken his second son for a footman, or his father knew the candidate's grandfather: how many thousand votes, sheltered (as the ballotists suppose) from intimidation, would be given from such silly motives as these? how many would be given from the mere discontent of inferiority? or from that strange simious schoolboy passion of giving pain to others, even when the author cannot be found out? —motives as pernicious as any which could proceed from intimidation. So that all voters screened by ballot would not be screened for any public good.

The radicals, (I do not use this word in any offensive sense, for I know many honest and excellent men of this way of thinking),—but the radicals praise and admit the lawful influence of wealth and power. They are quite satisfied if a rich man of popular manners gains the votes and affections of his dependants; but why is not this as bad as intimidation? The real object is to vote for the good politician, not for the kind-hearted or agreeable man: the mischief is just the same to the country whether I am smiled into a corrupt choice, or frowned into a corrupt choice,—what is it to me whether my landlord is the best of landlords, or the most agreeable of men? I must

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vote for Joseph Hume, if I think Joseph more honest than the marquis. The more mitigated radical may pass over this, but the real carnivorous variety of the animal should declaim as loudly against the fascinations as against the threats of the great. The man who possesses the land should never speak to the man who tills it. The intercourse between landlord and tenant should be as strictly guarded as that of the sexes in Turkey. A funded duenna should be placed over every landed grandee.—And then intimidation! Is intimidation confined to the aristocracy? Can any thing be more scandalous and atrocious than the intimidation of mobs? Did not the mob of Bristol occasion more ruin, wretchedness, death, and alarm than all the ejection of tenants, and combinations against shopkeepers, from the beginning of the century? and did not the Scotch philosophers tear off the clothes of the tories in Mintoshire? or at least such clothes as the customs of the country admit of being worn?—and did not they, without any reflection at all upon the customs of the country, wash the tory voters in the river?

Some sanguine advocates of the ballot contend that it would put an end to all canvassing: why should it do so? Under the ballot, I canvass (it is true) a person who may secretly deceive me. I cannot be sure he will not do so—but I am sure it is much less likely he will vote against me, when I have paid him all the deference and attention which a representative bestows on his constituents, than if I had totally neglected him: to any other objections he may have against me, at least I will not add that of personal incivility.

Scarcely is any great virtue practised without some sacrifice; and the admiration which virtue excites seems to proceed from the contemplation of such sufferings, and of the exertions by which they are endured: a tradesman suffers some loss of trade by voting for his country; is he not to vote? he might suffer some loss of blood in fighting for his country; is he not to fight? Every one would be a good Samaritan, if he was quite sure his compassion would cost him nothing. We should all be heroes, if it was not for blood and fractures; all saints, if it were not for the restrictions and privations of sanctity; all patriots, if it were not for the losses and misrepresentations to which patriotism exposes us. The ballotists are a set of Englishmen glowing with the love of England and the love of virtue, but determined to hazard the most dangerous experiments

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in politics, rather than run the risk of losing a penny in defence of their exalted feelings.

An abominable tyranny exercised by the ballot is, that it compels those persons to conceal their votes, who hate all concealment, and who glory in the cause they support. If you are afraid to go in at the front door, and to say in a clear voice what you have to say, go in at the back door, and say it in a whisper—but this is not enough for you; you make me, who am bold and honest, sneak in at the back door as well as yourself: because you are afraid of selling a dozen or two of gloves less than usual, you compel me, who have no gloves to sell, or who would dare and despise the loss, if I had, to hide the best feelings of my heart, and to lower myself down to your mean morals. It is as if a few cowards, who could only fight behind walls and houses, were to prevent the whole regiment from showing a bold front in the field: what right has the coward to degrade me who am no coward, and put me in the same shameful predicament with himself? If ballot is established, a zealous voter cannot do justice to his cause; there will be so many false Hampdens, and spurious Catos, that all men's actions and motives will be mistrusted. It is in the power of any man to tell me that my colours are false, that I declaim with stimulated warmth, and canvass with fallacious zeal; that I am a tory, though I call *Russell* for ever, or a whig, in spite of my obstreperous panegyrics of *Peel*. It is really a curious condition that all men must imitate the defects of a few, in order that it may not be known who have the natural imperfection, and who put it on from conformity. In this way, in former days, to hide the gray hairs of the old, every body was forced to wear powder and pomatum.

It must not be forgotten that, in the ballot, concealment must be absolutely *compulsory*. It would never do to let one man vote openly, and another secretly. You may go to the edge of the box, and say, "I vote for A.," but who knows that your ball is not put in for B.? There must be a clear plain opportunity for telling an undiscoverable lie, or the whole invention is at an end How beautiful is the progress of man!—printing has abolished ignorance—gas put an end to darkness—steam has conquered time and distance—it remained for Grote and his box to remove the incumbrance of truth from human transactions. May we not look now for more little machines to abolish the other cardinal virtues.

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But if all men are suspected; if things are so contrived that it is impossible to know what men really think, a serious impediment is created to the formation of good public opinion in the multitude. There is a town (No. 1.) in which live two very clever and respectable men, Johnson and Pelham, small tradesmen, men always willing to run some risk for the public good, and to be less rich, and more honest than their neighbours. It is of considerable consequence to the formation of opinion in this town, as an example to know how Johnson and Pelham vote. It guides the affections, and directs the understandings, of the whole population, and materially affects public opinion in this town; and in another borough, No. 2., it would be of the highest importance to public opinion if it were certain how Mr. Smith, the ironmonger, and Mr. Rogers, the London carrier, voted; because they are both thoroughly honest men, and of excellent understanding for their condition of life. Now, the tendency of ballot would be to destroy all the Pelhams, Johnsons, Rogers's, and Smiths, to sow a universal mistrust, and to exterminate the natural guides and leaders of the people: political influence, founded upon honour and ancient honesty in politics, could not grow up under such a system. No man's declaration could get believed. It would be easy to whisper away the character of the best men; and to assert that, in spite of all his declarations, which are nothing but a blind, the romantic Rogers has voted on the other side, and is in secret league with our enemies.

"Who brought that mischievous profligate villain into Parliament? Let us see the names of his real supporters. Who stood out against the strong and uplifted arm of power? Who discovered this excellent and hitherto unknown person? Who opposed the man whom we all know to be one of the first men in the country?" Are these fair and useful questions to be veiled hereafter in impenetrable mystery? Is this sort of publicity of no good as a restraint? is it of no good as an incitement to and a reward for exertions? Is not public opinion formed by such feelings? and is it not a dark and demoralizing system to draw this veil over human actions, to say to the mass, be base, and you will not be despised; be virtuous, and you will not be honoured? Is this the way in which Mr. Grote would foster the spirit of a bold and indomitable people? Was the liberty of that people established by fraud? Did America lie herself into independence? Was it treachery which enabled

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Holland to shake off the yoke of Spain? Is there any instance since the beginning of the world where human liberty has been established by little systems of trumpery and trick? These are the weapons of monarchs against the people, not of the people against monarchs. With their own right hand, and with their mighty arm, have the people gotten to themselves the victory, and upon them may they ever depend; and then comes Mr. Grote, a scholar and a gentleman, and knowing all the histories of public courage, preaches cowardice and treachery to England; tells us that the bold cannot be free, and bids us seek for liberty by clothing ourselves in the mask of falsehood, and trampling on the cross of truth.*

If this shrinking from the performance of duties is to be tolerated, voters are not the only persons who would recur to the accommodating convenience of ballot. A member of Parliament, who votes against government, can get nothing in the army, navy, or church, or at the bar, for his children or himself; they are placed on the north wall, and starved for their honesty. Judges, too, suffer for their unpopularity—Lord Kilwarden was murdered, Lord Mansfield burnt down; but voters, forgetting that they are only trustees for those who have no vote, require that they themselves should be virtuous with impunity, and that all the penalties of austerity and Catonism should fall upon others. I am aware that it is of the greatest consequence to the constituent that he should be made acquainted with the conduct of his representative; but I maintain, that to know, without the fear of mistake, what the conduct of individuals has been in their fulfilment of the great trust of electing members of Parliament, is also of the greatest importance in the formation of public opinion; and that, when men acted in the dark, the power of distinguishing between the bad and the good would be at an end.

To institute ballot, is to apply a very dangerous innovation to a temporary evil; for it is seldom, but in very excited times, that these acts of power are complained of which the ballot is intended to remedy. There never was an instance in this country where parties were so nearly balanced; but all this will pass away, and, in a very few years, either Peel will swallow Lord John, or Lord John will pasture upon Peel; parties

* Mr. Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and, if the world were a chess-board, would be an important politician.

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will coalesce, the Duke of Wellington and Viscount Melbourne meet at the same board, and the lion lie down with the lamb. In the mean time a serious and dangerous political change is resorted to for the cure of a temporary evil, and we may be cursed with ballot when we do not want it, and cannot get rid of it.

If there is ballot there can be no scrutiny, the controlling power of Parliament is lost, and the members are entirely in the hands of returning officers.

An election is hard run—the returning officer lets in twenty votes which he ought to have excluded, and the opposite candidate is unjustly returned. I petition, and as the law now stands, the return would be amended, and I, who had the legitimate majority, should be seated in Parliament. But how could justice be done if the ballot obtained, and if the returning officer were careless or corrupt? Would you put all the electors upon their oath? Would it be advisable to accept any oath where detection was impossible? and could any approximation to truth be expected under such circumstances, from such an inquisition? It is true, the present committees of the House of Commons are a very unfair tribunal, but that tribunal may and will be amended; and bad as that tribunal is, nobody can be insane enough to propose that we are to take refuge in the blunders or the corruptions of 600 returning officers, 100 of whom are Irish.

It is certainly in the power of a committee, when incapacity or villany of the returning officer has produced an unfair return, to annul the whole election, and to proceed again *de novo*; but how is this just? or what satisfaction is this to me, who have unquestionably a lawful majority, and who ask of the House of Commons to examine the votes, and to place in their house the man who has combined the greatest number of suffrages? The answer of the House of Commons is, "One of you is undoubtedly the rightful member, but we have so framed our laws of election, that it is impossible to find out which that man is; the loss and penalties ought only to fall upon one, but they must fall upon both; we put the well-doer and the evil-doer precisely in the same situation; there shall be no election;" and this may happen ten times running.

Purity of election, the fair choice of representatives, must be guarded either by the coercing power of the House of Commons exercised upon petitions, or it must be guarded by the

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watchful jealousy of opposite parties at the registrations; but if (as the radicals suppose) ballot gives a power of perfect concealment, whose interest is it to watch the registrations? If I despair of distinguishing my friends from my foes, why should I take any trouble about registrations? Why not leave every thing to that great *primum mobile* of all human affairs, the barrister of six years' standing?

The answer of the excellent Benthamites to all this is, "What you say may be true enough in the present state of registrations, but we have another scheme of registration to which these objections will not apply." There is really no answering this Paulo-post legislation. I reason now upon registration and reform which are in existence, which I have seen at work for several years. What new improvements are in the womb of time, or (if time has no womb) in the more capacious pockets of the followers of Bentham, I know not: when I see them tried, I will reason upon them. There is no end to these eternal changes; we have made an enormous revolution within the last ten years,—let us stop a little and secure it, and prevent it from being turned into ruin; I do not say the reform bill is final, but I want a little time for breathing; and if there are to be any more changes, let them be carried into execution hereafter by those little legislators who are now receiving every day after dinner a cake or a plumb, in happy ignorance of Mr. Grote and his ballot. I long for the quiet times of *Log*, when all the English common people are making calico, and all the English gentlemen are making long and short verses, with no other interruption of their happiness than when false quantities are discovered in one or the other.

What is to become of petitions if ballot is established? Are they to be open as they now are, or are they to be conducted by ballot? Are the radical shopkeepers and the radical tenant to be exposed (as they say) to all the fury of incensed wealth and power, and is that protection to be denied to them in petitions, which is so loudly demanded in the choice of representatives? Are there to be two distinct methods of ascertaining the opinions of the people, and these completely opposed to each other? A member is chosen this week by a large majority of voters who vote in the dark, and the next week, when men vote in the light of day, some petition is carried totally opposite to all those principles for which the member with invisible votes was returned to Parliament. How, under such a system, can

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Parliament ever ascertain what the wishes of the people really are? The representatives are radicals, the petitioners eminently conservative; the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

And if the same protection is adopted for petitions as is given in elections, and if both are conducted by ballot, how is the House of Commons to deal with petitions? When it is intended particularly that a petition should attract the attention of the House of Commons, some member bears witness to the respectability or the futility of the signatures; and how is it possible, without some guides of this kind, that the House could form any idea of the value and importance of the petition?

These observations apply with equal force to the communications between the representative and the constituent. It is the radical doctrine that a representative is to obey the instructions of his constituents. He has been elected under the ballot by a large majority; an open meeting is called, and he receives instructions in direct opposition to all those principles upon which he has been elected. Is this the real opinion of his constituents? and if he receives his instructions for a ballot meeting, who are his instructors? The lowest men in the town, or the wisest and the best?—But if ballot is established for elections only, and all communications between the constituents on one side, and Parliament and the representatives on the other, are carried on in open meetings, then are there two publics according to the radical doctrines, essentially different from each other; the one acting under the influence of the rich and powerful, the other free; and if all political petitions are to be carried on by ballot, how is Parliament to know who petitions, or the member to know who instructs?

I have hitherto spoken of ballot, as if it were, as the radicals suppose it to be, a mean of secrecy; their very cardinal position is, that landlords, after the ballot is established, will give up in despair all hopes of commanding the votes of their tenants. I scarcely ever heard a more foolish and gratuitous assumption. Given up? Why should they be given up? I can give many reasons why landlords should never exercise this unreasonable power, but I can give no possible reason why a man determined to do so should be baffled by the ballot. When two great parties in the empire are combating for the supreme power, does Mr. Grote imagine, that the man of woods, forests, and rivers,—that they who have the strength

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of the hills,—are to be baffled by bumpkins thrusting a little pin into a little card in a little box? that England is to be governed by political acupuncturation?

A landlord who would otherwise be guilty of the oppression will not change his purpose, because you attempt to outwit him by the invention of the ballot; he will become, on the contrary, doubly vigilant, inquisitive, and severe. "I am a professed radical," said the tenant of a great duke to a friend of mine, "and the duke knows it; but if I vote for his candidates, he lets me talk as I please, live with whom I please, and does not care if I dine at a radical dinner every day in the week. If there was a ballot, nothing could persuade the duke, or the duke's master, the steward, that I was not deceiving them, and I should lose my farm in a week." This is the real history of what would take place. The single lie on the hustings would not suffice; the concealed democrat who voted against his landlord must talk with the wrong people, subscribe to the wrong club, huzza at the wrong dinner, break the wrong head, lead (if he wished to escape from the watchful jealousy of his landlord) a long life of lies between every election; and he must do this, not only *eundo*, in his calm and prudential state, but *redeundo* from the market, warmed with beer and expanded by alcohol: and he must not only carry on his seven years of dissimulation before the world, but in the very bosom of his family, or he must expose himself to the dangerous garrulity of wife, children, and servants, from whose indiscretion every kind of evil report would be carried to the ears of the watchful steward. And when once the ballot is established, mere gentle, quiet lying will not do to hide the tenant who secretly votes against his landlord; the quiet passive liar will be suspected, and he will find, if he does not wave his bonnet and strain his throat in furtherance of his bad faith, and lie loudly, that he has put in a false ball in the dark to very little purpose. I consider a long concealment of political opinion from the landlord to be nearly impossible for the tenant; and if you conceal from the landlord the only proof he can have of his tenant's sincerity, you are taking from the tenant the only means he has of living quietly upon his farm. You are increasing the jealousy and irascibility of the tyrant, and multiplying instead of lessening the number of his victims.

Not only you do not protect the tenant who wishes to deceive his landlord, by promising one way and voting another, but

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you expose all the other tenants who have no intention of deceiving, to all the evils of mistake and misrepresentation. The stewart hates a tenant, and a rival wants his farm: they begin to whisper him out of favour, and to propagate rumours of his disaffection to the blue or the yellow cause; as matters now stand he can refer to the poll-book, and show how he has voted. Under the ballot his security is gone, and he is exposed in common with his deceitful neighbour, to that suspicion from which none can be exempt when all vote in secret. If ballot then answered the purpose for which it was intended, the number of honest tenants whom it exposed to danger would be as great as the number of deceitful tenants whom it screened.

But if landlords could be prevented from influencing their tenants in voting, by threatening them with the loss of farms; —if public opinion were too strong to allow of such threats, what would prevent a landlord from refusing to take, as a tenant, a man whose political opinion did not agree with his own? what would prevent him from questioning, long before the election, and cross-examining his tenant, and demanding certificates of his behaviour and opinions, till he had, according to all human probability, found a man who felt as strongly as himself upon political subjects, and who would adhere to those opinions with as much firmness and tenacity? What would prevent, for instance, an Orange landlord from filling his farms with Orange tenants, and from cautiously rejecting every Catholic tenant who presented himself plough in hand? But if this practice were to obtain generally, of cautiously selecting tenants from their political opinion, what would become of the sevenfold shield of the ballot? Not only this tenant is not continued in the farm he already holds, but he finds, from the severe inquisition into which men of property are driven by the invention of ballot, that it is extremely difficult for a man whose principles are opposed to those of his landlord, to get any farm at all.

The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look on with delight. A set of deceitful wretches, wearing the wrong colours, abusing their friends, pelting the man for whom they voted, drinking their enemies' punch, knocking down persons with whom they entirely agreed, and roaring out eternal duration to principles they abhorred. A scene of wholesale bacchanalian fraud, a *posse comitatus* of liars, which would disgust any man with a free

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government, and make him sigh for the monocracy of Constantinople.

All the arguments which apply to suspected tenants apply to suspected shopkeepers. Their condition under the ballot would be infinitely worse than under the present system; the veracious shopkeeper would be suspected, perhaps without having his vote to appeal to for his protection, and the shopkeeper who meant to deceive must prop up his fraud, by accommodating his whole life to the first deceit, or he would have told a disgraceful falsehood in vain. The political persecutors would not be baffled by the ballot; customers, who think they have a right to persecute tradesmen now, would do it then; the only difference would be that more would be persecuted then on suspicion, than are persecuted now from a full knowledge of every man's vote. Inquisitors would be exasperated by this attempt of their victims to become invisible, and the search for delinquents would be more sharp and incessant.

A state of things may (to be sure) occur where the aristocratic part of the voters may be desirous, by concealing their votes, of protecting themselves from the fury of the multitude; but precisely the same objection obtains against ballot, whoever may be the oppressor or the oppressed. It is no defence; the single falsehood at the hustings will not suffice. Hypocrisy for seven years is impossible; the multitude will be just as jealous of preserving the power of intimidation, as aristocrats are of preserving the power of property, and will in the same way redouble their vicious activity from the attempt at destroying their empire by ballot.

Ballot could not prevent the disfranchisement of a great number of voters. The shopkeeper, harassed by men of both parties, equally consuming the articles in which he dealt, would seek security in not voting at all, and of course, the ballot could not screen the disobedient tenant whom the landlord requested to stay away from the poll. Mr. Grote has no box for this; but a remedy for securing the freedom of election, which has no power to prevent the voter from losing the exercise of his franchise altogether, can scarcely be considered as a remedy at all. There is a method, indeed, by which this might be remedied, if the great soul of Mr. Grote will stoop to adopt it. Why are the acts of concealment to be confined to putting in a ball? Why not vote in a domino, taking off the vizor to

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the returning officer only? or as tenant Jenkins or tenant Hodge might be detected by their stature, why not poll in sedan chairs with the curtains closely drawn, choosing the chairmen by ballot?

What a flood of deceit and villany comes in with ballot! I admit there are great moral faults under the present system. It is a serious violation of duty to vote for A. when you think B. the more worthy representative; but the open voter, acting under the influence of his landlord, commits only this one fault, great as it is:—if he vote for his candidate, the landlord is satisfied, and asks no other sacrifice of truth and opinion; but if the tenant votes against his landlord under the ballot, he is practising every day some fraud to conceal his first deviation from truth. The present method may produce a vicious act, but the ballot establishes a vicious habit; and then it is of some consequence, that the law should not range itself on the side of vice. In the open voting, the law leaves you fairly to choose between the dangers of giving an honest, or the convenience of giving a dishonest vote; but the ballot law opens a booth and asylum for fraud, calling upon all men to lie by beat of drum, forbidding open honesty, promising impunity for the most scandalous deceit, and encouraging men to take no other view of virtue than whether it pays or does not pay; for it must always be remembered and often repeated, and said and sung to Mr. Grote, that it is to the degraded liar only that the box will be useful. The man who performe what he promises needs no box. The man who refuses to do what he is asked to do despises the box. The liar, who says he will do what he never means to do, is the only man to whom the box is useful, and for whom this leaf out of the Punic pandects is to be inserted in our statute book; the other vices will begin to look up, and to think themselves neglected, if falsehood obtains such flattering distinction, and is thus defended by the solemn enactments of law.

Old John Randolph, the American orator, was asked one day at a dinner party in London, whether the ballot prevailed in his state of Virginia—"I scarcely believe," he said, "we have such a fool in all Virginia, as to mention even the vote by ballot; and I do not hesitate to say that the adoption of the ballot would make any nation a nation of scoundrels if it did not find them so." John Randolph was right; he felt that it was not necessary that a people should be false in order to be free; universal hypocrisy would be the consequence of ballot:

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we should soon say on deliberation what David only asserted in his haste, *that all men were liars.*

This exclamation of old Randolph applied to the method of popular elections, which I believe has always been by open voice in Virginia; but the assemblies voted, and the judges were chosen by ballot; and in the year 1830, upon a solemn review of their institutions, ballot was entirely abolished in every instance throughout the state, and open voting substituted in its place.

Not only would the tenant under ballot be constantly exposed to the suspicions of the landlord, but the landlord would be exposed to the constant suspicions and the unjust misrepresentation of the tenant. Every tenant who was dismissed for a fair and a just cause, would presume he was suspected, would attribute his dismissal to political motives, and endeavour to make himself a martyr with the public; and in this way violent hatred would be by the ballot disseminated among classes of men on whose agreement the order and happiness of England depend.

All objections to ballot which are important in England apply with much greater force to Ireland, a country of intense agitation, fierce passions, and quick movements. Then how would the ballot box of Mr. Grote harmonize with the confessional box of Father O'Leary?

I observe Lord John Russell, and some important men as well as him, saying, "We hate ballot, but if these practices continue, we shall be compelled to vote for it." What! vote for it, if ballot is no remedy of these evils? Vote for it, if ballot produces still greater evils than it cures? That is (says the physician), if fevers increase in this alarming manner, I shall be compelled to make use of some medicine which will be of no use to fevers, and will at the same time bring on diseases of a much more serious nature. I shall be under the absolute necessity of putting out your eyes, because I cannot prevent you from being lame. In fact, this sort of language is utterly unworthy of the sense and courage of Lord John; he gives hopes where he ought to create absolute despair. This is that hovering between two principles which ruins political strength by lowering political character, and creates a notion that his enemies need not fear such a man, and that his friends cannot trust him. No opinion could be more unjust as applied to Lord John; but such an opinion will grow if he begins to value

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himself more upon his dexterity and finesse, than upon those fine manly historico-Russell qualities he most undoubtedly possesses. There are two beautiful words in the English language,—yes and no; he must pronounce them boldly and emphatically; stick to yes and no to the death; for yes and no lay his head down upon the scaffold, where his ancestors have laid their heads before, and cling to his yes and no in spite of Robert Peel and John Wilson, and Joseph, and Daniel, and Fergus, and Stevens himself. He must do as the Russells always have done, advance his firm foot on the field of honour, plant it on the line marked out by justice, and determine in that cause to perish or to prevail.

In clubs, ballot preserves secrecy; but in clubs, after the barrister has blackballed the colonel, he most likely never hears of the colonel again: he does not live among people who are calling out for seven years *the colonel for ever;* nor is there any one who, thinking he has a right to the barrister's suffrage, exercises the most incessant vigilance to detect whether or not he has been defrauded of it. I do not say that ballot can never in any instance be made a mean of secrecy and safety, but that it cannot be so in popular elections. Even in elections, a consummate hypocrite who was unmarried, and drank water, might perhaps exercise his timid patriotism with impunity; but the instances would be so rare, as to render ballot utterly inefficient as a general protection against the abuses of power.

In America, ballot is nearly a dead letter; no protection is wanted: if the ballot protects any one, it is the master, not the man. Some of the states have no ballot,—some have exchanged the ballot for open voting.

Bribery carried on in any town now would probably be carried on with equal success under the ballot. The attorney (if such a system prevailed) would say to the candidate, "There is my list of promises; if you come in I will have 5000*l.*, and if you do not, you shall pay me nothing." To this list, to which I suppose all the venal rabble of the town to have put their names, there either is an opposition bribery list, or there is not: if there is not, the promisers, looking only to make money by their vote, have every inducement to keep their word. If there is an opposite list, the only trick which a promiser can play is to put down his name upon both lists: but this trick would be so easily detected, so much watched and

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suspected, and would even in the vote market render a man so infamous, that it never would be attempted to any great extent. At present, if a man promises his vote to A., and votes for B., because he can get more money by it, he does not become infamous among the bribed, because they lose no money by him; but where a list is found, and a certain sum of money is to be divided among that list, every interloper lessens the receipts of all the rest; it becomes their interest to guard against fraudulent intrusion; and a man who puts his name upon more lists than the votes he was entitled to give, would soon be hunted down by those he had robbed. Of course there would be no pay till after the election, and the man who having one vote had put himself down on two lists, or having two votes had put himself down on three lists, could hardly fail to be detected, and would, of course, lose his political *aceldama*. There must be honour among thieves; the mob regularly inured to bribery under the canopy of the ballot, would for their own sake soon introduce rules for the distribution of the plunder, and infuse, with their customary energy, the morality of not being sold more than once at every election.

If ballot were established, it would be received by the upper classes with the greatest possible suspicion, and every effort would be made to counteract it and to get rid of it. Against those attacks the inferior orders would naturally wish to strengthen themselves, and the obvious means would be by extending the number of voters; and so comes on universal suffrage. The ballot would fail: it would be found neither to prevent intimidation nor bribery. Universal suffrage would cure both, as a teaspoonful of prussic acid is a certain cure for the most formidable diseases; but universal suffrage would in all probability be the next step. "The 200 richest voters of Bridport shall not beat the 400 poorest voters. Every body who has a house shall vote, or every body who is twenty-one shall vote, and then the people will be sure to have their way —we will blackball every member standing for Bridgewater who does not promise to vote for universal suffrage."

The ballot and universal suffrage are never mentioned by the radicals without being coupled together. Nobody ever thinks of separating them. Any person who attempted to separate them at torchlight or sunlight meetings would be hooted down. It is professedly avowed that ballot is only wanted for ulterior

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purposes, and no one makes a secret of what those ulterior purposes are: not only would the gift of ballot, if universal suffrage were refused, not be received with gratitude, but it would be received with furious indignation and contempt, and universal suffrage be speedily extorted from you.

There would be this argument also for universal suffrage, to which I do not think it very easy to find an answer. The son of a man who rents a house of ten pounds a year is often a much cleverer man than his father; the wife more intelligent than the husband. Under the system of open voting, these persons are not excluded from want of intellect, but for want of independence, for they would necessarily vote with their principal; but the moment the ballot is established, according to the reasoning of the Grote school, one man is as independent as another, because all are concealed, and so all are equally entitled to offer their suffrages. This cannot sow dissensions in families; for how, ballotically reasoning, can the father find it out? or, if he did find it out, how has any father, ballotically speaking, a right to control the votes of his family?

I have often drawn a picture in my own mind of a Ballot-Grotical family voting and promising under the new system. There is one vacancy, and three candidates, tory, whig, and radical. Walter Wiggins, a small artificer of shoes, for the moderate gratuity of five pounds promises his own vote, and that of the chaste Arabella his wife, to the tory candidate; he, Walter Wiggins, having also sold, for one sovereign, the vote of the before-named Arabella to the whigs. Mr. John Wiggins, a tailor, the male progeny of Walter and Arabella, at the solicitation of his master, promises his vote to the whigs, and persuades his sister Honoria to make a similar promise in the same cause. Arabella, the wife, yields implicitly to the wishes of her husband. In this way, before the election, stand committed the highly moral family of Mr. Wiggins. The period for lying arrives, and the mendacity machine is exhibited to the view of the Wigginses. What happens? Arabella, who has in the interim been chastised by her drunken husband, votes secretly for the radicals, having been sold both to whig and tory. Mr. John Wiggins, pledged beyond redemption to whigs, votes for the tory; and Honoria, extrinsically furious in the cause of whigs, is persuaded by her lover to vote for the radical member. The following table exhibits the state of this moral family before and after the election:—

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Walter Wiggins sells himself once and his wife twice.
Arabella Wiggins, sold to tory and whig, votes for radical.
John Wiggins, promised to whig, votes for tory.
Honoria Wiggins, promised to whig, votes for radical.

In this way the families of the poor, under the legislation of Mr. Grote, will become schools for good faith, openness, and truth. What are Chrysippus and Crantor, and all the moralists of the whole world, compared to Mr. Grote?

It is urged that the lower order of voters, proud of such a distinction, will not be anxious to extend it to others; but the lower order of voters will often find that they possess this distinction in vain—that wealth and education are too strong for them; and they will call in the multitude as auxiliaries, firmly believing that they can curb their inferiors and conquer their superiors. Ballot is a mere illusion, but universal suffrage is not an illusion. The common people will get nothing by the one, but they will gain every thing, and ruin every thing, by the last.

Some members of Parliament who mean to vote for ballot, in the fear of losing their seats, and who are desirous of reconciling to their conscience such an act of disloyalty to mankind, are fond of saying that ballot is harmless; that it will neither do the good nor the evil that is expected from it; and that the people may fairly be indulged in such an innocent piece of legislation. Never was such folly and madness as this; ballot will be the cause of interminable hatred and jealousy among the different orders of mankind; it will familiarize the English people to a long tenour of deceit; it will not answer its purpose of protecting the independent voter, and the people, exasperated and disappointed by the failure, will indemnify themselves by insisting upon unlimited suffrage. And then it is talked of as an experiment, as if men were talking of acids and alkalies, and the galvanic pile; as if Lord John could get on the hustings and say, "Gentlemen, you see this ballot does not answer; do me the favour to give it up, and to allow yourselves to be replaced in the same situation as the ballot found you." Such, no doubt, is the history of nations and the march of human affairs; and, in this way, the error of a sudden and foolish largess of power to the people might, no doubt, be easily retrieved. The most unpleasant of all bodily feelings is a cold sweat; nothing brings it on so surely as perilous nonsense in politics.

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I lose all warmth from the bodily frame when I hear the ballot talked of as an *experiment*.

I cannot at all understand what is meant by this indolent opinion. Votes are coerced now; if votes are free, will the elected be the same? if not, will the difference of the elected be unimportant? Will not the ballot stimulate the upper orders to fresh exertions? and are their increased jealousy and interference of no importance? If ballot, after all, is found to hold out a real protection to the voter, is universal lying of no importance? I can understand what is meant by calling ballot a great good, or a great evil; but, in the mighty contention for power which is raging in this country, to call it indifferent appears to me extremely foolish in all those in whom it is not extremely dishonest.

If the ballot did succeed in enabling the lower order of voters to conquer their betters, so much the worse. In a town consisting of 700 voters, the 300 most opulent and powerful (and therefore probably the best instructed) would make a much better choice than the remaining 400; and the ballot would, in that case, do more harm than good. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the most numerous party would be in the wrong. If this is the case, why give the franchise to all? why not confine it to the first division? *because even with all the abuses which occur, and in spite of them, the great mass of the people are much more satisfied with having a vote occasionally controlled than with having none.* Many agree with their superiors, and therefore feel no control. Many are persuaded by their superiors, and not controlled. Some are indifferent which way they exercise the power, though they would not like to be utterly deprived of it. Some guzzle away their vote, some sell it, some brave their superiors, a few are threatened and controlled. The election, in different ways, is affected by the superior influence of the upper orders; and the great mass (occasionally and justly complaining) are, beyond all doubt, better pleased than if they had no votes at all. The lower orders always have it in their power to rebel against their superiors; and occasionally they will do so, and have done so, and occasionally and justly carried elections* against gold, and birth, and education. But it is madness to make laws of society which attempt to shake off the great laws of nature. As long as men

* The 400 or 500 voting against the 200 are right about as often as juries are right in differing from judges; and that is very seldom.

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love bread, and mutton, and broadcloth, wealth, in a long series of years, must have enormous effects upon human affairs, and the strong box will beat the ballot box. Mr. Grote has both, but he miscalculates their respective powers. Mr. Grote knows the relative values of gold and silver; but by what moral rate of exchange is he able to tell us the relative values of liberty and truth?

It is hardly necessary to say any thing about universal suffrage, as there is no act of folly or madness which it may not in the beginning produce. There would be the greatest risk that the monarchy, as at present constituted, the funded debt, the established church, titles, and hereditary peerage, would give way before it. Many really honest men may wish for these changes; I know, or at least believe, that wheat and barley would grow if there was no Archbishop of Canterbury, and domestic fowls would breed if our Viscount Melbourne was again called Mr. Lamb; but they have stronger nerves than I have who would venture to bring these changes about. So few nations have been free, it is so difficult to guard freedom from kings, and mobs, and patriotic gentlemen; and we are in such a very tolerable state of happiness in England, that I think such changes would be very rash; and I have an utter mistrust in the sagacity and penetration of political reasoners who pretend to foresee all the consequences to which they would give birth. When I speak of the tolerable state of happiness in which we live in England, I do not speak merely of nobles, squires, and canons of St. Paul's, but of drivers of coaches, clerks in offices, carpenters, blacksmiths, butchers, and bakers, and most men who do not marry upon nothing, and become burdened with large families before they have arrived at years of maturity. The earth is not sufficiently fertile for this:

Difficilem victum fundit durissima tellus.

After all, the great art in politics and war is to choose a good position for making a stand. The Duke of Wellington examined and fortified the lines of Torres Vedras a year before he had any occasion to make use of them, and he had previously marked out Waterloo as the probable scene of some future exploit. The people seem to be hurrying on through all the well-known steps to anarchy; they must be stopped at some pass or another: the first is the best and most easily defended. The people have a right to ballot or to any thing else which will

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make them happy; and they have a right to nothing which will make them unhappy. They are the best judges of their immediate gratifications, and the worst judges of what would best conduce to their interests for a series of years. Most earnestly and conscientiously wishing their good, I say,

No Ballot.

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FIRST LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON,

ON THE

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

My dear Sir,

As you do me the honour to ask my opinion respecting the constitution and proceedings of the ecclesiastical commission, and of their conduct to the dignitaries of the church, I shall write to you without any reserve upon this subject.

The first thing which excited my surprise, was the constitution of the commission. As the reform was to comprehend every branch of churchmen, bishops, dignitaries, and parochial clergymen, I cannot but think it would have been much more advisable to have added to the commission some members of the two lower orders of the church—they would have supplied that partial knowledge which appears in so many of the proceedings of the commissioners to have been wanting—they would have attended to those interests (not episcopal) which appear to have been so completely overlooked—and they would have screened the commission from those charges of injustice and partiality which are now so generally brought against it. There can be no charm in the name of bishop—the man who was a curate yesterday is a bishop to-day. There are many prebendaries, many rectors, and many vicars, who would have come to the reform of the church with as much integrity, wisdom and vigour as any bishop on the bench; and I believe, with a much stronger recollection that all the orders of the church were not to be sacrificed to the highest; and that to

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make their work respectable, and lasting, it should in all (even in its minutest provisions), be founded upon justice.

All the interests of the church in the commutation of tithes are entrusted to one parochial clergyman;* and I have no doubt, from what I hear of him, that they will be well protected. Why could not one or two such men have been added to the commission, and a general impression been created, that government in this momentous change had a parental feeling for all orders of men whose interests might be affected by it? A ministry may laugh at this, and think if they cultivate bishops, that they may treat the other orders of the church with contempt and neglect; but I say, that to create a general impression of justice, if it be not what common honesty requires from any ministry, is what common sense points out to them. It is strength and duration—it is the only power which is worth having—in the struggle of parties it gives victory, and is remembered, and goes down to other times.

A mixture of different orders of clergy in the commission would at least have secured a decent attention to the representations of all; for of seven communications made to the commission by cathedrals, and involving very serious representations respecting high interests, six were totally disregarded, and the receipt of the papers not even acknowledged.

I cannot help thinking that the commissioners have done a great deal too much. Reform of the church was absolutely necessary—it cannot be avoided, and ought not to be postponed; but I would have found out what really gave offence, have applied a remedy, removed the nuisance, and done no more. I would not have operated so largely on an old, and (I fear) a decaying building. I would not, in days of such strong political excitement, and amidst such a disposition to universal change, have done one thing more than was absolutely necessary to remove the odium against the establishment, the only sensible reason for issuing any commission at all; and the means which I took to effect this, should have agreed as much as possible with institutions already established. For instance, the public were disgusted with the spectacle of rich prebendaries enjoying large incomes, and doing little or nothing for them. The real remedy for this would have been to have combined

* The Rev. Mr. Jones is the commissioner appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to watch over the interests of the church.

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wealth and labour; and as each of the present prebendaries fell off, to have annexed the stall to some large and populous parish. A prebendary of Canterbury or of St. Paul's, in his present state, may make the church unpopular; but place him as rector of a parish, with 8000 or 9000 people, and in a benefice of little or no value, he works for his wealth, and the odium is removed. In like manner the prebends, which are not the property of the residentiaries, might have been annexed to the smallest livings of the neighbourhood where the prebendal estate was situated. The interval which has elapsed since the first furious demand for reform, would have enabled the commissioners to adopt a scheme of much greater moderation than might perhaps have been possible at the first outbreak of popular indignation against the church; and this sort of distribution would have given much more general satisfaction than the plan adopted by commissioners; for though money, in the estimation of philosophers, has no ear mark, it has a very deep one in the opinion of the multitude. The riches of the church of Durham were most hated in the neighbourhood of Durham; and there such changes as I have pointed out would have been most gladly received, and would have conciliated the greatest favour to the church. The people of Kent cannot see why their Kentish estates, given to the cathedral of Canterbury, are to augment livings in Cornwall. The citizens of London see some of their ministers starving in the city, and the profits of the extinguished prebends sent into Northumberland. These feelings may be very unphilosophical, but they are the feelings of the mass; and to the feelings of the mass the reforms of the church ought to be directed. In this way the evil would have been corrected where it was most seen and noticed. All patronage would have been left as it was. One order of the church would not have plundered the other. Nor would all the cathedrals in England have been subjected to the unconciliating empire, and unwearied energy of one man.

Instead of this quiet and cautious mode of proceeding, all is change, fusion and confusion. New bishops, new dioceses, confiscated prebends—clergymen changing bishops, and bishops clergymen—mitres in Manchester, Gloucester turned into Bristol. Such a scene of revolution and commutation as has not been seen since the days of Ireton and Cromwell! and the singularity is, that all this has been effected by men selected from their age, their dignity, and their known principles, and

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from whom the considerate part of the community expected all the caution and calmness which these high requisites seemed to promise, and ought to have secured.

The plea of making a fund is utterly untenable—the great object was not to make a fund; and there is the mistake into which the commission have fallen: the object was not to add 10*l.* or 20*l.* per annum to a thousand small livings, and to diminish inequalities in a ratio so trifling that the public will hardly notice it; a very proper thing to do if higher interests were not sacrificed to it, but the great object was to remove the causes of hatred from the church, by lessening such incomes as those of Canterbury, Durham, and London, exorbitantly and absurdly great—by making idleness work—and by these means to lessen the envy of laymen. It is impossible to make a fund which will raise the smaller livings of the church into any thing like a decent support for those who possess them. The whole income of the church, episcopal, prebendal, and parochial, divided among the clergy, would not give to each clergyman an income equal to that which is enjoyed by the upper domestic of a great nobleman. The method in which the church has been paid, and must continue to be paid, is by unequal divisions. All the enormous changes which the commission is making will produce a very trifling difference in the inequality, while it will accustom more and more those enemies of the church, who are studying under their right rev. masters, to the boldest revolutions in ecclesiastical affairs. Out of 10,478 benefices, there are 297 of about 40*l.* per annum value, 1,629 at about 75*l.*, and 1,602 at about 125*l.*; to raise all these benefices to 200*l.* per annum, would require an annual sum of 371,293*l.*; and upon 2,878 of those benefices there are no houses; and upon 1,728 no houses fit for residence. What difference in the apparent inequality of the church would this sum of 371,293*l.* produce, if it could be raised? or in what degree would it lessen the odium which that inequality creates? The case is utterly hopeless; and yet with all their confiscations the commissioners are so far from being able to raise the annual sum of 371,000*l.*, that the utmost they expect to gain is 130,000*l.* per annum.

It seems a paradoxical statement, but the act is, that the respectability of the church as well as of the bar, is almost entirely preserved by the unequal division of their revenues. A bar of one hundred lawyers travel the northern circuit, enlightening provincial ignorance, curing local partialities, diffus-

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ing knowledge, and dispensing justice in their route: it is quite certain that all they gain is not equal to all that they spend; if the profits were equally divided there would not be six and eight-pence for each person, and there would be no bar at all. At present, the success of the leader animates them all —each man hopes to be a Scarlett or a Brougham—and takes out his ticket in a lottery by which the mass must infallibly lose, trusting (as mankind are so apt to do) to his good fortune, and believing that the prize is reserved for him, disappointment and defeat for others. So it is with the clergy; the whole income of the church, if equally divided, would be about 250*l.* for each minister. Who would go into the church and spend 1,200*l.* or 1,500*l.* upon his education, if such were the highest remuneration he could ever look to? At present, men are tempted into the church by the prizes of the church, and bring into that church a great deal of capital, which enables them to live in decency, supporting themselves, not with the money of the public, but with their own money, which, but for this temptation, would have been carried into some retail trade. The offices of the church would then fall down to men little less coarse and ignorant than agricultural labourers—the clergyman of the parish would soon be seen in the squire's kitchen; and all this would take place in a country where poverty is infamous.

In fact, nothing can be more unjust and idle than the reasoning of many laymen upon church matters. You choose to have an establishment—God forbid you should choose otherwise! and you wish to have men of decent manners, and good education, as the ministers of that establishment; all this is very right: but are you willing to pay them as such men ought to be paid? Are you willing to pay to each clergyman, confining himself to one spot, and giving up all his time to the care of one parish, a salary of 500*l.* per annum? To do this would require three millions to be added to the present revenues of the church; and such an expenditure is impossible! What then remains, if you will have a clergy and will not pay them equitably and separately, than to pay them unequally and by lottery? and yet this very inequality, which secures to you a respectable clergy upon the most economical terms, is considered by laymen as a gross abuse. It is an abuse, however, which they have not the spirit to extinguish by increased munificence to their clergy, nor justice to consider as the only

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other method by which all the advantages of a respectable establishment can be procured; but they use it at the same time as a topic for sarcasm, and a source of economy.

This, it will be said, is a mammonish view of the subject; it is so, but those who make this objection, forget the immense effect which mammon produces upon religion itself. Shall the Gospel be preached by men paid by the state? shall these men be taken from the lower orders and be meanly paid? shall they be men of learning and education? and shall there be some magnificent endowments to allure such men into the church? Which of these methods is the best for diffusing the rational doctrines of Christianity? not in the age of the apostles, not in the abstract, timeless, nameless, placeless land of the philosophers, but in the year 1837, in the porter-brewing, cotton-spinning, tallow-melting kingdom of Great Britain, bursting with opulence, and flying from poverty as the greatest of human evils. Many different answers may be given to these questions, but they are questions which, not ending in mammon, have a powerful bearing on real religion, and deserve the deepest consideration from its disciples and friends. Let the comforts of the clergy go for nothing. Consider their state only as religion is affected by it. If upon this principle I am forced to allot to some an opulence which my clever friend the Examiner would pronounce to be apostolical, I cannot help it; I must take this people with all their follies, and prejudices, and circumstances, and carve out an establishment best suited for them, however unfit for early Christianity in barren and conquered Judea.

Not only will this measure of the commission bring into the church a lower and worse educated set of men, but it will have a tendency to make the clergy fanatical. You will have a set of ranting, raving pastors, who will wage war against all the innocent pleasures of life, vie with each other in extravagance of zeal, and plague your heart out with their nonsense and absurdity: cribbage must be played in caverns, and sixpenny whist take refuge in the howling wilderness. In this way low men doomed to hopeless poverty, and galled by contempt, will endeavour to force themselves into station and significance.

There is an awkward passage in the memorial of the church of Canterbury, which deserves some consideration from him to whom it is directed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at

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his consecration, takes a solemn oath that he will maintain the rights and liberties of the church of Canterbury; as chairman, however, of the new commission, he seizes the patronage of that church, takes two-thirds of its revenues, and abolishes two-thirds of its members. That there is an answer to this I am very willing to believe, but I cannot at present find out what it is; and this attack upon the revenues and members of Canterbury, is not obedience to an act of Parliament, but the very act of Parliament, which takes away, is recommended, drawn up, and signed by the person who has sworn he will never take away; and this little apparent inconsistency is not confined to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but is shared equally by all the bishop commissioners, who have all (unless I am grievously mistaken), taken similar oaths for the preservation of their respective chapters. It would be more easy to see our way out of this little embarrassment, if some of the embarrassed had not, unfortunately, in the parliamentary debates on the Catholic question, laid the greatest stress upon the king's oath, applauded the sanctity of the monarch to the skies, rejected all comments, called for the oath in its plain meaning, and attributed the safety of the English church to the solemn vow made by the king at the altar to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the other bishops. I should be very sorry if this were not placed on a clear footing, as fools will be imputing to our church the *pia et religiosa Calliditas*, which is so commonly brought against the Catholics.

> Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
> Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

The words of Henry VIII., in endowing the cathedral of Canterbury, are thus given in the translation. "We, therefore, dedicating the aforesaid close, site, circle, and precinct to the honour and glory of the Holy and undivided Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, have decreed that a certain Cathedral and Metropolitan Church, with one Dean, Presbyter, and twelve Prebendaries Presbyters; these verily and for ever to serve Almighty God shall be created, set up, settled, and established; and the same aforesaid Cathedral and Metropolitan Church, with one Dean, Presbyter, and twelve Prebendaries Presbyters, with other Ministers necessary for divine worship, by the tenor of these presents in reality, and plenitude of force, we do create, set up, settle, and establish, and do command

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to be established and to be in perpetuity, and inviolably maintained and upheld by these presents." And this is the church, *the* rights and liberties of which the archbishop at his consecration swears to maintain. Nothing can be more ill-natured among politicians, than to look back into Hansard's Debates, to see what has been said by particular men upon particular occasions, and to contrast such speeches with present opinions —and therefore I forbear to introduce some inviting passages upon taking oaths in their plain and obvious sense, both in debates on the Catholic question and upon that fatal and *Mezentian* oath which binds the Irish to the English church.

It is quite absurd to see how all the cathedrals are to be trimmed to an exact *Procrustes* pattern;—*quieta movere* is the motto of the commission:—there is to be everywhere a dean, and four residentiaries; but St. Paul's and Lincoln have at present only three residentiaries, and a dean, who officiates in his turn as a canon:—a fourth must be added to each. Why? nobody wants more prebendaries; St. Paul's and Lincoln go on very well as they are. It is not for the lack of prebendaries, it is for idleness, that the Church of England is unpopular; but in the lust of reforming, the commission cut and patch property as they would cut figures in pasteboard. This little piece of wanton change, however, gives to two of the bishops, who are commissioners as well as bishops, patronage of a thousand a year each; and though I am willing not to consider this as the cause of the recommendation, yet I must observe it is not very common that the same persons should bring in the verdict and receive the profits of the suit. No other archdeacons are paid in such a manner, and no other bishops out of the commission have received such a bonus.*

I must express my surprise that nothing in this commission of bishops, either in the bill which has passed, or in the report which preceded it, is said of the duties of bishops. A bishop is not now forced by law to be in his diocese or to attend his duty in Parliament—he may be entirely absent from both; nor are there wanting instances within these six years where such has been the case. It would have been very easy to have placed the repairs of episcopal palaces (as the concurrent leases of bishops are placed) under the superintendence of

* This extravagant pay of archdeacons is taken, remember, from that fund for the augmentation of small livings, for the establishment of which all the divisions and confiscations have been made.

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deans and chapters; but though the bishops' bill was accompanied by another bill, containing the strictest enactments for the residence of the clergy, and some very arbitrary and unjust rules for the repair of their houses, it did not appear upon the face of the law that the bishops had any such duties to perform; and yet I remember the case of a bishop, dead not six years ago, who was scarcely ever seen in the House of Lords, or in his diocese; and I remember well also the indignation with which the inhabitants of a great cathedral town spoke of the conduct of another bishop (now also deceased) who not only never entered his palace, but turned his horses into the garden. When I mention these instances, I am not setting myself up as the satirist of bishops. I think, upon the whole, they do their duty in a very exemplary manner, but they are not, as the late bills would have us to suppose, *impeccable*. The church commissioners should not have suffered their reports and recommendations to paint the other branches of the church as such slippery transgredient mortals, and to leave the world to imagine that bishops may be safely trusted to their own goodness without enactment or control.

This squabble about patronage is said to be disgraceful. Those who mean to be idle, and insolent, because they are at peace, may look out of the window and say, "This is a disgraceful squabble between bishops and chapters;" but those who mean to be just, should ask, *Who begins?* the *real* disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, and not in the defence. If any man puts his hand into my pocket to take my property, am I disgraced if I prevent him? Churchmen are ready enough to be submissive to their superiors; but were they to submit to a spoliation so gross, accompanied with ignominy and degradation, and to bear all this in submissive silence;—to be accused of nepotism by nepotists, who were praising themselves indirectly by the accusation, and benefiting themselves directly by the confiscation founded on it;—the real disgrace would have been to have submitted to this: and men are to be honoured, not disgraced, who come forth contrary to their usual habits, to oppose those masters whom, in common seasons, they would willingly obey; but who, in this matter, have tarnished their dignity, and forgotten what they owe to themselves and to us.

It is a very singular thing that the law always suspects judges, and never suspects bishops. If there is any way in which the

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partialities of the judge may injure laymen, the subject is fenced round with all sorts of jealousies, and enactments, and prohibitions—all partialities are guarded against, and all propensities watched. Where bishops are concerned, acts of Parliament are drawn up for beings who can never possibly be polluted by pride, prejudice, passion, or interest. Not otherwise would be the case with judges, if they, like the heads of the church, legislated for themselves.

Then comes the question of patronage; can any thing be more flagrantly unjust, than that the patronage of cathedrals should be taken away and conferred upon the bishops? I do not want to go into a long and tiresome history of episcopal *nepotism*, but it is notorious to all, that bishops confer their patronage upon their sons, and sons-in-law, and all their relations; and it is really quite monstrous in the face of the world, who see this every day, and every hour, to turn round upon deans and chapters, and to say to them, "We are credibly informed that there are instances in your chapters where preferment has not been given to the most learned men you can find, but to the sons and brothers of some of the prebendaries. These things must not be—we must take these benefices into our own keeping;" and this is the language of men swarming themselves with sons and daughters, and who, in enumerating the advantages of their stations, have always spoken of the opportunities of providing for their families as the greatest and most important. It is, I admit, the duty of every man, and of every body, to present the best man that can be found to any living of which he is the patron; but if this duty has been neglected, it has been neglected by bishops quite as much as by chapters; and no man can open the "Clerical Guide" and read two pages of it, without seeing that the bench of bishops are the last persons from whom any remedy of this evil is to be expected.

The legislature has not always taken the same view of the comparative trust-worthiness of bishops and chapters as is taken by the commission. Bishops' leases for years are for twenty-one years, renewable every seven. When seven years are expired, if the present tenant will not renew, the bishop may grant a concurrent lease. How does his lordship act on such occasions? He generally asks two years' income for the renewal, when chapters, not having the privilege of granting such concurring leases, ask only a year and a half; and if the bishop's price is not given, he puts a son, or a daughter, or a

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trustee, into the estate, and the price of the lease deferred is money saved for his family. But unfair and exorbitant terms may be asked by his lordship, and the tenant may be unfairly dispossessed—therefore, the legislature enacts that all those concurrent leases must be countersigned by the dean and chapter of the diocese—making them the safeguards against episcopal rapacity; and, as I hear from others, not making them so in vain. These sorts of laws do not exactly correspond with the relative views taken of both parties by the ecclesiastical commission. This view of chapters is of course overlooked by a commission of bishops, just as all mention of bridles would be omitted in a meeting of horses; but in this view, chapters might be made eminently useful. In what professsion, too, are there no gradations? Why is the Church of England to be nothing but a collection of beggars and bishops—the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in orders at the gate, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs?

But to take away the patronage of existing prebendaries is objectionable for another class of reasons. If it is right to take away the patronage of my cathedral and to give it to the bishop, it is at least unjust to do so with my share of it during my life. Society have a right to improve, or to do what they think an improvement, but then they have no right to do so suddenly, and hastily to my prejudice! After securing to me certain possessions by one hundred statutes passed in six hundred years—after having clothed me in fine garments, and conferred upon me pompous names, they have no right to turn round upon me all of a sudden and to say, You are not a dean nor a canon-residentiary, but a vagabond and an outcast, and a morbid excrescence upon society. This would not be a reform, but the grossest tyranny and oppression. If a man cannot live under the canopy of ancient law, where is he safe? how can he see his way, or lay out his plan of life?

"Dubitant homines serere atque impendere curas."

You tolerated, for a century, the wicked traffic in slaves, legislated for that species of property, encouraged it by premiums, defended it in your courts of justice—West Indians bought and sold, trusting (as Englishmen always ought to trust) in parliaments. Women went to the altar, promised that they should be supported by that property; and children were born to it, and young men were educated with it: but God touched

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the hearts of the English people, and they would have no slaves. The scales fell from their eyes, and they saw the monstrous wickedness of the traffic; but then they said, and said magnificently, to the West Indians, "We mean to become wiser and better, but not at your expense; the loss shall be ours, and we will not involve you in ruin, because we are ashamed of our former cruelties, and have learnt a better lesson of humanity and wisdom." And this is the way in which improving nations ought to act, and this is the distinction between reform and revolution.

Justice is not changed by the magnitude or minuteness of the subject. The old cathedrals have enjoyed their patronage for seven hundred years, and the new ones since the time of Henry VIII.; which latter period even gives a much longer possession than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the legislators, who are called upon to plunder us, can boast for their own estates. And these rights, thus sanctioned, and hallowed by time, are torn from their present possessors without the least warning, or preparation, in the midst of all that fever of change which has seized upon the people, and which frightens men to the core of their hearts; and this spoliation is made, not by low *men* rushing into the plunder of the church and state, but by men of admirable and unimpeached character in all the relations of life—not by rash men of new politics, but by the ancient conservators of ancient law—by the archbishops and bishops of the land, high official men, invented and created, and put in palaces to curb the lawless changes, and the mutations, and the madness of mankind; and to crown the whole, the ludicrous is added to the unjust, and what they take from the other branches of the church they confer upon *themselves*.

Never dreaming of such sudden revolutions as these, a prebendary brings up his son to the church, and spends a large sum of money in his education, which, perhaps, he can ill afford. His hope is (wicked wretch!) that, according to the established custom of the body to which he (immoral man!) belongs, the chapter will (when his turn arrives), if his son be of fair attainments and good character, attend to his nefarious recommendation, and confer the living upon the young man; and in an *instant* all his hopes are destroyed, and he finds his preferment seized upon, under the plea of public good, by a stronger churchman than himself. I can call this by no other name than that of tyranny and oppression. I know very well that this is

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not the theory of patronage; but who does better?—do individual patrons?—do colleges who give in succession?—and as for bishops, lives there the man so weak and foolish, so little observant of the past, as to believe (when this tempest of purity and perfection has blown over) that the name of Bloomfield will not figure in those benefices from which the names of Copleston, Blomberg, Taite, and Smith, have been so virtuously excluded? I have no desire to make odious comparisons between the purity of one set of patrons and another, but they are forced upon me by the injustice of the commissioners. I must either make such comparisons or yield up, without remonstrance, those rights to which I am fairly entitled.

It may be said that the bishops will do better in future; that now the *public eye* is upon them, they will be ashamed into a more lofty and anti-nepotic spirit; but, if the argument of past superiority is given up, and the hope of future amendment resorted to, why may we not improve as well as our masters? but the commission says, "These excellent men (meaning themselves) have promised to do better, and we have an implicit confidence in their word: we must have the patronage of the cathedrals." In the mean time we are ready to promise as well as the bishops.

With regard to that common newspaper phrase *the public eye*—there's nothing (as the bench well know) more wandering and slippery than the *public eye*. In five years hence, the public eye will no more see what description of men are promoted by bishops, than it will see what doctors of law are promoted by the Turkish Uhlema; and at the end of this period, (such is the example set by the commission), the *public eye*, turned in every direction, may not be able to see any bishops at all.

In many instances, chapters are better patrons than bishops, because their preferment is not given exclusively to one species of incumbents. I have a diocese now in my private eye which has undergone the following changes. The first of three bishops whom I remember was a man of careless easy temper, and how patronage went in those early days may be conjectured by the following letters; which are not his, but serve to illustrate a system:

THE BISHOP TO LORD A——.

My dear Lord,

I have noticed with great pleasure the behaviour of your lordship's

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second son, and am most happy to have it in my power to offer to him the living of * * *. He will find it of considerable value; and there is, I understand, a very good house upon it, &c. &c.

This is to confer a living upon a man of real merit out of the family; into which family, apparently sacrificed to the public good, the living is brought back by the second letter:—

THE SAME TO THE SAME A YEAR AFTER.

My dear Lord,

Will you excuse the liberty I take in soliciting promotion for my grandson? He is an officer of great skill and gallantry, and can bring the most ample testimonials from some of the best men in the profession: the Arethusa frigate is, I understand, about to be commissioned; and if, &c. &c.

Now I am not saying that hundreds of prebendaries have not committed such enormities and stupendous crimes as this (a declaration which will fill the whig cabinet with horror); all that I mean to contend for is, that such is the practice of bishops quite as much as it is of inferior patrons.

The second bishop was a decided enemy of Calvinistical doctrines, and no clergyman so tainted had the slightest chance of preferment in his diocese.

The third bishop could endure no man whose principles were not strictly Calvinistic, and who did not give to the articles that kind of interpretation. Now here were a great mass of clergy naturally alive to the emoluments of their profession, and not knowing which way to look or stir, because they depended so entirely upon the will of one person. Not otherwise is it with a very whig bishop, or a very tory bishop; but the worst case is that of a superannuated bishop; here the preferment is given away, and must be given away by wives and daughters, or by sons, or by butlers, perhaps, and valets, and the poor dying patron's paralytic hand is guided to the signature of papers, the contents of which he is utterly unable to comprehend. In all such cases as these, the superiority of bishops as patrons will not assist that violence which the commissioners have committed upon the patronage of cathedrals.

I never heard that cathedrals had sold the patronage of their preferment; such a practice, however, is not quite unknown among the higher orders of the church. When the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrates an inferior bishop, he marks some piece of preferment in the gift of the bishop as his own. This is denominated an *option;* and when the preferment falls, it is

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not only in the gift of the archbishop, if he is alive, but in the gift of his representatives if he is not. It is an absolute chattel, which, like any other chattel, is part of the archbishop's assets; and if he died in debt, might be taken and sold for the benefit of his creditors—and within the memory of man such options have been publicly sold by auction—and if the present Archbishop of Canterbury were to die in debt to-morrow, such might be the fate of his options. What Archbishop Moore did with his options I do not know, but the late Archbishop Sutton very handsomely and properly left them to the present—a bequest, however, which would not have prevented such options from coming to the hammer, if Archbishop Sutton had not cleared off, before his death, those incumbrances which, at one period of his life, sat so heavily upon him.

What the present archbishop means to do with them, I am not informed. They are not alluded to in the church returns, though they must be worth some thousand pounds. The commissioners do not seem to know of their existence—at least they are profoundly silent on the subject; and the bill which passed through Parliament in the summer for the regulation of the emoluments of bishops, does not make the most distant allusion to them. When a parallel was drawn between two species of patrons—which ended in the confiscation of the patronage of cathedrals—when two archbishops helped to draw the parallel, and profited by the parallel, I have a perfect right to state this corrupt and unabolished practice of their own sees—a practice which I never heard charged against deans and chapters.*

I do not mean to imply, in the most remote degree, that either of the present archbishops have sold their options, or ever thought of it. Purer and more high-minded gentlemen do not exist, nor men more utterly incapable of doing any thing unworthy of their high station; and I am convinced the Archbishop of Canterbury† will imitate or exceed the munifi-

* Can any thing be more shabby in a government legislating upon church abuses, than to pass over such scandals as these existing in high places? Two years have passed, and they are unnoticed.

† The options of the Archbishop of York are comparatively trifling. I never heard, at any period, that they have been sold; but they remain, like those of Canterbury, in the absolute possession of the archbishop's representatives after his death. I will answer for it that the present archbishop will do every thing with them which becomes his high station and high character. They ought to be abolished by act of Parliament.

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cence of his predecessor: but when twenty-four public bodies are to be despoiled of their patronage, we must look not only to present men, but historically, to see how it has been administered in times of old, and in times also recently past; and to remember, that at this moment, when bishops are set up as the most admirable dispensers of patronage—as the only persons fit to be intrusted with it—as marvels, for whom law and justice and ancient possessions ought to be set aside, that this patronage (very valuable because selected from the whole diocese) of the two heads of the church is liable to all the accidents of succession—that it may fall into the hands of a superannuated wife, of a profligate son, of a weak daughter, or a rapacious creditor—that it may be brought to the hammer, and publicly bid for at an auction, like all the other chattels of the palace; and that such have been the indignities to which this optional patronage has been exposed, from the earliest days of the church to this moment. Truly, men who live in houses of glass (especially where the panes are so large) ought not to fling stones; or if they do, they should be specially careful at whose head they are flung.

And then the patronage which is not seized—the patronage which the chapter is allowed to present to its own body—may be divided without their consent. Can any thing be more thoroughly lawless, or unjust than this—that my patronage during my life shall be divided without my consent? How do my rights during my life differ from those of a lay patron, who is tenant for life? and upon what principle of justice or common sense is his patronage protected from the commissioners' dividing power to which mine is subjected? That one can sell, and the other cannot sell, the next presentation, would be bad reasoning if it were good law; but it is not law, for an ecclesiastical corporation, aggregate or sole, can sell a next presentation as legally as a lay life-tenant can do. They have the same power of selling as laymen, but they never do so; that is, they dispense their patronage with greater propriety and delicacy, which, in the estimate of the commissioners, seems to make their right weaker, and the reasons for taking it away more powerful.

Not only are laymen guarded by the same act which gives the power of dividing livings to the commissioners, but bishops are also guarded. The commissioners may divide the livings of chapters without their consent; but before they can touch

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the living of a bishop, his consent must be obtained. It seems, after a few of those examples, to become a little clearer, and more intelligible, why the appointment of any other ecclesiastics than bishops was so disagreeable to the bench.

The reasoning, then, is this: If a good living is vacant in the patronage of a chapter, they will only think of conferring it on one of their body or their friends. If such a living falls to the gift of a bishop, he will totally overlook the interests of his sons and daughters, and divide the living into small portions for the good of the public; and with these sort of anilities, whig leaders, whose interest it is to lull the bishops into a reform, pretend to be satisfied; and upon this intolerable nonsense they are not ashamed to justify spoliation.*

A division is set up between public and private patronage, and it is pretended that one is holden in trust for the public, the other is private property. This is mere theory—a slight film thrown over convenient injustice. Henry VIII. gave to the Duke of Bedford much of his patronage. Roger de Hoveden gave to the church of St. Paul's much of his patronage before the Russells were in existence. The duke has the legal power to give his preferment to whom he pleases—so have we. We are both under the same moral and religious restraint to administer that patronage properly—the trust is precisely the same to both; and if the public good requires it, the power of dividing livings without the consent of patrons should be given in all instances, and not confined as a mark of infamy to cathedrals alone. This is not the real reason of the difference: bishops are the active members of the commission—they do not choose that their own patronage should be meddled with, and they know that the laity would not allow for a moment that their livings should be pulled to pieces by bishops; and that if such a proposal were made, there would be more danger of the bishop being pulled to pieces than the living. The real distinction is, between the weak and the strong—between those who have power to resist encroachment, and those who have not. This is the reason why we are selected for experiment, and so it is with all the bill from beginning to end. There is purple and fine linen in every line of it.

Another strong objection to the dividing power of the com-

* These reasonings have had their effect, and many early acts of injustice of the commission have been subsequently corrected.

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mission is this: according to the printed bill brought forward last session, if the living is not taken by some members of the body, it lapses to the bishop. Suppose, then, the same person to be bishop and commissioner, he breaks the living into little pieces as a commissioner, and after it is rejected in its impoverished state by the chapter, he gives it away as bishop of the diocese. The only answer that is given to such objections is, the *impeccability of bishops;* and upon this principle the whole bill has been constructed, and here is the great mistake about bishops. They are, upon the whole, very good and worthy men; but they are not (as many ancient ladies suppose) wholly exempt from human infirmities: they have their malice, hatred, uncharitableness, persecution and interest like other men; and an administration who did not think it more magnificent to laugh at the lower clergy, than to protect them, should suffer no ecclesiastical bill to pass through Parliament without seriously considering how its provisions may affect the happiness of poor clergymen pushed into living tombs, and pining in solitude—

Vates procul atque in sola relegant
Pascua, post montem oppositum, et trans flumina lata.

There is a practice among some bishops, which may as well be mentioned here as anywhere else, but which, I think, cannot be too severely reprobated. They send for a clergyman, and insist upon his giving evidence respecting the character and conduct of his neighbour. Does he hunt? Does he shoot? Is he in debt? Is he temperate? Does he attend to his parish? &c. &c. Now what is this, but to destroy for all clergymen the very elements of social life—to put an end to all confidence between man and man—and to disseminate among gentlemen, who are bound to live in concord, every feeling of resentment, hatred and suspicion? But the very essence of tyranny is to act, as if the finer feelings, like the finer dishes, were delicacies only for the rich and great, and that little people have no taste for them and no right to them. A good and honest bishop (I thank God there are many who deserve that character!) ought to suspect himself, and carefully to watch his own heart. He is all of a sudden elevated from being a tutor, dining at an early hour with his pupil, (and occasionally, it is believed, on cold meat,) to be a spiritual lord; he is dressed in a magnificent dress, decorated with a title, flattered by chaplains,

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and surrounded by little people looking up for the things which he has to give away; and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the frogs of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos. How is it possible that such a man should not lose his head? that he should not swell? That he should not be guilty of a thousand follies, and worry and tease to death (before he recovers his common sense) an hundred men as good and as wise and as able as himself?*

The history of the division of Edmonton has, I understand, been repeatedly stated in the commission—and told, as it has been, by a decided advocate, and with no sort of evidence called for on the other side of the question, has produced an unfair impression against chapters. The history is shortly this:—Besides the mother church of Edmonton, there are two chapels—Southgate and Winchmore Hill chapel. Winchmore Hill chapel was built by the society for building churches upon the same plan as the portions of Marylebone are arranged; the clergyman was to be remunerated by the lease of the pews, and if curates with talents for preaching had been placed there, they might have gained 200*l.* per annum. Though men of perfectly respectable and honourable character, they were not endowed with this sort of talent, and they gained no more than 90*l.* to 100*l.* per annum. The Bishop of London applied to the cathedral of St. Paul's, to consent to 250*l.* per annum in addition to the proceeds from the letting of the pews, or that proportion of the whole of the value of the living, should be allotted to the chapel of Winchmore; and at the same time we received an application from the chapel at Southgate, that another considerable portion, I forget what, but believe it to have been rather less (perhaps 200*l.*) should be allotted to them, and the whole living severed into three parishes. Now the living of Edmonton is about 1,350*l.* per annum, besides surplice fees, but this 1,350*l.* depends upon a corn rent of 10*s.* 3*d.* per bushel, present valuation, which, at the next valuation, would, in the opinion of eminent land surveyors whom we consulted, be reduced

* Since writing this, and after declining the living for myself, I have had the pleasure of seeing it presented in an undivided state to my amiable and excellent friend Mr. Taite, who, after a long life of moods and tenses, has acquired (as he has deserved) ease and opulence in his old age.

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to about 6s. per bushel, so that the living, considering the reduction also of all voluntary offerings to the church, would be reduced one half, and this half was to be divided into three, and one or two curates (two curates by the present bill) to be kept by the vicar of the old church; and thus three clerical beggars were, by the activity of the Bishop of London, to be established in a district where the extreme dearness of all provisions is the plea for making the see of London double in value to that of any bishopric in the country. To this we declined to agree; and this, heard only on one side, with the total omission of the changing value of the benefice from the price of corn, has most probably been the parent of the clause in question. The right cure for this and all similar cases would be to give the bishop a power of allotting to such chapels as high a salary as to any other curate in the diocese, taking, as part of that salary, whatever was received from the lease of the pews, and to this no reasonable man could or would object: but this is not enough—all must bow to one man—"Chapters must be taught submission. No pamphlets, no meeting of independent prebendaries, to remonstrate against the proceedings of their superiors—no opulence and ease but mine."

Some effect was produced also upon the commission, by the evidence of a prelate, who is both dean and bishop*, and who gave it as his opinion that the patronage of bishops was given upon better principles than that of chapters, which, translated into fair English, is no more than this—that the said witness, not meaning to mislead, but himself deceived, has his own way entirely in his diocese, and can only have it partially in his chapter.

There is a rumour that these reasonings, with which they were assailed from so many quarters in the last session of Parliament, have not been without their effect, and that it is the intention of the commissioners only to take away the patronage from the cathedrals exactly in proportion as the numbers of their members are reduced. Such may be the intention of the commissioners; but as that intention has not been publicly notified, it depends only upon report; and the commissioners have changed their minds so often, that they may alter their intentions twenty times again before the meet-

* This prelate stated it as his opinion to the commission, that in future all prelates ought to declare that they held their patronage in trust for the public.

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ing of Parliament. The whole of my observations in this letter are grounded upon their *bills of last year*—which Lord John Russell stated his intention of re-introducing at the beginning of this session. If they have any new plans, they ought to have published them three months ago—and to have given to the clergy an ample opportunity of considering them: but this they take the greatest care never to do. The policy of the government and of the commissioners is to hurry their bills through with such rapidity, that very little time is given to those who suffer by them for consideration and remonstrance, and we must be prepared for the worst beforehand. You are cashiered and confiscated before you can look about you—if you leave home for six weeks, in these times, you find a commissioner in possession of your house and office.

A report has reached my ears, that though all other cathedrals are to retain patronage exactly equal to their reduced numbers, a separate measure of justice is to be used for St. Paul's; that our numbers are to be augmented by a fifth; and our patronage reduced by a third; and this immediately on the passing of the bill. That the Bishop of Exeter, for instance, is to receive his augmentation of patronage only in proportion as the prebendaries die off, and the prebendaries themselves will, as long as they live, remain in the same proportional state as to patronage; and that when they are reduced to four (their stationary number), they will retain one-third of all the patronage the twelve now possess. Whether this is wise or not, is a separate question, but at least it is just; the four who remain cannot with any colour of justice complain that they do not retain all the patronage which was divided among twelve; but at St. Paul's not only are our numbers to be augmented by a fifth, but the patronage of fifteen of our best livings is to be instantly conferred upon the Bishop of London. This little *episode of plunder* involves three separate acts of gross injustice: in the first place, if only our numbers had been augmented by a fifth (in itself a mere bonus to commissioners), our patronage would have been reduced one-fifth in value. Secondly, one-third of the preferment is to be taken away immediately, and these two added together make eight-fifteenths, or more than one-half of our whole patronage. So that, when all the cathedrals are reduced to their reformed numbers, each cathedral will enjoy precisely the same proportion of patronage as it now does, and each member of every other cathedral will

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have precisely the same means of promoting men of merit or men of his own family, as is now possessed; while less than half of these advantages will remain to St. Paul's. Thirdly, if the Bishop of London were to wait (as all the other bishops by this arrangement must wait) till the present patrons die off, the injustice would be to the future body; but by this scheme, every present incumbent of St. Paul's is instantly deprived of eight-fifteenths of his patronage; while every other member of every other cathedral (as far as patronage is concerned) remains precisely in the same state in which he was before. Why this blow is levelled against St. Paul's I cannot conceive; still less can I imagine why the Bishop of London is not to wait, as all other bishops are forced to wait, for the death of the present patrons. There is a reason, indeed, for not waiting, by which (had I to do with a person of less elevated character than the Bishop of London) I would endeavour to explain this precipitate seizure of patronage—and that is, that the livings assigned to him in this remarkable scheme are all very valuable, and the incumbents all very old. But I shall pass over this scheme as a mere supposition, invented to bring the commission into disrepute, a scheme to which it is utterly impossible the commissioners should ever affix their names.

I should have thought, if the love of what is just had not excited the commissioner bishops, that the ridicule of men voting such comfortable things to themselves as the prebendal patronage would have alarmed them; but they want to sacrifice with other men's hecatombs, and to enjoy, at the same time, the character of great disinterestedness, and the luxury of unjust spoliation. It was thought necessary to make a fund; and the prebends in the gift of the bishops* were appropriated to that purpose. The bishops who consented to this have then made a great sacrifice—true, but they have taken more out of our pockets than they have disbursed from their own; where then is the sacrifice? They must either give back the

* The bishops have, however, secured for themselves all the livings which were in the separate gifts of prebendaries and deans, and they have received from the crown a very large contribution of valuable patronage; why or wherefore, is known only to the unfathomable wisdom of ministers. The glory of martyrdom can be confined only at best to the bishops of the old cathedrals, for there are scarcely any separate prebends in the new cathedrals.

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patronage or the martyrdom, if they choose to be martyrs—which I hope they will do—let them give us back our patronage: if they prefer the patronage, they must not talk of being martyrs—they cannot effect this double sensuality and combine the sweet flavour of rapine with the aromatic odour of sanctity.

We are told, if you agitate these questions among yourselves, you will have the democratic Philistines come down upon you, and sweep you all away together. Be it so; I am quite ready to be swept away when the time comes. Every body has his favourite death; some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than, under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by bishops.

I met, the other day, in an old Dutch chronicle, with a passage so apposite to this subject, that though it is somewhat too light for the occasion I cannot abstain from quoting it. There was a great meeting of all the clergy at Dordrecht, and the chronicler thus describes it, which I give in the language of the translation:—"And there was great store of bishops in the town, in their robes goodly to behold, and all the great men of the state were there, and folks poured in in boats on the Meuse, the Merve, the Rhine, and the Linge, coming from the Isle of Beverlandt, and Isselmond, and from all quarters in the Bailiwick of Dort; Arminians and Gomarists, with the friends of John Barneveldt and of Hugh Grote. And before my lords the bishops, Simon of Gloucester, who was a bishop in those parts, disputed with Vorstius, and Leoline the Monk, and many texts of Scripture were bandied to and fro; and when this was done, and many propositions made, and it waxed towards twelve of the clock, my lords the bishops prepared to set them down to a fair repast, in which was great store of good things—and among the rest a roasted peacock, having in lieu of a tail, the arms and banners of the archbishop, which was a goodly sight to all who favoured the church—and then the archbishop would say a grace, as was seemly to do, he being a very holy man; but ere he had finished, a great mob of townspeople and folks from the country, who were gathered under the window, cried out, *Bread! bread!* for there was a great famine, and wheat had risen to three times the ordinary price of the *sleich;** and when they had done crying *Bread!*

* A measure in the Bailiwick of Dort, containing two gallons one pint English dry measure.

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bread! they called out *No bishops!*—and began to cast up stones at the windows. Whereat my lords the bishops were in a great fright, and cast their dinner out of the window to appease the mob, and so the men of that town were well pleased, and did devour the meats with a great appetite; and then you might have seen my lords standing with empty plates, and looking wistfully at each other, till Simon of Gloucester, he who disputed with Leoline the Monk, stood up among them and said, '*Good my lords, it is your pleasure to stand here fasting, and that those who count lower in the church than you do should feast and fluster? Let us order to us the dinner of the deans and canons, which is making ready for them in the chamber below.*' And this speech of Simon of Gloucester pleased the bishops much; and so they sent for the host, one William of Ypres, and told him it was for the public good, and he, much fearing the bishops, brought them the dinner of the deans and canons; and so the deans and canons went away without dinner, and were pelted by the men of the town, because they had not put any meat out of the window like the bishops; and when the count came to hear of it, he said it was a pleasant conceit, *and that the bishops were right cunning men, and had ding'd the canons well.*"

When I talk of sacrifices, I mean the sacrifices of the bishop commissioners, for we are given to understand that the great mass of bishops were never consulted at all about these proceedings; that they are contrary to every thing which consultations at Lambeth, previous to the commission, had led them to expect; and that they are totally disapproved of by them. The voluntary sacrifice, then, (for it is no sacrifice if it is not voluntary), is in the bishop commissioners only; and besides the indemnification which they have voted to themselves out of the patronage of the cathedrals, they will have all that never-ending patronage, which is to proceed from the working of the commission, and the endowments bestowed upon different livings. So much for episcopal sacrifices!

And who does not see the end and meaning of all this? The lay commissioners, who are members of the government, cannot and will not attend—the Archbishops of York and Canterbury are quiet and amiable men, going fast down in the vale of life—some of the members of the commission are expletives—some must be absent in their dioceses—the Bishop of London is passionately fond of labour, has certainly no aversion to

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power, is of quick temper, great ability, thoroughly versant in ecclesiastical law, and always in London. He will become the commission, and when the Church of England is mentioned, it will only mean *Charles James, of London*, who will enjoy a greater power than has ever been possessed by any churchman since the days of Laud, and will become the *Church of England here upon earth*. As for the commission itself, there is scarcely any power which is not given to it. They may call for every paper in the world, and every human creature who possesses it; and do what they like to one or the other. It is hopeless to contend with such a body; and most painful to think that it has been established under a whig government.* A commission of tory churchmen, established for such purposes, should have been framed with the utmost jealousy, and with the most cautious circumscription of its powers, and with the most earnest wish for its extinction when the purposes of its creation were answered. The government have done every thing in their power to make it vexatious, omnipotent, and everlasting. This immense power, flung into the hands of an individual, is one of the many foolish consequences which proceed from the centralization of the bill, and the unwillingness to employ the local knowledge of the bishops in the process of annexing dignified to parochial preferment.

There is a third bill concocted by the commission-bishops, in which the great principle of increasing the power of the bench has certainly not been lost sight of. ————, a brother clergyman, falls ill suddenly in the country, and he begs his clerical neighbour to do duty for him in the afternoon, thinking it better that there should be single service in two churches, than two services in one, and none in the other. The clergyman who accedes to this request, is liable to a penalty of 5*l*. There is an harshness and ill-nature in this—a gross ignorance of the state of the poorer clergy—an hard-heartedness produced by the long enjoyment of wealth and power, which makes it quite intolerable. I speak of it as it stands in the bill of last year.†

If a clergyman has a living of 400*l*. per annum, and a population of two thousand persons, the bishop can compel him to

* I am speaking here of the permanent commission established by act of Parliament in 1835. The commission for reporting had come to an end six months before this letter was written.

† This is also given up.

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keep a curate, to whom he can allot any salary which he may allot to any other curate; in other words, he may take away half the income of the clergyman, and instantly ruin him—and this without any complaint from the vestry; with every testimonial of the most perfect satisfaction of the parish in the labours of a minister, who may, perhaps, be dedicating his whole life to their improvement. I think I remember that the Bishop of London once attempted this before he was a commissioner, and was defeated. I had no manner of doubt that it would speedily become the law, after the commission had begun to operate. The Bishop of London is said to have declared, after this trial, that *if it was not law it should soon be law;** and *law*, you will see, it will become. In fact, he can slip into any ecclesiastical act of Parliament any thing he pleases. There is nobody to heed, or to contradict him; provided the power of bishops is extended by it; no bishop is so ungenteel as to oppose the act of his right reverend brother; and there are not many men who have knowledge, eloquence, or force of character to stand up against the Bishop of London, and, above all, of industry to watch him. The ministry, and the lay lords, and the House of Commons, care nothing about the matter; and the clergy themselves, in a state of the greatest ignorance as to what is passing in the world, find their chains heavier and heavier, without knowing who or what has produced the additional incumbrance. A good honest whig minister should have two or three stout-hearted parish priests in his train to watch the bishops' bills, and to see that they were constructed on other principles than that *bishops can do no wrong, and cannot have too much power.* The whigs do nothing of this, and yet they complain that they are hated by the clergy, and that in all elections the clergy are their bitterest enemies. Suppose they were to try a little justice, a little notice, and a little protection. It would take more time than quizzing, and contempt, but it might do some good.

The bishop puts a great number of questions to his clergy, which they are to be compelled, by this new law of the commission, to answer, under a penalty, and if they do answer them, they incur, perhaps, a still heavier penalty. "Have

* The Bishop of London denies that he ever said this; but the Bishop of London affects short sharp sayings, seasoned, I am afraid, sometimes with a little indiscretion; and these sayings are not necessarily forgotten because he forgets them.

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you had two services in your church all the year?"—"I decline to answer."—"Then I fine you 20*l.*"—"I have only had one service."—"Then I fine you 250*l.*" In what other profession are men placed between this double fire of penalties, and compelled to criminate themselves? It has been disused in England, I believe, ever since the time of Laud and the Star Chamber.*

By the same bill, as it first emanated from the commission, a bishop could compel a clergyman to expend three years' income upon a house in which he had resided, perhaps, fifty years, and in which he had brought up a large family. With great difficulty, some slight modification of this enormous power was obtained, and it was a little improved in the amended bill.† In the same way an attempt was made to try delinquent clergymen, by a jury of clergymen, nominated by the bishop, but this was too bad, and was not endured for an instant; still it showed the same love of power and the same principle of *impeccability*, for the bill is expressly confined to all suits and complaints against persons *below the dignity and degree of bishops*. The truth is, that there are very few men in either House of Parliament (ministers, or any one else,) who ever think of the happiness and comfort of the working clergy, or bestow one thought upon guarding them from the increased and increasing power of their encroaching masters. What is called taking care of the church is taking care of the bishops; and all bills for the management of the clergy are left to the

* This attempt upon the happiness and independence of the clergy has been abandoned.

† I perceive that the Archbishop of Canterbury borrows money for the improvement of his palace, and pays the principal off in forty years. This is quite as soon as a debt incurred for such public purposes ought to be paid off, and the archbishop has done rightly to take that period. In process of time I think it very likely that this indulgence will be extended to country clergymen, who are compelled to pay off the debts for buildings (which they are compelled to undertake) in twenty years; and by the new bill, not yet passed, this indulgence is extended to thirty years. Why poor clergymen have been compelled for the last five years to pay off the incumbrances at the rate of one-twentieth per annum, and are now compelled to pay them off, or will, when the bill passes, be so compelled, at the rate of one-thirtieth per annum, when the archbishop takes forty years to do the same thing, and has made that bargain in the year 1831, I really cannot tell. A clergyman who does not reside, is forced to pay off his building-debt in ten years.

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concoction of men who very naturally believe they are improving the church when they are increasing their own power. There are many bishops too generous, too humane, and too Christian, to oppress a poor clergyman; but I have seen (I am sorry to say) many grievous instances of partiality, rudeness, and oppression.* I have seen clergymen treated by them with a violence and contempt which the lowest servant in the bishop's establishment would not have endured for a single moment; and if there is a helpless, friendless, wretched being in the community, it is a poor clergyman in the country with a large family. If there is an object of compassion, he is one. If there is any occasion in life where a great man should lay aside his office, and put on those kind looks, and use those kind words which raise the humble from the dust, these are the occasions when those best parts of the Christian character ought to be displayed.

I would instance the unlimited power which a bishop possesses over a curate, as a very unfair degree of power for any man to possess. Take the following dialogue which represents a real event.

Bishop.—Sir, I understand you frequent the meetings of the Bible Society.

Curate.—Yes, my lord, I do.

Bishop.—Sir, I tell you plainly, if you continue to do so, I shall silence you from preaching in my diocese.

Curate.—My lord, I am very sorry to incur your indignation, but I frequent that society upon principle, because I think it eminently serviceable to the cause of the Gospel.

Bishop.—Sir, I do not enter into your reasons, but tell you plainly, if you continue to go there you shall be silenced.

The young man did go, and was silenced—and as bishops have always a great deal of clever machinery at work of testimonials and *bene-decessits*, and always a lawyer at their elbow, under the name of a secretary, a curate excluded from one diocese is excluded from all. His remedy is an appeal to the archbishop from the bishop; his worldly goods, however, amount to ten pounds; he never was in London; he dreads such a tribunal as an archbishop—he thinks, perhaps, in time, the bishop may be softened—if he is compelled to restore him,

* What bishops like best in their clergy is a droppingdown-deadness of manner.

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the enmity will be immortal. It would be just as rational to give to a frog or a rabbit, upon which the physician is about to experiment, an appeal to the Zoological Society, as to give to a country curate an appeal to the archbishop against his purple oppressor.

The errors of the bill are a public concern—the injustice of the bill is a private concern. Give us our patronage for life.* Treat the cathedrals all alike, with the same measure of justice. Don't divide livings in the patronage of present incumbents without their consent—or do the same with all livings. If these points are attended to in the forthcoming bill, *all complaint of unfairness and injustice will be at an end.* I shall still think, that the commissioners have been very rash and indiscreet, that they have evinced a contempt for existing institutions, and a spirit of destruction which will be copied to the life hereafter, by commissioners of a very different description. Bishops live in high places with high people, or with little people who depend upon them. They walk delicately, like Agag. They hear only one sort of conversation, and avoid bold reckless men, as a lady veils herself from rough breezes. I am half inclined to think, sometimes, that the bishop-commissioners really think that they are finally settling the church; that the House of Lords will be open to the bench for ages; and that many archbishops in succession will enjoy their fifteen thousand pounds a year in Lambeth. I wish I could do for the bishop-commissioners what his mother did for Æneas, in the last days of Troy:—

> "Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
> Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
> Caligat, nubem eripiam.
> Apparent diræ facies," &c. &c.

It is ominous for liberty, when Sydney and Russell cannot agree; but when Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said, that we showed no disposition to make any sacrifices for the good of the church, I took the liberty to remind that excellent person that he must first of all prove it to be for the good of the church that our patronage should be taken away by the bishops, and then he might find fault with us for not consenting to the sacrifice.

I have little or no personal nor pecuniary interest in these

* This has now been given to us.

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things, and have made all possible exertion (as two or three persons in the power well know) that they should not come before the public. I have no son nor son-in-law in the church, for whom I want any patronage. If I were young enough to survive any incumbent of St. Paul's, my own preferment is too agreeably circumstanced to make it at all probable I should avail myself of the opportunity. I am a sincere advocate for church reform; but I think it very possible, and even very easy, to have removed all odium from the establishment in a much less violent and revolutionary manner, without committing or attempting such flagrant acts of injustice, and without leaving behind an odious court of inquisition, which will inevitably fall into the hands of a single individual, and will be an eternal source of vexation, jealousy, and change. I give sincere credit to the commissioners for good intentions—how can such men have intended any thing but good? And I firmly believe that they are hardly conscious of the extraordinary predilection they have shown for bishops in all their proceedings; it is like those errors in tradesmen's bills of which the retail arithmetician is really unconscious, but which, somehow or another, always happen to be in his own favour. Such men as the commissioners do not say this patronage belongs justly to the cathedrals, and we will take it away unjustly for ourselves; but, after the manner of human nature, a thousand weak reasons prevail, which would have no effect, if self-interest were not concerned; they are practising a deception on themselves, and sincerely believe they are doing right. When I talk of spoil and plunder, I do not speak of the intention, but of the effect, and the precedent.

Still the commissioners are on the eve of entailing an immense evil upon the country, and unfortunately, they have gone so far, that it is necessary they should ruin the cathedrals, to preserve their character for consistency. They themselves have been frightened a great deal too much by the mob; have overlooked the chances in their favour produced by delay; have been afraid of being suspected (as tories) of not doing enough; and have allowed themselves to be hurried on by the constitutional impetuosity of one man, who cannot be brought to believe that wisdom often consists in leaving alone, standing still and doing nothing. From the joint operation of all these causes, all the cathedrals of England will, in a few weeks, be knocked about our ears. You, Mr. Archdeacon Singleton, will

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sit like Caius Marius on the ruins, and we shall lose for ever the wisest scheme for securing a well-educated clergy upon the most economical terms, and for preventing that low fanaticism which is the greatest curse upon human happiness, and the greatest enemy of true religion. We shall have all the evils of an establishment, and none of its good.

You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown churchman; be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now—I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the church; then 50*l.* per annum for two years—then nothing for ten years—then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.* till, in my grand climacteric, I was made canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4,000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2,000*l.* A lawyer, or a physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great ecclesiastical wealth, and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of ecclesiastical prosperity.

I should be very sorry to give offence to the dignified ecclesiastics who are in the commission; I hope they will allow for the provocation, if I have been a little too warm in the defence of St. Paul's, which I have taken a solemn oath to defend. I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury; fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess-board for check-mating him—and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life: the interval has been one of gentleness, kindness, and the most amiable and high-principled courtesy to his clergy. For the Archbishop of York, I feel an affectionate respect— the result of that invariable kindness I have received from him: and who can see the Bishop of London without admiring his superior talents—being pleased with his society, without admitting that, *upon the whole*,* the public is benefited by his ungovernable passion for business; and without receiving the constant workings of a really good heart,

* I have heard that the Bishop of London employs eight hours per day in the government of his diocese—in which no part of Asia, Africa, or America is included. The world is, I believe, taking one day with another, governed in about a third of that time.

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as an atonement for the occasional excesses of an impetuous disposition? I am quite sure if the tables had been turned, and if it had been his lot, as a canon, to fight against the encroachments of bishops, that he would have made as stout a defence as I have done—the only difference is that he would have done it with much greater talent.

As for my friends the whigs, I neither wish to offend them nor any body else. I consider myself to be as good a whig as any amongst them. I was a whig before many of them were born—and while some of them were tories and waverers. I have always turned out to fight their battles, and when I saw no other clergyman turn out but myself—and this in times before liberality was well recompensed, and therefore in fashion, when the smallest appearance of it seemed to condemn a churchman to the grossest of obloquy, and the most hopeless poverty. It may suit the purpose of the ministers to flatter the bench; it does not suit mine. I do not choose in my old age to be tossed as a prey to the bishops; I have not deserved this of my whig friends. I know very well there can be no justice for deans and chapters, and that the momentary lords of the earth will receive our statement with derision and *persiflage*—the great principle which is now called in for the government of mankind. Nobody admires the general conduct of the whig administration more than I do. They have conferred, in their domestic policy, the most striking benefits on the country. To say that there is no risk in what they have done is mere nonsense—there is great risk; and all honest men must balance to counteract it—holding back as firmly down hill as they pulled vigorously up hill. Still, great as the risk is, it was worth while to incur it in the poor-law bill, in the tithe bill, in the corporation bill, and in the circumscription of the Irish Protestant Church. In all these matters, the whig ministry, after the heat of party is over, and when Joseph Hume and Wilson Croker* are powdered into the dust of death, will gain great and deserved fame. In the question of the church commission they have behaved with the grossest injustice; delighted to see this temporary delirium of archbishops and bishops, scarcely believing their eyes, and carefully suppressing their laughter, when they saw these eminent conservatives laying about them

* I meant no harm by the comparison, but I have made two bitter enemies by it.

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with the fury of Mr. Tyler or Mr. Straw; they have taken the greatest care not to disturb them, and to give them no offence: "Do as you like, my lords, with the chapters and the parochial clergy; you will find some pleasing morsels in the ruins of the cathedrals. Keep for yourselves any thing you like—whatever is agreeable to you cannot be unpleasant to us." In the mean time, the old friends of, and the old sufferers for, liberty, do not understand this new meanness, and are not a little astonished to find their leaders prostrate on their knees before the lords of the church, and to receive no other answer from them than that, if they are disturbed in their adulation, they will immediately resign!

I remain,
My dear Sir,
With sincere good will and respect,
Yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

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SECOND LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON.

My dear Sir,

It is a long time since you have heard from me, and in the mean time the poor Church of England has been trembling, from the bishop who sitteth upon the throne, to the curate who rideth upon the hackney horse. I began writing on the subject to avoid bursting from indignation; and, as it is not my habit to recede, I will go on till the Church of England is either up or down—semianimous on its back, or vigorous on its legs.

Two or three persons have said to me—"Why, after writing an entertaining and successful letter to Archdeacon Singleton, do you venture upon another, in which you may probably fail, and be weak or stupid?" All this I utterly despise; I write upon these matters not to be entertaining, but because the subjects are very important, and because I have strong opinions upon them. If what I write is liked, so much the better; but liked or not liked, sold or not sold, Wilson Crokered or not Wilson Crokered, I will write. If you ask me who excites me, I answer you, it is that judge who stirs good thoughts in honest hearts—under whose warrant I impeach the wrong, and by whose help I hope to chastise it.

There are, in most cathedrals, two sorts of prebendaries—the one resident, the other non-resident. It is proposed by the church commission to abolish all the prebendaries of the latter and many of the former class; and it is the prebendaries of the former class, the resident prebendaries, whom I wish to save.

The non-resident prebendaries never come near the cathedral; they are just like so many country gentlemen; the dif-

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ference is, that their appointments are elective, not hereditary. They have houses, manors, lands, and every appendage of territorial wealth and importance. Their value is very different. I have one, Neasdon, near Willesdon, which consists of a quarter of an acre of land, worth a few shillings per annum, but animated by the burden of repairing a bridge, which sometimes costs the unfortunate prebendary fifty or sixty pounds. There are other non-resident prebendaries, however, of great value; and one I believe, which would be worth, if the years or lives were run out, from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* per annum.

Not only do these prebendaries do nothing, and are never seen, but the existence of the preferment is hardly known; and the abolition of the preferment, therefore, would not in any degree lessen the temptation to enter into the church, while the mass of these preferments would make an important fund for the improvement of small livings. The residentiary prebendaries, on the contrary, perform all the services of the cathedral church; their existence is known, their preferment coveted, and to get a stall, and to be preceded by men with silver rods, is the bait which the ambitious squire is perpetually holding out to his second son. What prebendary is next to come into residence, is as important a topic to the cathedral town, and ten miles around it, as what the evening or morning star may be to the astronomer. I will venture to say, that there is not a man of good humour, sense, and worth, within ten miles of Worcester, who does not hail the rising of Archdeacon Singleton in the horizon as one of the most agreeable events of the year. If such sort of preferments are extinguished, a very serious evil (as I have often said before) is done to the church—the service becomes unpopular, further spoliation is dreaded, the whole system is considered to be altered and degraded, capital is withdrawn from the church, and no one enters into the profession but the sons of farmers and little tradesmen, who would be footmen if they were not vicars—or figure on the coach-box if they were not lecturing from the pulpit.

But what a practical rebuke to the commissioners, after all their plans and consultations and carvings of cathedral preferment, to leave it integral, and untouched! It is some comfort, however, to me, to think that the persons of all others to whom this preservation of cathedral property would give the greatest pleasure, are the ecclesiastical commissioners themselves. Can any one believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury or the

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Bishop of London really wishes for the confiscation of any cathedral property, or that they were driven to it by any thing but fear, mingled, perhaps, with a little vanity of playing the part of great reformers? They cannot, of course, say for themselves what I say for them; but of what is really passing in the ecclesiastical minds of these great personages, I have no more doubt than I have of what passes in the mind of the prisoner when the prosecutor recommends and relents, and the judge says he shall attend to the recommendation.

What harm does a prebend do, in a politico-economical point of view? The alienation of the property for three lives, or twenty-one years, and the almost certainty that the tenant has of renewing, give him sufficient interest in the soil for all purposes of cultivation,* and a long series of elected clergymen is rather more likely to produce valuable members of the community than a long series of begotten squires. Take, for instance, the cathedral of Bristol, the whole estates of which are about equal to keeping a pack of fox-hounds. If this had been in the hands of a country gentleman; instead of precentor, succentor, dean, and canons, and sexton, you would have had huntsman, whipper-in, dog-feeders, and stoppers of earths; the old squire, full of foolish opinions, and fermented liquids, and a young gentleman of gloves, waistcoats and pantaloons: and how many generations might it be before the fortuitous concourse of noodles would produce such a man as Professor Lee, one of the prebendaries of Bristol, and by far the most eminent oriental scholar in Europe? The same argument might be applied to every cathedral in England. How many hundred coveys of squires would it take to supply as much knowledge as is condensed in the heads of Dr. Copplestone or Mr. Taite, of St. Paul's? and what a strange thing it is that such a man as Lord John Russell, the whig leader, should be so squirrel-minded as to wish for a movement without object or end! Saving there can be none, for it is merely taking from one ecclesiastic

* The church, it has been urged, do not plant—they do not extend their woods; but almost all cathedrals possess woods, and regularly plant a succession, so as to keep them up. A single evening of dice and hazard does not doom their woods to sudden destruction; a life tenant does not cut down all the timber to make the most of his estate; the woods of ecclesiastical bodies are managed upon a fixed and settled plan, and considering the sudden prodigalities of laymen, I should not be afraid of a comparison.

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to give it to another; public clamour, to which the best men must sometimes yield, does not require it: and so far from doing any good, it would be a source of infinite mischief to the establishment.

If you were to gather a parliament of curates on the hottest Sunday in the year, after all the services, sermons, burials, and baptisms of the day were over, and to offer them such increase of salary as would be produced by the confiscation of the cathedral property, I am convinced they would reject the measure, and prefer splendid hope, and the expectation of good fortune in advanced life, to the trifling improvement of poverty which such a fund could afford. Charles James, of London, was a curate; the Bishop of Winchester was a curate; almost every rose-and-shovel man has been a curate in his time. All curates hope to draw great prizes.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House, has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little farther, till he reaches St. Paul's churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crum-pet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the University—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes an useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

It will not do to leave only four persons in each cathedral upon the supposition that such a number will be sufficient for all the men of real merit who ought to enjoy such preferment;

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we ought to have a steady confidence that the men of real merit will always bear a small proportion to the whole number; and that in proportion as the whole number is lessened, the number of men of merit provided for will be lessened also. If it were quite certain that ninety persons would be selected, the most remarkable for conduct, piety, and learning, ninety offices might be sufficient; but out of these ninety are to be taken tutors to dukes and marquises, paid in this way by the public; bishop's chaplains, running tame about the palace; elegant clergymen, of small understanding, who have made themselves acceptable in the drawing-rooms of the mitre; Billingsgate controversialists, who have tossed and gored an Unitarian. So that there remain but a few rewards for men of real merit—yet these rewards do infinite good; and in this mixed, checkered way, human affairs are conducted.

No man at the beginning of the reform could tell to what excesses the new power conferred upon the multitude would carry them; it was not safe for a clergyman to appear in the streets. I bought a blue coat, and did not despair in time of looking like a layman. All this is passed over. Men are returned to their senses upon the subject of the church, and I utterly deny that there is any public feeling whatever which calls for the destruction of the resident prebends. Lord John Russell has pruned the two luxuriant bishoprics, and has abolished pluralities: he has made a very material alteration in the state of the church: not enough to please Joseph Hume, and the tribunes of the people, but enough to satisfy every reasonable and moderate man, and, therefore, enough to satisfy himself. What another generation may choose to do, is another question: I am thoroughly convinced that enough has been done for the present.

Viscount Melbourne declared himself quite satisfied with the church as it is; but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do as they pleased. He might have said the same thing of the monarchy, or of any other of our institutions; and there is in the declaration a permissiveness and good humour which, in public men, have seldom been exceeded. Carelessness, however, is but a poor imitation of genius, and the formation of a wise and well-reflected plan of reform conduces more to the lasting fame of a minister than that affected contempt of duty which every man sees to be mere vanity, and a vanity of no very high description.

But, if the truth must be told, our viscount is somewhat of

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an impostor. Every thing about him seems to betoken careless desolation: any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he was always on the heel of pastime; that he would giggle away the great charter, and decide by the method of tee-totum whether my lords the bishops should or should not retain their seats in the House of Lords. All this is the mere vanity of surprising, and making us believe that he can play with kingdoms as other men can with nine-pins. Instead of this lofty nebulo, this miracle of moral and intellectual felicities, he is nothing more than a sensible honest man, who means to do his duty to the sovereign and to the country: instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of tallow-chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. In the same way, when he has been employed in reading acts of Parliament, he would persuade you that he has been reading *Cleghorn on the Beatitudes*, or *Pickler on the Nine Difficult Points*. Neither can I allow to this minister (however he may be irritated by the denial), the extreme merit of indifference to the consequences of his measures. I believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our minister of honesty and diligence; I deny that he is careless or rash: he is nothing more than a man of good understanding, and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political roué.

One of the most foolish circumstances attending this destruction of cathedral property, is the great sacrifice of the patronage of the crown; the crown gives up eight prebends of Westminster, two at Worcester, 1,500*l.* per annum at St. Paul's, two prebends at Bristol, and a great deal of other preferment all over the kingdom; and this at a moment when such extraordinary power has been suddenly conferred upon the people, and when every atom of power and patronage ought to be husbanded for the crown. A prebend of Westminster for my second son

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would soften the Catos of Cornhill, and lull the Gracchi of the metropolitan boroughs. Lives there a man so absurd as to suppose that government can be carried on without those gentle allurements? You may as well attempt to poultice off the humps of a camel's back, as to cure mankind of these little corruptions.

I am terribly alarmed by a committee of cathedrals now sitting in London, and planning a petition to the legislature to be heard by counsel. They will take such high ground, and talk a language so utterly at variance with the feelings of the age about church property, that I am much afraid they will do more harm than good. In the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, the Guards said they did not care for the mob, if the gentlemen volunteers behind would be so good as not to hold their muskets in such a dangerous manner. I don't care for popular clamour, and think it might now be defied; but I confess the gentlemen volunteers alarm me. They have unfortunately, too, collected their addresses, and published them in a single volume!!!

I should like to know how many of our institutions at this moment, besides the cathedrals, are under notice of destruction. I will, before I finish my letter, endeavour to procure a list; in the mean time I will give you the bill of fare with which the last session opened, and I think that of 1838 will not be less copious. But at the opening of the session of 1837, when I addressed my first letter to you, this was the state of our intended changes:—The law of copyright was to be recreated by Serjeant Talfourd; church rates abolished by Lord John Russell, and imprisonment for debt by the attorney-general; the Archbishop of Canterbury kindly undertook to destroy all the cathedrals, and Mr. Grote was to arrange our voting by ballot; the septennial act was to be repealed by Mr. Williams, corn laws abolished by Mr. Clay, and the House of Lords reformed by Mr. Ward; Mr. Hume remodelled county rates, Mr. Ewart put an end to primogeniture, and Mr. Tooke took away the exclusive privileges of Dublin, Oxford, and Cambridge; Thomas Duncombe was to put an end to the proxies of the lords, and Serjeant Prime to turn the universities topsy-turvy. Well may it be said that

"Man never continueth in one stay."

See how men accustom themselves to large and perilous

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changes. Ten years ago, if a cassock or a hassock had been taken from the establishment, the current of human affairs would have been stopped till restitution had been made. In a fortnight's time, Lord John Russell is to take possession of, and to re-partition all the cathedrals in England; and what a prelude for the young queen's coronation! what a medal for the august ceremony!—the fallen Gothic buildings on one side of the gold, the young Protestant queen on the other:—

"Victoria Ecclesiæ Victrix."

And then, when she is full of noble devices, and of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and amid the solemn swell of music, when her heart beats happily, and her eyes look majesty, she turns them on the degraded ministers of the Gospel, and shudders to see she is stalking to the throne of her Protestant ancestors over the broken altars of God.

Now, remember, I hate to overstate my case. I do not say that the destruction of cathedrals will put an end to railroads: I believe that good mustard and cress, sown after Lord John's bill is passed, will, if duly watered, continue to grow. I do not say that the country has no *right*, after the death of individual incumbents, to do what they propose to do;—I merely say that it is inexpedient, uncalled for, and mischievous—that the lower clergy, for whose sake it is proposed to be done, do not desire it—that the bishop commissioners, who proposed it, would be heartily glad if it was put an end to—that it will lower the character of those who enter into the church, and accustom the English people to large and dangerous confiscations: and I would not have gentlemen of the money-bags, and of wheat and bean land, forget that the church means many other things than Thirty-nine Articles, and a discourse of five-and-twenty minutes' duration on the Sabbath. It means a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions, greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. The loud cry of ten thousand teachers of justice and worship, that cry which masters the *Borgias* and *Catilines* of the world, and guards from devastation the best works of God—

Magnâ testantur voce per orbem
Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.

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In spite of his uplifted chess-board, I cannot let my old school-fellow, the Archbishop of Canterbury, off, without harping a little upon his oath, which he has taken to preserve the rights and property of the church of Canterbury: I am quite sure so truly good a man, as from the bottom of my heart I believe him to be, has some line of argument by which he defends himself; but till I know it, I cannot of course say I am convinced by it. The common defence for breaking oaths is, that they are contracts made with another party, which the Creator is called to witness, and from which the swearer is absolved, if those for whom the oath is taken choose to release him from his obligation. With whom, then, is the contract made by the archbishop? Is it with the community at large? If so, nothing but an act of Parliament (as the community at large have no other organ) could absolve him from his oath; but three years before any act is passed, he puts his name to a plan for taking away two-thirds of the property of the church of Canterbury. If the contract is not made with the community at large, but with the church of Canterbury, every member of it is in decided hostility to his scheme. O'Connell takes an oath that he will not injure nor destroy the Protestant church; but in promoting the destruction of some of the Irish bishoprics, he may plead that he is sacrificing a part to preserve the whole, and benefiting, not injuring, the Protestant establishment. But the archbishop does not swear to a general truth, where the principle may be preserved, though there is an apparent deviation from the words; but he swears to a very narrow and limited oath, that he will not alienate the possessions of the church of Canterbury. A friend of mine has suggested to me that his grace has, perhaps, forgotton the oath; but this cannot be, for the first Protestant in Europe of course makes a memorandum in his pocket-book of all the oaths he takes to do, or to abstain. The oath, however, may be less present to the archbishop's memory, from the fact of his not having taken the oath in person, but by the medium of a gentleman sent down by the coach to take it for him—a practice which, though I believe it to have been long established in the church, surprised me, I confess, not a little. A proxy to vote, if you please—a proxy to consent to arrangements of estates, if wanted; but a proxy sent down in the Canterbury fly, to take the Creater to witness that the archbishop, detained in town by business or pleasure, will never violate that foundation of piety over which he presides—all this seems

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to me an act of the most extraordinary indolence ever recorded in history. If an ecclesiastic, not a bishop, may express any opinion on the reforms of the church, I recommend that archbishops and bishops should take no more oaths by proxy; but, as they do not wait upon the sovereign or the prime minister, or even any of the cabinet, by proxy, that they should also perform all religious acts in their own person. This practice would have been abolished in Lord John's first bill, if other grades of churchmen as well as bishops had been made commissioners. But the motto was—

"Peace to the palaces—war to the manses."

I have been informed, though I will not answer for the accuracy of the information, that this vicarious oath is likely to produce a scene which would have puzzled the *Doctor Dubitantium*. The attorney, who took the oath for the archbishop, is, they say, seized with religious horrors at the approaching confiscation of Canterbury property, and has in vain tendered back his 6*s*. 8*d*. for taking the oath. The archbishop refuses to accept it; and feeling himself light and disencumbered, wisely keeps the saddle upon the back of the writhing and agonized scrivener. I have talked it over with several clergymen, and the general opinion is, that the scrivener will suffer.

I cannot help thinking that a great opportunity opens itself for improving the discipline of the church, by means of those chapters which Lord John Russell* is so anxious to destroy;

* I only mention Lord John Russell's name so often, because the management of the church measures devolves upon him. He is, beyond all comparison, the ablest man in the whole administration, and to such a degree is he superior, that the government could not exist a moment without him. If the foreign secretary were to retire, we should no longer be nibbling ourselves into disgrace on the coast of Spain. If the amiable Lord Glenelg were to leave us, we should feel secure in our colonial possessions. If Mr. Spring Rice were to go into holy orders, great would be the joy of the three per cents. A decent, good-looking head of the government might easily enough be found in lieu of Viscount Melbourne; but in five minutes after the departure of Lord John, the whole whig government would be dissolved into sparks of liberality and splinters of reform. There are six remarkable men, who, in different methods and in different degrees, are now affecting the interests of this country—the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell. Greater powers than all these are the phlegm of the English people—the great mass of good sense and in-

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divide the diocese among the members of the chapter, and make them responsible for the superintendence and inspection of the clergy in their various divisions under the supreme control of the bishop; by a few additions they might be made the bishops' council for the trial of delinquent clergymen. They might be made a kind of college for the general care of education in the diocese, and applied to a thousand useful purposes, which would have occurred to the commissioners, if they had not been so dreadfully frightened, and to the government, if their object had been, not to please the dissenters, but to improve the church.

The Bishop of Lincoln has lately published a pamphlet on the church question. His lordship is certainly not a man full of felicities and facilities, imitating none, and inimitable of any; nor does he work with infinite agitation of wit. His creation has blood without heat, bones without marrow, eyes without speculation. He has the art of saying nothing in many words beyond any man that ever existed; and when he seems to have made a proposition, he is so dreadfully frightened at it, that he proceeds as quickly as possible, in the ensuing sentence, to disconnect the subject and the predicate, and to avert the dangers he has incurred:—but as he is a bishop, and will be therefore more read than I am, I cannot pass him over. His lordship tells us, that it was at one time under consideration of the commissioners whether they should not tax all benefices above a certain value, in order to raise a fund for the improvement of smaller livings; and his lordship adds, with the greatest innocence, that the considerations which principally weighed with the commissioners in inducing them not to adopt the plan of taxation, was that they understood the clergy in general to be decidedly averse to it; so that the plan of the commission was, that the greater benefices should pay to the little, while the bishops themselves—the Archbishop of Canterbury with his 15,000*l.* a year, and the Bishop of London with his 10,000*l.* a year—were not to subscribe a single farthing for that purpose. Why does John, Bishop of Lincoln, mention these distressing schemes of the commission, which we are certain would have been met with a general yell of indignation from one end of the kingdom to another? Surely it must have oc-

telligence diffused among them—and the number of those who have something to lose, and have not the slightest intention of losing it.

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curred to this excellent prelate that the bishops would have been compelled, by mere shame, to have contributed to the fund which they were about to put upon the backs of the more opulent parochial clergy; surely a moment's reflection must have taught them that the safer method by far was to confiscate cathedral property.

The idea of abandoning this taxation, because it was displeasing to the clergy at large, is not unentertaining as applied to a commission who treated the clergy with the greatest contempt, and did not even notice the communications from cathedral bodies upon the subject of the most serious and extensive confiscations.*

* Upon this subject I think it right to introduce the following letters, the first of which was published Jan. 23, 1838:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—I feel it to be consistent with my duty, as secretary to the church commissioners, to notice a statement emanating from a quarter which would seem to give it authenticity—that, of seven chapter memorials addressed to the board, the receipt of one was only acknowledged.

"It is strictly within my province to acknowledge communications made to the commissioners as a body, either directly or through me; and it is part of their general instructions to me that I should do so in all cases.

"To whatever extent, therefore, the statement may be true, or whatever may be its value, it is clear that it cannot attach to the commissioners, but that I alone am responsible.

"In the execution of my office, I have endeavoured, in the midst of my other duties, to conduct an extensive correspondence in accordance to what I knew to be the feelings and wishes of the commissioners, and to treat every party in communication with them with attention and respect.

"If, at some period of more than usual pressure, any accidental omission may have occurred, or may hereafter occur, involving an appearance of discourtesy, it is for me to offer, as I now do, explanation and apology.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"C. K. Murray.

"Whitehall Place, Jan. 21."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—A more indiscreet and extraordinary communication than that which appears in your own paper of the 23d instant, signed by Mr. C. K. Murray, I never read. '*Apparet domus intus.*' It is now

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"The plan of taxation, therefore," says the bishop, "being abandoned, it was evident that the funds for the augmentation of poor livings, and for the supply of the spiritual wants of populous districts, must be drawn from the episcopal and cathedral revenues; that is, from the revenues from which the legislature seems to have a peculiar right to draw the funds for the general supply of the religious wants of the people; because they arise from benefices, of which the patronage is either actually in the crown, or is derivative from the crown. In the case of the episcopal revenues, the commissioners had already carried the principle of redistribution as far as they thought that it could, with due allowance for the various demands upon the incomes of the bishops, be carried. The only remaining source, therefore, was to be found in the cathedral

clear how the commission has been worked. Where communications from the oldest ecclesiastical bodies, upon the most important of all subjects to them and to the kingdom, were received by the greatest prelates and noblemen of the land, acting under the king's commission, I should have thought that answers suitable to the occasion would, in each case, have been dictated by the commission; that such answers would have been entered on the minutes, and read on the board-day next ensuing.

"Is Mr. C. K. Murray quite sure that this, which is done at all boards on the most trifling subjects, was not done at his board, in the most awful confiscation ever known in England? Is he certain that spoliation was in no instance sweetened by civility, and injustice never vanished by forms? Were all the decencies and proprieties, which ought to regulate the intercourse of such great bodies, left without a single inquiry from the commissioner, to a gentleman who seems to have been seized with six distinct fits of oblivion on six separate occasions, any one of which required all that attention to decorum and that accuracy of memory for which secretaries are selected and paid?

"According to Mr. C. K. Murray's account, the only order he received from the board was, 'If any prebendary calls, or any cathedral writes, desiring not to be destroyed, just say the communication has been received;' and even this, Mr. Murray tells us, he has not *done*, and that no one of the king's commissioners — archbishops, bishops, marquises, earls—ever asked him whether he had done it or not—though any one of these great people would have swooned away at the idea of not answering the most trifling communication from any other of these great people.

"Whatever else these commissioners do, they had better not bring their secretary forward again. They may feel wind-bound by public opinion, but they must choose, as a sacrifice, a better Iphigenia than Mr. C. K. Murray.

"SYDNEY SMITH."

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revenues; and the commissioners proceeded, in the execution of the duties prescribed to them, to consider in what manner those revenues might be rendered conducive to the efficiency of the established church."

This is very good episcopal reasoning; but is it true? The bishops and commissioners wanted a fund to endow small livings; they did not touch a farthing of their own incomes, only distributed them a little more equally; and proceeded lustily at once to confiscate cathedral property. But why was it necessary, if the fund for small livings was such a paramount consideration, that the future archbishops of Canterbury should be left with two palaces, and 15,000*l.* per annum? Why is every future bishop of London to have a palace in Fulham, a house in St. James's Square, and 10,000*l.* a-year? Could not all the episcopal functions be carried on well and effectually with the half of these incomes? Is it necessary that the Archbishop of Canterbury should give feasts to aristocratic London; and that the domestics of the prelacy should stand with swords and bag-wigs round pig, and turkey, and venison, to defend, as it were, the orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of dissent? I don't object to all this; because I am sure that the method of prizes and blanks is the best method of supporting a church, which must be considered as very slenderly endowed, if the whole were equally divided among the parishes; but if my opinion were different—if I thought the important improvement was to equalize preferment in the English church—that such a measure was not the one thing foolish, but the one thing needful—I should take care, as a mitred commissioner, to reduce my own species of preferment to the narrowest limits, before I proceeded to confiscate the property of any other grade of the church. I could not, as a conscientious man, leave the Archbishop of Canterbury with 15,000*l.* a-year, and make a fund by annihilating residentiaries at Bristol of 500*l.* This comes of calling a meeting of one species of cattle only. The horned cattle say,—"If you want any meat, kill the sheep; don't meddle with us, there is no beef to spare." They said this, however, to the lion; and the cunning animal, after he had gained all the information necessary for the destruction of the muttons, and learnt how well and widely they pastured, and how they could be most conveniently eaten up, turns round and informs the cattle, who took him from their best and ten-

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derest friend, that he means to eat them up also. Frequently did Lord John meet the destroying bishops; much did he commend their daily heaps of ruins; sweetly did they smile on each other, and much charming talk was there of meteorology and catarrh, and the particular cathedral they were pulling down at each period;* till one fine day, the home secretary, with a voice more bland, and a look more ardently affectionate, than that which the masculine mouse bestows on his nibbling female, informed them that the government meant to take all the church property into their own hands, to pay the rates out of it, and deliver the residue to the rightful possessors. Such an effect, they say, was never before produced by a *coup de théâtre.*— The commission was separated in an instant: London clinched his fist; Canterbury was hurried out by his chaplains, and put into a warm bed; a solemn vacancy spread itself over the face of Gloucester; Lincoln was taken out in strong hysterics.— What a noble scene Sérjeant Talfourd would have made of this! Why are such talents wasted on *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive?*

But, after all, what a proposition! "You don't make the most of your money: I will take your property into my hands, and see if I cannot squeeze a penny out of it: you shall be regularly paid all you now receive, only if any thing more can be made of it, that we will put into our own pockets."—"Just pull off your neckcloth, and lay your head under the guillotine, and I will promise not to do you any harm: just get ready for confiscation; give up the management of all your property; make us the ostensible managers of every thing; let us be informed of the most minute value of all, and depend upon it, we will never injure you to the extent of a single farthing."— "Let me get my arms about you," says the bear; "I have not the smallest intention of squeezing you."—"Trust your finger in my mouth," says the mastiff; "I will not fetch blood."

Where is this to end? If government are to take into their own hands all property which is not managed with the greatest sharpness and accuracy, they may squeeze 1-8th per cent. out of the Turkey Company; Spring Rice would become director of the Hydro-impervious Association, and clear a few hundreds for the treasury. The British Roasted Apple Society is noto-

* "What cathedral are we pulling down to-day?" was the standing question at the commission.

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riously mismanaged, and Lord John and Brother Lister, by a careful selection of fruit, and a judicious management of fuel, would soon get it up to par.

I think, however, I have heard at the Political Economy Club, where I have sometimes had the honour of being a guest, that no trades should be carried on by governments. That they have enough to do of their own, without undertaking other persons' business. If any savings in the mode of managing ecclesiastical leases could be made, great deduction from these savings must be allowed for the jobbing and *Gaspillage* of general boards, and all the old servants of the church, displaced by this measure, must receive compensation.

The whig government, they will be vexed to hear, would find a great deal of patronage forced upon them by this measure. Their favourite human animal, the barrister of six years' standing, would be called into action. The whole earth is, in fact, in commission, and the human race, saved from the flood, are delivered over to barristers of six years' standing. *The onus probandi* now lies upon any man who says he is not a commissioner; the only doubt on seeing a new man among the whigs is, not whether he is a commissioner or not, but whether it is tithes, poor-laws, boundaries of boroughs, church leases, charities, or any of the thousand human concerns which are now worked by commissioners, to the infinite comfort and satisfaction of mankind, who seem in these days to have found out the real secret of life—the one thing wanting to sublunary happiness—the great principle of commission, and six years' barristration.

Then, if there is a better method of working ecclesiastical estates—if any thing can be gained for the church—why is not the church to have it? why is it not applied to church purposes? what right has the state to seize it? If I give you an estate, I give it you not only in its present state, but I give to you all the improvements which can be made upon it—all that mechanical, botanical, and chemical knowledge may do hereafter for its improvement—all the ameliorations which care and experience can suggest, in setting, improving, and collecting your rents. Can there be such miserable equivocation as to say—I leave you your property, but I do not leave to you all the improvements which your own wisdom, or the wisdom of your fellow-creatures, will enable you to make of your pro-

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perty? How utterly unworthy of a whig government is such a distinction as this!

Suppose the same sort of plan had been adopted in the reign of Henry VIII., and the legislature had said,—You shall enjoy all you now have, but every farthing of improved revenue, after this period, shall go into the pocket of the state—it would have been impossible by this time that the church could have existed at all: and why may not such a measure be as fatal hereafter to the existence of a church, as it would have been to the present generation, if it had been brought forward at the time of the Reformation?

There is some safety in dignity. A church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it when an institution is associated with mean, and not with elevated ideas. I should like to see the subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print—

"The Bishops' Saturday Night; or, Lord John Russell at the Pay-Table."

The bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the chancellor of the exchequer has given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire delighted with the contest; and the deans and canons should be in the back-ground, waiting till their turn came, and the bishops were paid; and among them a canon, of large composition, urging them on not to give way too much to the bench. Perhaps I should add the president of the board of trade, recommending the truck principle to the bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such like ecclesiastical gear.

But the madness and folly of such a measure are in the revolutionary feeling which it excites. A government taking into its hands such an immense value of property! What a lesson of violence and change to the mass of mankind! Do you want to accustom Englishmen to lose all confidence in the permanence of their institutions—to inure them to great acts of plunder—and to draw forth all the latent villanies of human nature? The whig leaders are honest men, and cannot mean this, but these foolish and inconsistent measures are the horn-book and

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infantile lessons of revolution; and remember, it requires no great time to teach mankind to rob and murder on a great scale.

I am astonished that these ministers neglect the common precaution of a foolometer,* with which no public man should be unprovided; I mean, the acquaintance and society of three or four regular British fools as a test of public opinion. Every cabinet minister should judge of all his measures by his foolometer, as a navigator crowds or shortens sail by the barometer in his cabin. I have a very valuable instrument of that kind myself, which I have used for many years; and I would be bound to predict, with the utmost nicety, by the help of this machine, the precise effect which any measure would produce upon public opinion. Certainly, I never saw any thing so decided as the effects produced upon my machine by the rate bill. No man who had been accustomed in the smallest degree to handle philosophical instruments could have doubted of the storm which was coming on, or of the thoroughly un-English scheme in which the ministry had so rashly engaged themselves.

I think, also, that it is a very sound argument against this measure of church rates, that estates have been bought liable to these payments, and that they have been deducted from the purchase-money. And, what, also, if a dissenter were a republican as well as a dissenter—a case which has sometimes happened; and what if our anti-monarchical dissenter were to object to the expenses of kingly government? Are his scruples to be respected, and his taxes diminished, and the queen's privy purse to be subjected and exposed to the intervening and economical squeeze of government commissioners?

But these lucubrations upon church rates are an episode; I must go back to John, Bishop of Lincoln. All other cathedrals are fixed at four prebendaries; St. Paul's and Lincoln having only three, are increased to the regulation pattern of

* Mr. Fox very often used to say, "I wonder what Lord B. will think of this." Lord B. happened to be a very stupid person, and the curiosity of Mr. Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached such importance to the opinion of such an ordinary commonplace person. "His opinion," said Mr. Fox, "is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representative of all common-place English prejudices, and what Lord B. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will think of it." It would be a good thing if every cabinet of philosophers had a Lord B. among them.

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four. I call this useless and childless. The Bishop of Lincoln says, there were more residentiaries before the Reformation; but if for three hundred years three residentiaries have been found to be sufficient, what a strangely feeble excuse it is for adding another, and diverting 3000*l.* per annum from the small living fund, to say, that there were more residentiaries three hundred years ago.

Must every thing be good and right that is done by bishops? Is there one rule of right for them, and another for the rest of the world. Now here are two commissioners, whose express object is to constitute, out of the large emoluments of the dignitaries, a fund for the poorer parochial clergy; and in the very heat and fervour of confiscation, they build up two new places, utterly useless and uncalled for, take 3000*l.* from the charity fund to pay them, and they give the patronage of these places to themselves. Is there a single epithet in the language of invective which would not have been levelled at lay commissioners who had attempted the same thing? If it is necessary to do so much for archdeacons, why might not one of the three residentiaries be archdeacon in virtue of his prebend? If government make bishops, they may surely be trusted to make archdeacons. I am very willing to ascribe good motives to these commissioners, who are really worthy and very sensible men, but I am perfectly astonished that they were not deterred from such a measure by appearances, and by the motives which, whether rightly or wrongly, would be imputed to them. In not acting so as to be suspected, the Bishop of London should resemble Cæsar's wife. In other respects, this excellent prelate would not have exactly suited for the partner of that great and self-willed man; and an idea strikes me, that it is not impossible he might have been in the senate-house instead of Cæsar.

Lord John Russell gives himself great credit for not having confiscated church property, but merely remodelled and redivided it. I accuse him not of plunder, but I accuse him of taking the Church of England, rolling it about as a cook does a piece of dough, with a rolling pin, cutting a hundred different shapes with all the plastic fertility of a confectioner, and without the most distant suspicion that he can ever be wrong, or ever be mistaken: with a certainty that he can anticipate the consequences of every possible change in human affairs. There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his

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worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter's—or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the church tumbled down—and the Channel fleet been knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and pedetentous mind in which it behoves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise liberals; and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.*

Do not say, my dear Lord John, that I am too severe upon you. A thousand years have scarce sufficed to make our blessed England what it is; an hour may lay it in the dust: and can you, with all your talents, renovate its shattered splendour—can you recall back its virtues—can you vanquish time and fate? But, alas! you want to shake the world, and to be the thunderer of the scene!

Now what is the end of what I have written? Why every body was in a great fright; and a number of bishops, huddled together, and talking of their great sacrifices, began to destroy other people's property, and to take other people's patronage: and all the fright is over now; and all the bishops are very sorry for what they have done, and regret extremely the destruction of the cathedral dignitaries, but don't know how to get out of the foolish scrape. The whig ministry persevere to please Joseph and his brethren, and the destroyers; and the good sense of the matter is to fling out the dean and chapter bill, as it now stands, and to bring in another next year—making a fund out of all the non-resident prebends, annexing some of the others, and adopting many of the enactments contained in the present bill.

* Another peculiarity of the Russells is, that they never alter their opinions: they are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced.

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THIRD LETTER

TO

ARCHDEACON SINGLETON.

My dear Sir,

I hope this is the last letter you will receive from me on church matters. I am tired of the subject; so are you; so is every body. In spite of many bishops' charges, I am unbroken; and remain entirely of the same opinion as I was two or three years since—that the mutilation of deans and chapters is a rash, foolish, and imprudent measure.

I do not think the charge of the Bishop of London successful, in combating those arguments which have been used against the impending dean and chapter bill; but it is quiet, gentleman-like, temperate, and written in a manner which entirely becomes the high office and character which he bears.

I agree with him in saying that the plurality and residence bill is, upon the whole, a very good bill;—nobody, however, knows better than the Bishop of London the various changes it has undergone, and the improvements it has received. I could point out fourteen or fifteen very material alterations for the better, since it came out of the hands of the commission, and all *bearing materially upon the happiness and comfort of the parochial clergy*. I will mention only a few:—the bill, as originally introduced, gave the bishop a power, when he considered the duties of the parish to be improperly performed, to suspend the clergyman and appoint a curate with a salary. Some impious persons thought it not impossible that occasionally such a power might be maliciously and vindictively exercised, and that some check to it should be admitted into the bill; accordingly, under the existing act, an ecclesiastical jury is to be summoned,

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and into that jury the defendant clergyman may introduce a friend of his own.

If a clergyman, from illness or any other overwhelming necessity, was prevented from having two services, he was exposed to an information and penalty. In answering the bishop, he was subjected to two opposite sets of penalties—the one for saying *yes;* the other for saying *no:* he was amenable to the needless and impertinent scrutiny of a rural dean before he was exposed to the scrutiny of the bishop. Curates might be forced upon him by subscribing parishioners, and the certainty of a schism established in the parish; a curate might have been forced upon *present* incumbents by the bishop without any complaint made; upon men who took, or, perhaps, bought their livings under very different laws; all these acts of injustice are done away with, but it is not to the credit of the framers of the bill that they were ever admitted, and they completely justify the opposition with which the bill was received by me and by others. I add, however, with great pleasure, that when these and other objections were made, they were heard with candour, and promised to be remedied by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and Lord John Russell.

I have spoken of the power to issue a commission to inquire into the well-being of any parish: a vindictive and malicious bishop might, it is true, convert this, which was intended for the protection, to the oppression of the clergy—afraid to dispossess a clergyman of his own authority, he might attempt to do the same thing under the cover of a jury of his ecclesiastical creatures. But I can hardly conceive such baseness in the prelate, or such infamous subserviency in the agents. An honest and respectable bishop will remember that the very issue of such a commission is a serious slur upon the character of a clergyman; he will do all he can to prevent it by private monition and remonstrance; and if driven to such an act of power, he will, of course, state to the accused clergyman the subjects of accusation, the names of his accusers, and give him ample time for his defence. If, upon anonymous accusation, he subjects a clergyman to such an investigation, or refuses to him any advantage which the law gives to every accused person, he is an infamous, degraded, and scandalous tyrant: but I cannot believe there is such a man to be found upon the bench.

There is in this new bill a very humane clause, (though not introduced by the commission), enabling the widow of the

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deceased clergyman to retain possession of the parsonage-house for two months after the death of the incumbent. It ought, in fairness, to be extended to the heirs, executors, and administrators of the incumbent. It is a great hardship that a family settled in a parish for fifty years, perhaps, should be torn up by the roots in eight or ten days; and the interval of two months, allowing time for repairs, might put to rest many questions of dilapidation.

To the bishop's power of intruding a curate, without any complaint on the part of the parish that the duty has been inadequately performed, I retain the same objections as before. It is a power which, without this condition, will be unfairly and partially exercised. The first object I admit is not the provision of the clergyman, but the care of the parish; but one way of taking care of parishes is to take care that clergymen are not treated with tyranny, partiality, and injustice; and the best way of effecting this is to remember that their superiors have the same human passions as other people, and not to trust them with a power which may be so grossly abused, and which (incredible as the Bishop of London may deem it), *has been*, in some instances, grossly abused.

I cannot imagine what the bishop means by saying, that the members of cathedrals do not, in virtue of their office, bear any part in the parochial instruction of the people. This is a fine deceitful word, the word *parochial*, and eminently calculated to coax the public. If he means simply that cathedrals do not belong to parishes, that St. Paul's is not the parish church of Upper Puddicomb, and that the vicar of St. Fiddlefrid does not officiate in Westminster Abbey: all this is true enough, but do they not in the most material points instruct the people precisely in the same manner as the parochial clergy? Are not prayers and sermons the most important means of spiritual instruction? And are there not eighteen or twenty services in every cathedral for one which is heard in parish churches? I have very often counted in the afternoon of week days in St. Paul's 150 people, and on Sundays it is full to suffocation. Is all this to go for nothing? and what right has the Bishop of London to suppose that there is not as much real piety in cathedrals, as in the most roadless, postless, melancholy, sequestered hamlet preached to by the most provincial, sequestered bucolic clergyman in the queen's dominions?

A number of little children, it is true, do not repeat a cate-

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chism of which they do not comprehend a word; but it is rather rapid and wholesale to say, that the parochial clergy are spiritual instructors of the people, and that the cathedral clergy are only so in a very restricted sense. I say that in the most material points and acts of instruction, they are much more laborious and incessant than any parochial clergy. It might really be supposed, from the Bishop of London's reasoning, that some other methods of instruction took place in cathedrals than prayers and sermons can afford; that lectures were read on chemistry, or lessons given on dancing; or that it was a Mechanics' Institute, or a vast receptacle for hexameter and pentameter boys. His own most respectable chaplain, who is often there as a member of the body, will tell him that the prayers are strictly adhered to, according to the rubric, with the difference only that the service is beautifully chanted instead of being badly read; that instead of the atrocious bawling of parish churches, the anthems are sung with great taste and feeling: and if the preaching is not good, it is the fault of the Bishop of London, who has the whole range of London preachers from whom to make his selection. The real fact is, that, instead of being something materially different from the parochial clergy, as the commissioners wish to make them, the cathedral clergy are fellow-labourers with the parochial clergy, outworking them ten to one; but the commission having provided snugly for the bishops, have, by *the merest accident in the world*, entangled themselves in this quarrel with cathedrals.

'Had the question,' says the bishop, 'been proposed to the religious part of the community, whether, if no other means were to be found, the effective cure of souls should be provided for by the total suppression of those ecclesiastical corporations which have no cure of souls, nor bear any part in the parochial labours of the clergy; that question, I verily believe, would have been carried in the affirmative by an immense majority of suffrages.' But suppose no other means could be found for the effective cure of souls than the suppression of bishops, does the Bishop of London imagine that the majority of suffrages would have been less immense? How idle to put such cases.

A pious man leaves a large sum of money in Catholic times for some purposes which are superstitious, and for others, such as preaching and reading prayers, which are applicable to all times; the superstitious usages are abolished, the pious usages

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remain: now the bishop must admit, if you take half or any part of this money from clergymen to whom it was given, and divide it for similar purposes among clergy to whom it was not given, you deviate materially from the intentions of the founder. These foundations are made *in loco;* in many of them the *locus* was, perhaps, the original cause of the gift. A man who founds an almshouse at Edmonton does not mean that the poor of Tottenham should avail themselves of it; and if he could have anticipated such a consequence, he would not have endowed any almshouse at all. Such is the respect for property that the Court of Chancery, when it becomes impracticable to carry the will of the donor into execution, always attend to the *cy pres*, and apply the charitable fund to a purpose as germane as possible to the intention of the founder; but here, when men of Lincoln have left to Lincoln cathedral, and men of Hereford to Hereford, the commissioners seize it all, melt it into a common mass, and disperse it over the kingdom. Surely the Bishop of London cannot contend that this is not a greater deviation from the will of the founder than if the same people, remaining in the same place, receiving all the founder gave them, and doing all things not forbidden by the law, which the founder ordered, were to do something more than the founder ordered, were to become the guardians of education, the counsel to the bishop, and the curators of the diocese in his old age and decay.

The public are greater robbers and plunderers than any one in the public; look at the whole transaction; it is a mixture of meanness and violence. The country choose to have an established religion, and a resident parochial clergy, but they do not choose to build houses for their parochial clergy, or to pay them in many instances more than a butler or a coachman receives. How is this deficiency to be supplied? The heads of the church propose to this public to seize upon estates which never belonged to the public, and which were left for another purpose; and by the seizure of these estates to save that which ought to come out of the public purse

Suppose Parliament were to seize upon all the almshouses in England, and apply them to the diminution of the poor-rate, what a number of ingenious arguments might be pressed into the service of this robbery: 'Can any thing be more revolting than that the poor of Northumberland should be starving while the poor of the suburban hamlets are dividing the bene-

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factions of the pious dead? "*We want for these purposes all that we can obtain from whatever sources derived.*" ' I do not deny the right of Parliament to do this, or any thing else; but I deny that it would be expedient, because I think it better to make any sacrifices, and to endure any evil, than to gratify this rapacious spirit of plunder and confiscation. Suppose these commissioner prelates firm and unmoved, when we were all alarmed, had told the public that the parochial clergy were badly provided for, and that it was the duty of that public to provide a proper support for their ministers;—suppose the commissioners, instead of leading them on to confiscation, had warned their fellow subjects against the base economy, and the perilous injustice of seizing on that which was not their own; —suppose they had called for water and washed their hands, and said, 'We call you all to witness that we are innocent of this great ruin;'—does the Bishop of London imagine that the prelates who made such a stand would have gone down to posterity less respected and less revered than those men upon whose tombs it must (after all the enumerations of their virtues) be written, *that under their auspices and by their counsels the destruction of the English church began?* Pity that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not retained those feelings, when, at the first meeting of bishops, the Bishop of London proposed this *holy innovation* upon cathedrals, and the head of our church declared, with vehemence and indignation, that nothing in the earth would induce him to consent to it.

Si mens non læva fuisset,
Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.

'But,' says the Lord Bishop of London, 'you admit the principle of confiscation by proposing the confiscation and partition of prebends in the possession of non-residents.' I am thinking of something else, and I see all of a sudden a great blaze of light; I behold a great number of gentlemen in short aprons, neat purple coats, and gold buckles, rushing about with torches in their hands, calling each other 'my lord,' and setting fire to all the rooms in the house, and the people below delighted with the combustion; finding it impossible to turn them from their purpose, and finding that they are all what they are, by divine permission; I endeavour to direct their *holy innovations* into another channel; and I say to them, 'my lords, had not you better set fire to the out of door offices, to the

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barns and stables, and spare this fine library and this noble drawing-room? Yonder are several cow-houses of which no use is made; pray direct your fury against them, and leave this beautiful and venerable mansion as you found it.' If I address the divinely permitted in this manner, has the Bishop of London any right to call me a brother incendiary?

Our *holy innovator*, the Bishop of London, has drawn a very affecting picture of *sheep having no shepherd*, and of millions who have no *spiritual food;* our wants, he says, are most imperious; even if we were to tax large livings, we must still have the money of the cathedrals: no plea will exempt you, nothing can stop us, for the formation of benefices, and the endowment of new ones. We want (and he prints it in italics) for these purposes '*all that we can obtain from whatever sources derived.*' I never remember to have been more alarmed in my life than by this passage. I said to myself, the necessities of the church have got such complete hold of the imagination of this energetic prelate, who is so captivated by the holiness of his innovations, that all grades and orders of the church and all present and future interests will be sacrificed to it. I immediately rushed to the acts of Parliament, which I always have under my pillow, to see at once the worst of what had happened. I found present revenues of the bishops all safe; that is some comfort, I said to myself; Canterbury, 24,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* per annum; London, 18,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* I began to feel some comfort: 'things are not so bad; the bishops do not mean to sacrifice to *sheep and shepherds' money* their present revenues; the Bishop of London is less violent and headstrong than I thought he would be.' I looked a little further, and found that 15,000*l.* per annum is allotted to the future Archbishop of Canterbury, 10,000*l.* to the Bishop of London, 8000*l.* to Durham, and 8000*l.* each to Winchester and Ely. 'Nothing of *sheep and shepherd* in all this,' I exclaimed, and felt still more comforted. It was not till after the bishops were taken care of, and the revenues of the cathedrals came into full view, that I saw the perfect development of the *sheep and shepherd principle*, the deep and heartfelt compassion for spiritual labourers, and that inward groaning for the destitute state of the church, and that firm purpose, printed in italics, of taking *for these purposes all that could be obtained from whatever source derived;* and even in this delicious rummage of cathedral property, where all the fine church feelings

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of the bishop's heart could be indulged without costing the poor sufferer a penny, stalls for archdeacons in Lincoln and St. Paul's are, to the amount of 2000*l.* per annum, taken from the *sheep and shepherd fund*, and the patronage of them divided between two commissioners, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Lincoln, instead of being paid to additional *labourers in the vineyard.*

Has there been any difficulty, I would ask, in procuring archdeacons upon the very moderate pay they now receive? Can any clergyman be more thoroughly respectable than the present archdeacons in the see of London? but men bearing such an office in the church, it may be said, should be highly paid, and archbishops, who could very well keep up their dignity upon 7000*l.* per annum, are to be allowed 15,000*l.* I make no objection to all this; but then what becomes of all these heart-rending phrases of *sheep and shepherd*, and *drooping vineyards, and flocks without spiritual consolation?* The bishop's argument is, that the superfluous must give way to the necessary; but in fighting, the bishop should take great care that his cannons are not seized, and turned against himself. He has awarded to the bishops of England a superfluity as great as that which he intends to take from the cathedrals; and then, when he legislates for an order to which he does not belong, begins to remember the distresses of the lower clergy, paints them with all the colours of impassioned eloquence, and informs the cathedral institutions that he must have *every farthing he can lay his hand upon.* Is not this as if one affected powerfully by a charity sermon were to put his hands in another man's pocket, and cast, from what he had extracted, a liberal contribution into the plate?

I beg not to be mistaken; I am very far from considering the Bishop of London as a sordid and interested person; but this is a complete instance of how the best of men deceive themselves, where their interests are concerned. I have no doubt the bishop firmly imagined he was doing his duty; but there should have been men of all grades in the commission, some one to say a word for cathedrals and against bishops.

The bishop says, 'his antagonists have allowed three canons to be sufficient for St. Paul's, and, therefore, four must be sufficient for other cathedrals.' Sufficient to read the prayers and preach the sermons, certainly, and so would *one* be; but not

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sufficient to excite, by the hope of increased rank and wealth, eleven thousand parochial clergy.

The most important and cogent arguments against the dean and chapter confiscations are past over in silence in the bishop's charge. This, in reasoning, is always the wisest and most convenient plan, and which all young bishops should imitate after the manner of this wary polemic. I object to the confiscation *because it will throw a great deal more of capital out of the parochial church than it will bring into it.* I am very sorry to come forward with so homely an argument, which shocks so many clergymen, and particularly those with the largest incomes, and the best bishoprics; but the truth is, the greater number of clergymen go into the church in order that they may derive a comfortable income *from* the church. Such men intend to do their duty, and they do it; but the duty is, however, not the motive, but the adjunct. If I was writing in gala and parade, I would not hold this language; but we are in earnest, and on business; and as very rash and hasty changes are founded upon contrary suppositions of the pure disinterestedness and perfect inattention to temporals in the clergy, we must get down at once to the solid rock without heeding how we disturb the turf and the flowers above. The parochial clergy maintain their present decent appearance quite as much by their own capital as by the income they derive from the church. I will now state the income and capital of seven clergymen, taken promiscuously in this neighbourhood:—No. 1. Living 200*l.*, capital 12,000*l.*; No. 2. Living 800*l.*, capital 15,000*l.*; No. 3. Living 500*l.*, capital 12,000*l.*; No. 4. Living 150*l.*, capital 10,000*l.*; No. 5. Living 800*l.*, capital 12,000*l.*; No. 6. Living 150*l.*, capital 1000*l.*; No. 7. Living 600*l.*, capital 16,000*l.* I have diligently inquired into the circumstances of seven Unitarian and Wesleyan ministers, and I question much if the whole seven could make up 6000*l.* between them; and the zeal of enthusiasm of this last division is certainly not inferior to that of the former. Now here is a capital of 72,000*l.* carried into the church, which the confiscations of the commissioners would force out of it, by taking away the good things which were the temptation to its introduction. So that, by the old plan of paying by lottery, instead of giving a proper competence to each, not only do you obtain a parochial clergy upon much cheaper terms; but, from the gambling propensities of human nature, and the irresistible

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tendency to hope that they shall gain the great prizes, you tempt men into your service who keep up their credit and yours, not by your allowance, but by their own capital; and to destroy this wise and well-working arrangement, a great number of bishops, marquises, and John Russells, are huddled into a chamber, and, after proposing a scheme which will turn the English church into a collection of consecrated beggars, we are informed by the Bishop of London that it is an *holy innovation*.

I have no manner of doubt, that the immediate effect of passing the dean and chapter bill will be, that a great number of fathers and uncles, judging, and properly judging, that the church is a very altered and deterioriated profession, will turn the industry and capital of their *élèves* into another channel. My friend, Robert Eden, says 'this is of the earth earthy:' be it so; I cannot help it, I paint mankind as I find them, and am not answerable for their defects. When an argument, taken from real life, and the actual condition of the world, is brought among the shadowy discussions of ecclesiastics, it always occasions terror and dismay; it is like Æneas stepping into Charon's boat, which carried only ghosts and spirits.

Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis.

The whole plan of the Bishop of London is a ptochogony—a generation of beggars. He purposes, out of the spoils of the cathedral, to create a thousand livings, and to give to the thousand clergymen 130*l.* per annum each; a Christian bishop proposing, in cold blood, to create a thousand livings of 130*l.* per annum each;—to call into existence a thousand of the most unhappy men on the face of the earth,—the sons of the poor, without hope, without the assistance of private fortune, chained to the soil, ashamed to live with their inferiors, unfit for the society of the better classes, and dragging about the English curse of poverty, without the smallest hope that they can ever shake it off. At present, such livings are filled by young men who have better hopes—who have reason to expect good property—who look forward to a college or a family living—who are the sons of men of some substance, and hope so to pass on to something better—who exist under the delusion of being hereafter deans and prebendaries—who are paid once by money, and three times by hope. Will the Bishop of London promise

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to the progeny of any of these thousand victims of the *holy innovation* that, if they behave well, one of them shall have his butler's place; another take care of the cedars and hyssops of his garden? Will he take their daughters for his nursery-maids? and may some of the sons of these "labourers of the vineyard" hope one day to ride the leaders from St. James's to Fulham? Here is hope—here is room for ambition—a field for genius, and a ray of amelioration! If these beautiful feelings of compassion are throbbing under the cassock of the bishop, he ought, in common justice to himself, to make them known.

If it were a scheme for giving ease and independence to any large bodies of clergymen, it might be listened to; but the revenues of the English church are such as to render this wholly and entirely out of the question. If you place a man in a village in the country, require that he should be of good manners and well educated; that his habits and appearance should be above those of the farmers to whom he preaches, if he has nothing else to expect (as would be the case in a church of equal division); and if, upon his village income, he is to support a wife and educate a family, without any power of making himself known in a remote and solitary situation, such a person ought to receive 500*l.* per annum, and be furnished with a house. There are about 10,700 parishes in England and Wales, whose average income is 285*l.* per annum. Now, to provide these incumbents with decent houses, to keep them in repair, and to raise the income of the incumbent to 500*l.* per annum, would require (if all the incomes of the bishops, deans and chapters of separate dignitaries, of sinecure rectories, were confiscated, and if the excess of all the livings in England above 500*l.* per annum were added to them,) a sum of two millions and a half in addition to the present income of the whole church; and no power on earth could persuade the present Parliament of Great Britain to grant a single shilling for that purpose. Now, is it possible to pay such a church upon any other principle than that of unequal division? The proposed pillage of the cathedral and college churches (omitting all consideration of the separate estate of dignitaries) would amount, divided among all the benefices in England, to about 5*l.* 12*s.* 6½*d.* per man: and this, which would not stop an hiatus in a cassock, and would drive out of the parochial church ten times

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as much as it brought into it, is the panacea for pauperism recommended by her majesty's commissioners.

But if this plan were to drive men of capital out of the church, and to pauperize the English clergy, where would the harm be? Could not all the duties of religion be performed as well by poor clergymen as by men of good substance? My great and serious apprehension is, that such would not be the case. There would be the greatest risk that your clergy would be fanatical, and ignorant; that their habits would be low and mean, and that they would be despised.

Then a picture is drawn of a clergyman with 130*l.* per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages, a learned man, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish—of charming manners and dignified deportment—six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the Ten Commandments,—and it is asked, with an air of triumph, if such a man as this will fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured; neither learned, nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to church, with a second-rate wife—dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter; or let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and-Japhet buggies—made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters, driving in the High Street of Edmonton;*—among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of the ministers of religion have no bearing on religion itself?

I ask the Bishop of London, a man of honour and conscience as he is, if he thinks five years will elapse before a second attack is made upon deans and chapters? Does he think, after reformers have tasted the flesh of the church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that deans and chapters are but mock turtle—that more delicious delicacies remain behind? Five years hence he will attempt to make a stand, and he will be laughed at and eaten up. In this very

* A parish which the Bishop of London has the greatest desire to divide into little bits; but which appears quite as fit to preserve its integrity as St. James's, St. George's, or Kensington, all in the patronage of the bishop.

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charge the bishop accuses the lay commissioners of another intended attack upon the property of the church, contrary to the clearest and most explicit stipulations (as he says) with the heads of the establishment.

Much is said of the conduct of the commissioners, but that is of the least possible consequence. They may have acted for the best, according to the then existing circumstances; they may seriously have intended to do their duty to the country; and I am far from saying or thinking they did not; but without the least reference to the commissioners, the question is, Is it wise to pass this bill, and to justify such an open and tremendous sacrifice of church property? Does public opinion now call for any such measure? is it a wise distribution of the funds of an ill-paid church? and will it not force more capital out of the parochial part of the church than it brings into it? If the bill is bad, it is surely not to pass out of compliment to the feelings of the Archbishop of Canterbury. If the project is hasty, it is not to be adopted to gratify the Bishop of London. The mischief to the church is surely a greater evil than the stultification of the commissioners, &c. If the physician has prescribed hastily, is the medicine to be taken to the death or disease of the patient? If the judge has condemned improperly, is the criminal to be hung, that the wisdom of the magistrate may not be impugned?*

But why are the commissioners to be stultified by the rejection of the measure? The measure may have been very good when it was recommended, and very objectionable now. I thought, and many men thought, that the church was going to pieces—that the affections of the common people were lost to the establishment; and that large sacrifices must be instantly made, to avert the effects of this temporary madness; but those days are gone by—and with them ought to be put aside measures, which might have been wise in those days, but are wise no longer.

After all, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London are good and placable men; and will ere long forget and forgive the successful efforts of their enemies in defeating this mis-ecclesiastic law.

Suppose the commission were now beginning to sit for the

* "After the trouble the commissioners have taken (says Sir Robert), after the obloquy they have incurred," &c. &c. &c.

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first time, will any man living say that they would make such reports as they have made? and that they would seriously propose such a tremendous revolution in church property? And if they would not, the inference is irresistible, that, to consult the feelings of two or three churchmen, we are complimenting away the safety of the church. Milton asked where the nymphs were when Lycidas perished? I ask where the bishops are when the remorseless deep is closing over the head of their beloved establishment?*

You must have read an attack upon me by the Bishop of Gloucester, in the course of which he says that I have not been appointed to my situation as canon of St. Paul's for my piety and learning, but because I am a scoffer and a jester. Is not this rather strong for a bishop, and does it not appear to you, Mr. Archdeacon, as rather too close an imitation of that language which is used in the apostolic occupation of trafficking in fish? Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not, must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life; the corporation and test acts; the penal laws against the Catholics; the compulsory marriages of dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our church, and which he has always looked up to as the consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these—if it was impious to struggle for their abrogation, I have, indeed, led an ungodly life.

There is nothing pompous gentlemen are so much afraid of as a little humour. It is like the objection of certain cephalic animalculæ to the use of small-tooth combs, — 'Finger and thumb, precipitate powder, or any thing else you please; but for Heaven's sake no small-tooth combs!' After all, I believe, Bishop Monk has been the cause of much more laughter than ever I have been; I cannot account for it, but I never see him enter a room without exciting a smile on every countenance within it.

Dr. Monk is furious at my attacking the heads of the church;

* What is the use of publishing separate charges, as the Bishops of Winchester, Oxford, and Rochester have done? Why do not the dissentient bishops form into a firm phalanx to save the church and fling out the bill?

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but how can I help it? If the heads of the church are at the head of the mob; if I find the best of men doing that which has in all times drawn upon the worst enemies of the human race the bitterest curses of history, am I to stop because the motives of these men are pure, and their lives blameless? I wish I could find a blot in their lives, or a vice in their motives. The whole power of the motion is in the character of the movers: feeble friends, false friends, and foolish friends, all cease to look upon the measure, and say, Would such a measure have been recommended by such men as the prelates of Canterbury and London, if it were not for the public advantage? And in this way, the great good of a religious establishment, now rendered moderate and compatible with all men's liberties and rights, is sacrificed to names; and the church destroyed from good breeding and etiquette! the real truth is, that Canterbury and London have been frightened—they have overlooked the effect of time and delay—they have been betrayed into a fearful and ruinous mistake. Painful as it is to teach men who ought to teach us, the legislature ought, while there is yet time, to awake and read them this lesson.

It is dangerous for a prelate to write; and whoever does it ought to be a very wise one. He has speculated why I was made a canon of St. Paul's. Suppose I were to follow his example, and, going through the bench of bishops, were to ask for what reason each man had been made a bishop; suppose I were to go into the county of Gloucester, &c. &c. &c.!!!!!

I was afraid the bishop would attribute my promotion to the Edinburgh Review; but upon the subject of promotion by reviews, he preserves an impenetrable silence. If my excellent patron Earl Grey had any reasons of this kind, he may at least be sure that the reviews commonly attributed to me were really written by me. I should have considered myself as the lowest of created beings to have disguised myself in another man's wit, and to have received a reward to which I was not entitled.*

* I understand that the bishop bursts into tears every now and then, and says that I have set him the name of Simon, and that all the bishops now call him Simon. Simon of Gloucester, however, after all, is a real writer, and how could I know that Dr. Monk's name was Simon? When tutor in Lord Corrington's family, he was called by the endearing, though somewhat unmajestic name, of *Dick;* and if I had thought about his name at all, I should have called him Richard of Gloucester.

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I presume that what has drawn upon me the indignation of this prelate, is the observations I have from time to time made on the conduct of the commissioners; of which he positively asserts himself to have been a member; but whether he was, or was not a member, I utterly acquit him of all possible blame, and of every species of imputation which may attach to the conduct of the commissioner. In using that word, I have always meant the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Lord John Russell; and have, honestly speaking, given no more heed to the Bishop of Gloucester than if he had been sitting in a commission of Bonzes in the court of Pekin.

To read, however, his lordship a lesson of good manners, I had prepared for him a chastisement which would have been echoed from the *Seagrave*, who banqueteth in the castle, to the idiot who spitteth over the bridge at Gloucester; but the following appeal struck my eye, and stopped my pen:—"Since that time, my inadequate qualifications have sustained an appalling diminution, by the affection of my eyes, which have impaired my vision, and the progress of which threatens to consign me to darkness; I beg the benefit of your prayers to the Father of all mercies, that he will restore me to better use of the visual organs, to be employed on his service; or that he will inwardly illumine the intellectual vision, with a particle of that divine ray, which his Holy Spirit can alone impart."

It might have been better taste, perhaps, if a mitred invalid, in describing his bodily infirmities before a church full of clergymen, whose prayers he asked, had been a little more sparing in the abuse of his enemies; but a good deal must be forgiven to the sick. I wish that every Christian was as well aware as this poor bishop of what he needed from divine assistance; and in the supplication for the restoration of his sight and the improvement of his understanding, I must fervently and cordially join.

I was much amused with what old Hermann* says of the Bishop of London's Æschylus. "We find," he says, "*a great arbitrariness of proceeding, and much boldness of innovation, guided by no sure principle;*" here it is: *qualis ab incepto*. He begins with Æschylus, and ends with the Church

* Ueber die behandlung der Griechischen Dichter bei den Englandern Von Gottfried Hermann. Wiemar Jahrbucher, vol. liv. 1831.

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of England; begins with profane, and ends with holy innovations—scratching out old readings which every commentator had sanctioned, abolishing ecclesiastical dignities which every reformer had spared; thrusting an anapest into a verse which will not bear it; and intruding a canon into a cathedral which does not want it; and this is the prelate by whom the proposed reform of the church has been principally planned, and to whose practical wisdom the legislature is called upon to defer. The Bishop of London is a man of very great ability, humane, placable, generous, munificent, very agreeable, but not to be trusted with great interests where calmness and judgment are required; unfortunately, my old and amiable school-fellow, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has melted away before him, and sacrificed that wisdom on which we all founded our security.

Much writing and much talking are very tiresome; and, above all, they are so to men who, living in the world, arrive at those rapid and just conclusions which are only to be made by living in the world. This bill passed, every man of sense, acquainted with human affairs must see, that as far as the church is concerned, the thing is at an end. From Lord John Russell, the present improver of the church, we shall descend to Hume, from Hume to Roebuck, and after Roebuck we shall receive our last improvements from Dr. Wade: plunder will follow after plunder, degradation after degradation. The church is gone, and what remains is not life, but sickness, spasm, and struggle.

Whatever happens, I am not to blame; I have fought my fight.—Farewell.

SYDNEY SMITH.

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LETTER

ON

THE CHARACTER OF

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

My dear Sir,

You ask for some of your late father's letters: I am sorry to say I have none to send you. Upon principle, I keep no letters except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being, in my possession.

The impression which the great talents and amiable qualities of your father made upon me, will remain as long as I remain. When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world—I remember my great and benevolent friend Mackintosh.

The first points of character which every body noticed in him were the total absence of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. He could not hate—he did not know how to set about it. The gall-bladder was omitted in his composition, and if he could have been persuaded into any scheme of revenging himself upon an enemy, I am sure (unless he had been narrowly watched) it would have ended in proclaiming the good qualities, and promoting the interests of his adversary. Truth had so much more power over him than anger, that (whatever might be the provocation) he could not misrepresent, nor exaggerate. In questions of passion and party, he stated facts as they were, and reasoned fairly upon them, placing his happiness and pride in equitable discrimination. Very fond of talking, he heard patiently, and, not averse to intellectual display, did not forget that others might have the same inclination as himself.

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Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected. He remembered things, words, thoughts, dates, and every thing that was wanted. His language was beautiful, and might have gone from the fireside to the press; but though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too big for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and larger apparel than they deserved. He certainly had this fault, but it was not one of frequent commission.

He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception for his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits, which are rarely met with in great reasoners—he never broke in upon his opponent, and always avoided strong and vehement assertions. His reasoning commonly carried conviction, for he was cautious in his positions, accurate in his deductions, aimed only at truth. The ingenious side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of truth were protected by Mackintosh.

His good-nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogizing every body—a habit which destroyed the value of commendations, that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion. Occasionally he took fits of an opposite nature; and I have seen him abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen with the most successful ridicule. He certainly had a good deal of humour; and I remember, amongst many other examples of it, that he kept us for two or three hours in a roar of laughter, at a dinner-party at his own house, playing upon the simplicity of a Scotch cousin, who had mistaken me for my gallant synonym, the hero of Acre. I never saw a more perfect comedy, nor heard ridicule so long and so well sustained. Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts

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and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out dazzling and delighting in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature in his understanding; he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate: it was a soil utterly unfit for them. If his display in conversation had been only in maintaining splendid paradoxes, he would soon have wearied those he lived with; but no man could live long and intimately with your father without finding that he was gaining upon doubt, correcting error, enlarging the boundaries, and strengthening the foundations of truth. It was worth while to listen to a master, whom not himself but nature had appointed to the office, and who taught what it was not easy to forget, by methods which it was not easy to resist.

Curran, the master of the rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, 'You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers.' This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius, with the difficulties of existence.

I have often heard Sir James Mackintosh say of himself, that he was born to be the professor of an university. Happy, and for ages celebrated, would have been the university, which had so possessed him, but in this view he was unjust to himself. Still, however, his style of speaking in Parliament was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He often spoke over the heads of his hearers—was too much in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of reasoning for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or a dissertation than a speech. His voice was bad and nasal; and though nobody was in reality more sincere, he seemed not only not to feel, but hardly to think what he was saying.

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Your father had very little science, and no great knowledge of physics. His notions of his early pursuit—the study of medicine—were imperfect and antiquated, and he was but an indifferent classical scholar, for the Greek language has never crossed the Tweed in any great force. In history, the whole stream of time was open before him; he had looked into every moral and metaphysical question from Plato to Paley, and had waded through morasses of international law, where the step of no living man could follow him. Political economy is of modern invention; I am old enough to recollect when every judge on the bench (Lord Eldon and Serjeant Runnington excepted,) in their charges to the grand juries, attributed the then high prices of corn to the scandalous combination of farmers. Sir James knew what is commonly agreed upon by political economists, without taking much pleasure in the science, and with a disposition to blame the very speculative and metaphysical disquisitions into which it has wandered, but with a full conviction also (which many able men of his standing are without) of the immense importance of the science to the welfare of society.

I think (though, perhaps, some of his friends may not agree with me in this opinion) that he was an acute judge of character, and of the good as well as evil in character. He was, in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyze, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read any thing but books.

Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich, was from the northern part of the island, possessed great facility of temper, and had therefore every excuse for political lubricity, which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party, upon his arrival from India, he remained steadfast to his old friends the whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, every body seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he had displayed. With all this he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his ser-

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vices, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

A high merit in Sir James Mackintosh was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of the great mass of mankind an engine of popularity, and a stepping-stone to power, but he had a genuine love of human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations; whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry; whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding; struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvass, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence.

But though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company, that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine.

This is the good and evil of your father which comes uppermost. If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat; he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him;—but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors who envied his fame and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history. As it is, he has left, in many of the best men in England, and of the continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge and his benevolence. I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

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A LETTER

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

My Lord,

Though, upon the whole, your residence and plurality bill is a good bill, and although I think it (thanks to your kind attention to the suggestions of various clergymen) a much better bill than that of last year, there are still some important defects in it, which deserve amendment and correction.

Page 13, *Sec.* 31.—It would seem, from this section, that the repairs are to depend upon the will of the bishop, and not upon the present law of the land. A bishop enters into the house of a non-resident clergyman, and finds it neither papered, nor painted—he orders these decorative repairs. In the mean time the Court of Queen's Bench have decided that substantial repairs only, and not decorative repairs, can be recovered by an incumbent from his predecessor; the following words should be added:—'Provided, always, that no other repairs shall be required by the bishop, than such as any incumbent could recover as dilapidations from the person preceding him in the said benefice.'

Page 19, *Sec.* 42.—Incumbents are to answer questions transmitted by the bishop, and these are to be countersigned by the rural dean. This is another vexation to the numerous catalogue of vexations entailed upon the rural clergy. Is every man to go before the rural dean, twenty or thirty miles off, perhaps? Is he to go through a cross-examination by the rural dean, as to the minute circumstances of twenty or thirty questions, to enter into reasonings upon them, and to produce witnesses? This is a most degrading and vexatious enactment, if all this is intended; but if the rural dean is to believe the as-

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sertion of every clergyman upon his word only, why may not the bishop do so: and what is gained by the enactment? But the commissioners seem to have been a set of noblemen and gentlemen, who met once a-week, to see how they could harass the working clergy, and how they could make every thing smooth and pleasing to the bishops.

The clause for holding two livings, at the interval of ten miles, is perfectly ridiculous. If you are to abolish pluralities, do it at once, or leave a man only in possession of such benefices as he can serve himself; and then the distance should be two miles, and not a yard more.

But common justice requires that there should be exceptions to your rules. For two hundred years pluralities within certain distances have been allowed; acting under the faith of these laws, livings have been bought and bequeathed to clergymen, tenable with other preferments in their possession—upon faith in these laws, men and women have married—educated their children—laid down a certain plan of life, and adopted a certain rate of expense, and ruin comes upon them in a moment, from this thoughtless inattention to existing interests. I know a man whose father dedicated all he had saved in a long life of retail trade, to purchase the next presentation to a living of 800*l.* per annum, tenable under the old law, with another of 500*l.* given to the son by his college. The whole of this clergyman's life and prospects (and he has an immense family of children) are cut to pieces by your bill. It is a wrong thing, you will say, to hold two livings; I think it is, but why did not you, the legislature, find this out fifty years ago? Why did you entice this man into the purchase of pluralities, by a venerable laxity of two hundred years, and then clap him into gaol from the new virtue of yesterday? Such reforms as these make wisdom and carefulness useless, and turn human life into a mere scramble.

Page 32, *Sec.* 69.—There are the strongest possible objections to this clause. The living is 410*l.* per annum, the population above 2000—perhaps, as is often the case, one third of them dissenters. A clergyman does his duty in the most exemplary manner—dedicates his life to his parish, from whence he derives his whole support—there is not the shadow of a complaint against him. The bishop has, by this clause, acquired a right of thrusting a curate upon the rector at the expense of a fifth part of his whole fortune. This, I think, an

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abominable piece of tyranny; and it will turn out to be an inexhaustible source of favouritism and malice. In the bishop's bill I have in vain looked for a similar clause,—'That if the population is above 800,000, and the income amounts to 10,000*l*., an assistant to the bishop may be appointed by the commissioners, and a salary of 2000*l*. per annum allotted to him.' This would have been honest and manly, to have begun with the great people.

But mere tyranny and episcopal malice are not the only evils of this clause, nor the greatest evils. Every body knows the extreme activity of that part of the English church which is denominated evangelical, and their industry in bringing over every body to their habits of thinking and acting; now see what will happen from the following clause:—'And whenever the population of any benefice shall amount to 2000, and it shall be made appear to the satisfaction of the bishop, that a stipend can be provided for the payment of a curate, by voluntary contribution or otherwise, without charge to the incumbent, it shall be lawful for the bishop to require the spiritual person, holding the same, to nominate a fit person to be licensed as such curate, whatever may be the annual value of such benefice; and if, in either of the said cases, a fit person shall not be nominated to the bishop within two months after his requisition for that purpose shall have been delivered to the incumbent, it shall be lawful for the bishop to appoint and license a curate.' A clause worthy of the Vicar of Wrexhill himself. Now what will happen? The bishop is a Calvinistic bishop; wife, children, chaplains, Calvinized up to the teeth. The *serious* people of the parish meet together, and agree to give an hundred pounds per annum, if Mr. Wilkinson is appointed. It requires very little knowledge of human nature to predict, that at the expiration of two months Mr. Wilkinson will be the man; and then the whole parish is torn to pieces with jealousies, quarrels and comparisons between the rector and the delightful Wilkinson. The same scene is acted (mutatis mutandis), where the bishop sets his face against Calvinistic principles. The absurdity consists in suffering the appointment of a curate by private subscription; in other words, one clergyman in a parish by *nomination*, the other by *election*; and, in this way, religion is brought into contempt by their jealousies and quarrels. Little do you know, my dear lord, of the state of that country you govern, if you suppose this will not hap-

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pen. I have now a diocese in my eye, where, I am positively certain, that in less than six months after the passing of this bill, there will not be a single parish of 2000 persons, in which you will not find a subscription curate, of evangelical habits, canting and crowing over the regular and established clergyman of the parish.

In the draft of the fifth report, upon which I presume your dean and chapter bill is to be founded, I see the rights of patronage are to be conceded to present incumbents. This is very high and honourable conduct in the commissioners, and such as deserves the warmest thanks of the clergy; it is always difficult to retract, much more difficult to retract to inferiors; but it is very virtuous to do so when there can be no motive for it but a love of justice.

Your whole bill is to be one of retrenchment, and amputation; why add fresh canons to St. Paul's and Lincoln? Nobody wants them; the cathedrals go on perfectly well without them; they take away each of them 1500*l.* or 1600*l.* per annum, from the fund for the improvement of small livings; they give, to be sure, a considerable piece of patronage to the Bishops of London and Lincoln, who are commissioners, and they preserve a childish and pattern-like uniformity in cathedrals. But the first of these motives is corrupt, and the last silly; and, therefore, they cannot be your motives.

You cannot plead the recommendation of the commission for the creation of these new canons, for you have flung the commission overboard; and the reformers of the church are no longer archbishops and bishops, but Lord John Russell;—not those persons to whom the crown has entrusted the task, but Lord Martin Luther, bred and born in our own island, and nourished by the Woburn spoils and confiscations of the church. The church is not without friends, but those friends have said there can be no danger of measures which are sanctioned by the highest prelates of the church; but you have chased away the bearers, and taken the ark into your own possession. Do not forget, however, if you have deviated from the plan of your brother commissioners, that you have given to them a perfect right to oppose you.

This unfair and wasteful creation of new canons, produces a great and scandalous injustice to St. Paul's and Lincoln, in the distribution of their patronage. The old members of all other cathedrals will enjoy the benefit of survivorship, till they

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subside into the magic number of four; up to that point, then, every fresh death will add to the patronage of the remaining old members; but in the churches of Lincoln and St. Paul's, the old members will immediately have one-fifth of their patronage taken away by the creation of a fifth canon to share it. This injustice and partiality are so monstrous, that the two prelates in question will see that it is necessary to their own character to apply a remedy. Nothing is more easy than to do so. Let the bishop's canon have no share in the distribution of the patronage, till after the death of all those who were residentiaries at the passing of the bill.

Your dean and chapter bill will, I am afraid, cut down the great preferments of the church too much.

Take for your fund only the non-resident prebends, and leave the number of resident prebends as they are, annexing some of them to poor livings with large populations. I am sure this is all (besides the abolition of pluralities), which ought to be done, and all that would be done, if the commissioners were to begin *de novo* from this period, when bishops have recovered from their fright, dissenters shrunk into their just dimensions, and the foolish and exaggerated expectations from reform have vanished away. The great prizes of the church induce men to carry, and fathers and uncles to send into the church considerable capitals, and, in this way, enable the clergy to associate with gentlemen, and to command that respect which, in all countries, and above all in this, depends so much on appearances. Your bill, abolishing pluralities, and taking away, at the same time, so many dignities, leaves the Church of England so destitute of great prizes, that, as far as mere emolument has any influence, it will be better to dispense cheese and butter in small quantities to the public, than to enter into the church.

There are admirable men, whose honest and beautiful zeal carries them into the church without a moment's thought of its emoluments. Such a man, combining the manners of a gentleman with the acquirements of a scholar, and the zeal of an apostle, would overawe mercantile grossness, and extort respect from insolent opulence; but I am talking of average vicars, mixed natures, and eleven thousand parish priests. If you divide the great emoluments of the church into little portions, such as butlers and head game-keepers receive, you will very soon degrade materially the style and character of the

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English clergy. If I were dictator of the church, as Lord Durham is to be of Canada, I would preserve the resident, and abolish, for the purposes of a fund, the non-resident prebends. This is the principal and most important alteration in your dean and chapter bill, which it is not too late to make, and for which every temperate and rational man ought to strive.

You will, of course, consider me as a defender of abuses. I have all my life been just the contrary, and I remember, with pleasure, thirty years ago, old Lord Stowell saying to me, 'Mr. Smith, you would have been a much richer man if you had joined us.' I like, my dear lord, the road you are travelling, but I don't like the pace you are driving; too similar to that of the son of Nimshi. I always feel myself inclined to cry out, Gently, John, gently down hill. Put on the drag. We shall be over, if you go so quick—you'll do us a mischief.

Remember, as a philosopher, that the Church of England now is a very different institution from what it was twenty years ago. It then oppressed every sect; they are now all free —all exempt from the tyranny of an establishment; and the only real cause of complaint for dissenters is, that they can no longer find a grievance, and enjoy the distinction of being persecuted. I have always tried to reduce them to this state, and I do not pity them.

You have expressed your intention of going beyond the fifth report, and limiting deans to 2000*l.* per annum, canons to 1000*l.* This is, I presume, in conformity with the treatment of the bishops, who are limited to from 4500*l.*, to 5000*l.* per annum; and it wears a fine appearance of impartial justice; but for the dean and canon the sum is a maximum—in bishops it is a maximum and minimum too; a bishop cannot have less than 4500*l.*, a canon may have as little as the poverty of his church dooms him to, but he cannot have more than 1000*l.*; but there are many canonries of 500*l.*, or 600*l.*, or 700*l.* per annum, and a few only of 1000*l.*; many deaneries of from 1000*l.* to 1500*l.* per annum; and only a very few above 2000*l.* If you mean to make the world believe that you are legislating for men without votes, as benevolently as you did for those who have votes in Parliament, you should make up the allowance of every canon to 1000*l.*, and of every dean to 2000*l.* per annum, or leave them to the present lottery of blanks and prizes. Besides, too, do I not recollect some remarkable instances, in your bishops' act, of deviation from this rigid stand-

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ard of episcopal wealth? Are not the archbishops to have the enormous sums of 15,000*l.* and 12,000*l.* per annum? is not the Bishop of London to have 10,000*l.* per annum? Are not all these three prelates commissioners? And is not the reason alleged for the enormous income of the Bishop of London, that every thing is so expensive in the metropolis? Do not the deans of St. Paul's and Westminster, then, live in London also? And can the Bishop of London sit in his place in the House of Lords, and not urge for those dignitaries the same reasons which were so successful in securing such ample emoluments for his own see? My old friend, the Bishop of Durham, has 8000*l.* per annum secured to him. I am heartily glad of it; what possible reason can there be for giving him more than other bishops, and not giving to the Dean of Durham more than other deans? that is, of leaving to him one half of his present income. It is impossible this can be a claptrap for Joseph Hume, or a set-off against the disasters of Canada; you are too honest and elevated for this. I cannot comprehend what is meant by such gross partiality and injustice.

Why are the economists so eagerly in the field? The public do not contribute one halfpenny to the support of deans and chapters; it is not proposed by any one to confiscate the revenues of the church; the whole is a question of distribution, in what way the revenues of the church can be best administered for the public good. But whatever may be the respective shares of Peter or Paul, the public will never be richer or poorer by one shilling.

When your dean and chapter bill is printed, I shall take the liberty of addressing you again. The clergy naturally look with the greatest anxiety to these two bills; they think that you will avail yourself of this opportunity, to punish them for their opposition to your government in the last elections. They are afraid that your object is not so much to do good as to gratify your vanity, by obtaining the character of a great reformer, and that (now the bishops are provided for) you will varnish over your political mistakes by increased severity against the church, or, apparently struggling for their good, see with inexpressible delight the clergy delivered over to the tender mercies of the radicals. These are the terrors of the clergy. I judge you with a very different judgment. You are a religious man, not unfriendly to the church; and but for that most foolish and

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fatal error of the church rates (into which you were led by a man who knows no more of England than of Mesopotamia), I believe you would have gone on well with the church to the last. There is a genius in action, as well as diction; and because you see political evils clearly, and attack them bravely, and cure them wisely, you are a man of real genius, and are most deservedly looked up to as the leader of the whig party in this kingdom. I wish, I must confess, you were rather less afraid of Joseph and Daniel; but God has given you a fine understanding, and a fine character; and I have so much confidence in your spirit and honour, that I am sure you would rather abandon your bills altogether, than suffer the enemies of the church to convert them into an engine of spoil and oppression.

I am, &c.
SYDNEY SMITH.

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SERMON

ON THE

DUTIES OF THE QUEEN.

DANIEL, IV. 31.

'OH KING, THY KINGDOM IS DEPARTED FROM THEE.'

I DO not think I am getting out of the fair line of duty of a minister of the gospel, if, at the beginning of a new reign, I take a short review of the moral and religious state of the country; and point out what those topics are which deserve the most serious consideration of a wise and a Christian people.

The death of a king is always an awful lesson to mankind; and it produces a more solemn pause, and creates more profound reflection than the best lessons of the best teachers.

From the throne to the tomb—wealth, splendour, flattery, all gone! The look of favour—the voice of power, no more; —the deserted palace—the wretched monarch on his funeral bier—the mourners ready—the dismal march of death prepared. Who are we, and what are we? and for what has God made us? and why are we doomed to this frail and unquiet existence? Who does not feel all this? in whose heart does it not provoke appeal to and dependence on God? before whose eyes does it not bring the folly and the nothingness of all things human?

But a good king must not go to his grave without that reverence from the people which his virtues deserved. And I will state to you what those virtues were, state it to you honestly and fairly; for I should heartily despise myself, if from this chair of truth I would utter one word of panegyric of the great men of the earth, which I could not aver before the throne of God.

The late monarch, whose loss we have to deplore, was sin-

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cere and honest in his political relations; he put his trust really where he put his trust ostensibly—and did not attempt to undermine, by secret means, those to whom he trusted publicly the conduct of affairs; and I must beg to remind you that no vice and no virtue are indifferent in a monarch; human beings are very imitative; there is a fashion in the higher qualities of our minds, as there is in the lesser considerations of life. It is by no means indifferent to the morals of the people at large, whether a tricking perfidious king is placed on the throne of these realms, or whether the sceptre is swayed by one of plain and manly character, walking ever in a straight line, on the firm ground of truth, under the searching eye of God.

The late king was of a sweet and Christian disposition; he did not treasure up little animosities, and indulge in vindictive feelings; he had no enemies but the enemies of the country; he did not make the memory of a king a fountain of wrath; the feelings of the individual (where they required any control) were in perfect subjection to the just conception he had formed of his high duties; and every one near him found it was a government of principle, and not of temper; not of caprice, not of malice couching in high places, and watching an opportunity of springing on its victim.

Our late monarch had the good nature of Christianity; he loved the happiness of all the individuals about him, and never lost an opportunity of promoting it; and where the heart is good, and the mind active, and the means ample, this makes a luminous and beautiful life, which gladdens the nations, and leads them, and turns men to the exercise of virtue, and the great work of salvation.

We may honestly say of our late sovereign that he loved his country, and was sensibly alive to its glory and its happiness. When he entered into his palaces he did not say, 'All this is my birthright; I am entitled to it—it is my due—how can I gain more splendour? how can I increase all the pleasures of the senses?' but he looked upon it all as a memorial that he was to repay by example, by attention, and by watchfulness over the public interests, the affectionate and lavish expenditure of his subjects; and this was not a decision of reason, but a feeling, which hurried him away. Whenever it was pointed out to him that England could be made more rich, or more happy, or rise higher in the scale of nations, or be better guided in the straight path of the Christian faith, on all such occasions

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he rose above himself; there was a warmth, and a truth, and an honesty, which it was impossible to mistake; the gates of his heart were flung open, and that heart throbbed and beat for the land which his ancestors had rescued from slavery, and governed with justice:—but he is gone—and let fools praise conquerors, and say the great Napoleon pulled down this kingdom and destroyed that army, we will thank God for a king who has derived his quiet glory from the peace of his realm, and who has founded his own happiness upon the happiness of his people.

But the world passes on, and a new order of things arises. Let us take a short view of those duties which devolve upon the young queen, whom Providence has placed over us—what ideas she ought to form of her duties—and on what points she should endeavour to place the glories of her reign.

First and foremost, I think, the new queen should bend her mind to the very serious consideration of educating the people. Of the importance of this, I think no reasonable doubt can exist; it does not, in its effects, keep pace with the exaggerated expectations of its injudicious advocates, but it presents the best chance of national improvement.

Reading and writing are mere increase of power. They may be turned, I admit, to a good, or a bad purpose; but for several years of his life the child is in your hands, and you may give to that power what bias you please: thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not steal—thou shalt not bear false witness;—by how many fables, by how much poetry, by how many beautiful aids of imagination, may not the fine morality of the Sacred Scriptures be engraven on the minds of the young? I believe the arm of the assassin may be often stayed by the lessons of his early life. When I see the village school, and the tattered scholars, and the aged master or mistress teaching the mechanical art of reading or writing, and thinking that they are teaching that alone, I feel that the aged instructor is protecting life, insuring property, fencing the altar, guarding the throne, giving space and liberty to all the fine powers of man, and lifting him up to his own place in the order of creation.

There are, I am sorry to say, many countries in Europe, which have taken the lead of England in the great business of education, and it is a thoroughly commendable, and legitimate object of ambition in a sovereign to overtake them. The names, too, of malefactors, and the nature of their crimes are subjected

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to the sovereign;—how is it possible that a sovereign, with the fine feelings of youth, and with all the gentleness of her sex, should not ask herself, whether the human being whom she dooms to death, or at least does not rescue from death, has been properly warned in early youth of the horrors of that crime for which his life is forfeited?—'Did he ever receive any education at all?—did a father and mother watch over him? —was he brought to places of worship?—was the Word of God explained to him?—was the book of knowledge opened to him? —Or am I, the fountain of mercy, the nursing-mother of my people, to send a forsaken wretch from the streets to the scaffold, and to prevent, by unprincipled cruelty, the evils of unprincipled neglect?'

Many of the objections found against the general education of the people are utterly untenable; where all are educated, education cannot be a source of distinction, and a subject for pride. The great source of labour is want; and as long as the necessities of life call for labour—labour is sure to be supplied. All these fears are foolish and imaginary; the great use and the great importance of education properly conducted are, that it creates a great bias in favour of virtue and religion, at a period of life when the mind is open to all the impressions which superior wisdom may choose to affix upon it; the sum and mass of these tendencies and inclinations make a good and virtuous people, and draw down upon us the blessing and protection of Almighty God.

A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this royal lady is, a rooted horror of war—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace—all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war—every principle of Christian charity trampled upon—human labour destroyed—human industry extinguished;—you see the son and the husband and the brother dying miserably in distant lands—you see the waste of human affections—you see the breaking of human hearts—you hear the shrieks of widows and children after the battle—and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that royal

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child, worship God, by loving peace—it is not *your* humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment—*I* can do that; that is the charity of the humble, and the unknown—widen you your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind—pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families—pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling in their last breath upon their distant country and their young queen—pity the stupid, frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces, and to deluge the earth with each other's blood; this is your extended humanity—and this the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge you. Say upon your death-bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign—I have made few widows—my object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character, and all the power of my situation, to check the irascible passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry: this has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the Gospel of my sceptre; in this way I have strove to worship my Redeemer and my Judge.'

I would add (if any addition were wanted as a part of the lesson to youthful royalty), the utter folly of all wars of ambition, where the object sought for—if attained at all—is commonly attained at manifold its real value, and often wrested, after short enjoyment, from its possessor, by the combined indignation and just vengeance of the other nations of the world. It is all misery, and folly, and impiety, and cruelty. The atrocities, and horrors, and disgusts of war, have never been half enough insisted upon by the teachers of the people; but the worst of evils and the greatest of follies, have been varnished over with specious names, and the gigantic robbers and murderers of the world have been holden up, for their imitation, to the weak eyes of youth. May honest counsellors keep this poison from the mind of the young queen. May she love what God bids, and do what makes men happy!

I hope the queen will love the national church, and protect it; but it must be impressed upon her mind, that every sect of Christians have as perfect a right to the free exercise of their worship as the church itself—that there must be no invasion of the privileges of other sects, and no contemptuous disrespect

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of their feelings—that the altar is the very ark and citadel of freedom.

Some persons represent old age as miserable, because it brings with it the pains and infirmities of the body; but what gratification to the mind may not old age bring with it in this country of wise and rational improvement? I have lived to see the immense improvements of the Church of England; all its powers of persecution destroyed—its monopoly of civil offices expunged from the book of the law, and all its unjust and exclusive immunities levelled to the ground. The Church of England is now a rational object of love and admiration—it is perfectly compatible with civil freedom—it is an institution for worshipping God, and not a cover for gratifying secular insolence, and ministering to secular ambition. It will be the duty of those to whom the sacred trust of instructing our youthful queen is intrusted, to lead her attention to these great improvements in our religious establishments; and to show to her how possible, and how wise it is, to render the solid advantages of a national church compatible with the civil rights of those who cannot assent to its doctrines.

Then again, our youthful ruler must be very slow to believe all the exaggerated and violent abuse which religious sects indulge in against each other. She will find, for instance, that the Catholics, the great object of our horror and aversion, have (mistaken as they are) a great deal more to say in defence of their tenets than those imagine who indulge more in the luxury of invective than in the labour of inquiry—she will find in that sect, men as enlightened, talents as splendid, and probity as firm, as in our own church; and she will soon learn to appreciate, at its just value, that exaggerated hatred of sects which paints the Catholic faith (the religion of two-thirds of Europe) as utterly incompatible with the safety, peace and order of the world.

It will be a sad vexation to all loyal hearts and to all rationally pious minds, if our sovereign should fall into the common error of mistaking fanaticism for religion; and in this way fling an air of discredit upon real devotion. It is, I am afraid, unquestionably the fault of the age; her youth and her sex do not make it more improbable, and the warmest efforts of that description of persons will not be wanting to gain over a convert so illustrious, and so important. Should this take place, the consequences will be serious and distressing—the land will be

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inundated with hypocrisy—absurdity will be heaped upon absurdity—there will be a race of folly and extravagance for royal favour, and he who is farthest removed from reason will make the nearest approach to distinction; and then follow the usual consequences; a weariness and disgust of religion itself, and the foundation laid for an age of impiety and infidelity. Those, then, to whom these matters are delegated, will watch carefully over every sign of this excess, and guard from the mischievous intemperance of enthusiasm those feelings and that understanding, the healthy state of which bears so strongly and intimately upon the happiness of a whole people.

Though I deprecate the bad effects of fanaticism, I earnestly pray that our young sovereign may evince herself to be a person of deep religious feeling: what other cure has she for all the arrogance and vanity which her exalted position must engender? for all the flattery and falsehood with which she must be surrounded? for all the soul-corrupting homage with which she is met at every moment of her existence? what other cure than to cast herself down in darkness and solitude before God —to say that she is dust and ashes—and to call down the pity of the Almighty upon her difficult and dangerous life? This is the antidote of kings against the slavery and the baseness which surround them—they should think often of death—and the folly and nothingness of the world, and they should humble their souls before the Master of masters, and the King of kings; praying to Heaven for wisdom and calm reflection, and for that spirit of Christian gentleness which exalts command into an empire of justice, and turns obedience into a service of love.

A wise man struggling with adversity is said by some heathen writer to be a spectacle on which the gods might look down with pleasure—but where is there a finer moral and religious picture, or one more deserving of divine favour, than that of which, perhaps, we are now beginning to enjoy the blessed reality?

A young queen, at that period of life which is commonly given up to frivolous amusement, sees at once the great principles by which she should be guided, and steps at once into the great duties of her station. The importance of educating the lower orders of the people is never absent from her mind; she takes up this principle at the beginning of her life, and in all the change of servants, and in all the struggle of parties, looks to it as a source of permanent improvement. A great object of

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her affections is the preservation of peace; she regards a state of war as the greatest of all human evils, thinks that the lust of conquest is not a glory but a bad crime; despises the folly and miscalculations of war, and is willing to sacrifice every thing to peace, but the clear honour of her land.

The patriot queen, whom I am painting, reverences the national church—frequents its worship, and regulates her faith by its precepts; but she withstands the encroachments, and keeps down the ambition natural to establishments, and, by rendering the privileges of the church compatible with the civil freedom of all sects, confers strength upon, and adds duration to, that wise and magnificent institution. And then this youthful monarch, profoundly but wisely religious, disdaining hypocrisy, and far above the childish follies of false piety, casts herself upon God, and seeks from the Gospel of his blessed Son a path for her steps and a comfort for her soul. Here is a picture which warms every English heart, and would bring all this congregation upon their bended knees before Almighty God to pray it may be realized. What limits to the glory and happiness of our native land, if the Creator should in his mercy have placed in the heart of this royal woman the rudiments of wisdom and mercy; and if, giving them time to expand, and to bless our children's children with her goodness, He should grant to her a long sojourning upon earth, and leave her to reign over us till she is well stricken in years? What glory! what happiness! what joy! what bounty of God! I of course can only expect to see the beginning of such a splendid period; but when I do see it, I shall exclaim with the Psalmist,—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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THE LAWYER THAT TEMPTED CHRIST.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN

The Cathedral Church at St. Peter, York,

BEFORE

THE HON. SIR JOHN BAYLEY, KNT.,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

AND

THE HON. SIR JOHN HULLOCK, KNT.,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S BARONS OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER,

AUGUST 1, 1824.

LUKE X. 25.

'AND, BEHOLD, A CERTAIN LAWYER STOOD UP, AND TEMPTED HIM, SAYING, "MASTER, WHAT SHALL I DO TO INHERIT ETERNAL LIFE?"'

THIS lawyer, who is thus represented to have tempted our blessed Saviour, does not seem to have been very much in earnest in the question which he asked: his object does not appear to have been the acquisition of religious knowledge, but the display of human talent. He did not say to himself, I will now draw near to this august being; I will inform myself from the fountain of truth, and from the very lips of Christ; I will learn a lesson of salvation; but it occurred to him, that in such a gathering together of the Jews, in such a moment of public agitation, the opportunity of display was not to be neglected: full of that internal confidence which men of talents so ready, and so exercised, are sometimes apt to feel, he ap-

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proaches our Saviour with all the apparent modesty of interrogation, and, saluting him with the appellation of Master, prepares, with all professional acuteness, for his humiliation and defeat.

Talking humanly, and we must talk humanly, for our Saviour was then acting an human part, the experiment ended, as all must wish an experiment to end, where levity and bad faith are on one side, and piety, simplicity and goodness on the other: the objector was silenced, and one of the brightest lessons of the Gospel elicited, for the eternal improvement of mankind.

Still, though we wish the motive for the question had been better, we must not forget the question, and we must not forget who asked the question, and we must not forget who answered it, and what that answer was. The question was the wisest and best that ever came from the mouth of man; the man who asked it was the very person who ought to have asked it; a man overwhelmed, probably, with the intrigues, the bustle, and business of life, and, therefore, most likely to forget the interests of another world: the answerer was our blessed Saviour, through whose mediation, you, and I, and all of us, hope to live again, and the answer, remember, was plain and practical; not flowery, not metaphysical, not doctrinal; but it said to the man of the law, if you wish to live eternally, do your duty to God and man; live in this world as you ought to live; make yourself fit for eternity; and then, and then only, God will grant to you eternal life.

There are, probably, in this church, many persons of the profession of the law, who have often asked before, with better faith than their brother, and who do now ask this great question, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' I shall, therefore, direct to them some observations on the particular duties they owe to society, because I think it suitable to this particular season, because it is of much more importance to tell men how they are to be Christians in detail, than to exhort them to be Christians generally; because it is of the highest utility to avail ourselves of these occasions, to show to classes of mankind what those virtues are, which they have more frequent and valuable opportunities of practising, and what those faults and vices are to which they are more particularly exposed.

It falls to the lot of those who are engaged in the active and arduous profession of the law to pass their lives in great cities,

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amidst severe and incessant occupation, requiring all the faculties, and calling forth, from time to time, many of the strongest passions of our nature. In the midst of all this, rivals are to be watched, superiors are to be cultivated, connections cherished; some portion of life must be given to society, and some little to relaxation and amusement. When, then, is the question to be asked, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' what leisure for the altar, what time for God? I appeal to the experience of men engaged in this profession, whether religious feelings and religious practices are not, without any speculative disbelief, perpetually sacrificed to the business of the world. Are not the habits of devotion gradually displaced by other habits of solicitude, hurry, and care, totally incompatible with habits of devotion? Is not the taste for devotion lessened? Is not the time for devotion abridged? Are you not more and more conquered against your warnings and against your will, not, perhaps, without pain and compunction, by the mammon of life? and what is the cure for this great evil to which your profession exposes you? The cure is, to keep a sacred place in your heart, where Almighty God is enshrined, and where nothing human can enter; to say to the world, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;' to remember you are a lawyer, without forgetting you are a Christian; to wish for no more wealth than ought to be possessed by an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; to covet no more honour than is suitable to a child of God; boldly and bravely to set yourself limits, and to show to others you have limits, and that no professional eagerness and no professional activity shall ever induce you to infringe upon the rules and practices of religion: remember the text; put the great question really, which the tempter of Christ only pretended to put. In the midst of your highest success in the most perfect gratification of your vanity, in the most ample increase of your wealth, fall down at the feet of Jesus, and say, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'

The genuine and unaffected piety of a lawyer is, in one respect, of great advantage to the general interests of religion; inasmuch as to the highest member of that profession a great share of church patronage is entrusted, and to him we are accustomed to look up in the senate, for the defence of our venerable establishment; and great and momentous would be the loss to this nation, if any one, called to so high and honourable an office, were found deficient in this ancient, pious and useful

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zeal for the established church. In talking to men of your active lives and habits, it is not possible to anticipate the splendid and exalted stations for which any one of you may be destined. Fifty years ago, the person at the head of his profession, the greatest lawyer now in England, perhaps in the world, stood in this church, on such occasions as the present, as obscure, as unknown, and as much doubting of his future prospects, as the humblest individual of the profession here present. If Providence reserve such honours for any one who may now chance to hear me, let him remember that there is required at his hands a zeal for the established church, but a zeal tempered by discretion, compatible with Christian charity, and tolerant of Christian freedom. All human establishments are liable to err, and are capable of improvement: to act as if you denied this, to perpetuate any infringement upon the freedom of other sects, however vexatious that infringement, and however safe its removal, is not to defend an establishment, but to expose it to unmerited obloquy and reproach. Never think it necessary to be weak and childish in the highest concerns of life; the career of the law opens to you many great and glorious opportunities of promoting the Gospel of Christ, and of doing good to your fellow-creatures; there is no situation of that profession in which you can be more great and more glorious than when, in the fulness of years, and the fulness of honours, you are found defending that church which first taught you to distinguish between good and evil, and breathed into you the elements of religious life; but when you defend that church, defend it with enlarged wisdom, and with the spirit of magnanimity; praise its great excellencies; do not perpetuate its little defects; be its liberal defender, be its wise patron, be its real friend. If you can be great and bold in human affairs, do not think it necessary to be narrow and timid in spiritual concerns; bind yourself up with the real and important interests of the church, and hold yourself accountable to God for its safety; but yield up trifles to the altered state of the world. Fear no change which lessens the enemies of that establishment, fear no change which increases the activity of that establishment, fear no change which draws down upon it the more abundant prayers and blessings of the human race.

Justice is found, experimentally, to be most effectually promoted by the opposite efforts of practised and ingenious men, presenting to the selection of an impartial judge the best argu-

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ments for the establishment and explanation of truth. It becomes, then, under such an arrangement, the decided duty of an advocate to use all the arguments in his power to defend the cause he has adopted, and to leave the effects of those arguments to the judgment of others. However useful this practice may be for the promotion of public justice, it is not without danger to the individual whose practice it becomes. It is apt to produce a profligate indifference to truth in higher occasions of life, where truth cannot, for a moment, be trifled with, much less callously trampled on, much less suddenly and totally yielded up to the basest of human motives. It is astonishing what unworthy and inadequate notions men are apt to form of the Christian faith. Christianity does not insist upon duties to an individual, and forget the duties which are owing to the great mass of individuals, which we call our country; it does not teach you how to benefit your neighbour, and leave you to inflict the most serious injuries upon all whose interest is bound up with you in the same land: I need not say to this congregation that there is a wrong and a right in public affairs, as there is a wrong and a right in private affairs. I need not prove that in any vote, in any line of conduct which affects the public interest, every Christian is bound, most solemnly and most religiously, to follow the dictates of his conscience. Let it be for, let it be against, let it please, let it displease, no matter with whom it sides, or what it thwarts, it is a solemn duty, on such occasions, to act from the pure dictates of conscience, and to be as faithful to the interests of the great mass of your fellow-creatures, as you would be to the interests of any individual of that mass. Why, then, if there is any truth in these observations, can that man be pure and innocent before God, can he be quite harmless and respectable before men, who, in mature age, at a moment's notice, sacrifices to wealth and power all the fixed and firm opinions of his life; who puts his moral principles to sale, and barters his dignity and his soul for the baubles of the world? If these temptations come across you, then remember the memorable words of the text, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' not this—don't do this; it is no title to eternity to suffer deserved shame among men; endure any thing rather than the loss of character, cling to character as your best possession, do not envy men who pass you in life, only because they are under less moral and religious restraint than yourself. Your object is not fame, but honourable fame;

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your object is not wealth, but wealth worthily obtained; your object is not power, but power gained fairly and exercised virtuously. Long-suffering is a great and important lesson in human life; in no part of human life is it more necessary than in your arduous profession. The greatest men it has produced have been at some period of their professional lives ready to faint at the long and apparently fruitless journey; and if you look at those lives, you will find they have been supported by a confidence (under God) in the general effects of character and industry. They have withstood the allurement of pleasure, which is the first and most common cause of failure; they have disdained the little arts and meannesses which carry base men a certain way, and no further; they have sternly rejected, also, the sudden means of growing basely rich and dishonourably great, with which every man is at one time or another sure to be assailed; and then they have broken out into light and glory at the last, exhibiting to mankind the splendid spectacle of great talents long exercised by difficulties, and high principles never tainted with guilt.

After all, remember that your profession is a lottery, in which you may lose as well as win; and you must take it as a lottery, in which, after every effort of your own, it is impossible to command success; for this you are not accountable, but you are accountable for your purity; you are accountable for the preservation of your character. It is not in every man's power to say, I will be a great and successful lawyer, but it is in every man's power to say, that he will (with God's assistance) be a good Christian, and an honest man. Whatever is moral and religious is in your own power. If fortune deserts you, do not desert yourself; do not undervalue inward consolation; connect God with your labour; remember you are Christ's servant; be seeking always for the inheritance of immortal life.

I must urge you by another motive, and bind you by another obligation, against the sacrifice of public principle. A proud man, when he has obtained the reward, and accepted the wages of baseness, enters into a severe account with himself, and feels clearly that he has suffered degradation; he may hide it by increased zeal and violence, or varnish it over by simulated gaiety; he may silence the world, but he cannot always silence himself. If this is only a beginning, and you mean, henceforward, to trample all principle under foot, that is another thing; but a man of fine parts and nice feelings is trying a

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very dangerous experiment with his happiness, who means to preserve his general character, and indulge in one act of baseness. Such a man is not made to endure scorn and self-reproach; it is far from being certain that he will be satisfied with that unscriptural bargain in which he has gained the honours of the world, and lost the purity of his soul.

It is impossible in the profession of the law but that many opportunities must occur for the exertion of charity and benevolence. I do not mean the charity of money, but the charity of time, labour and attention; the protection of those whose resources are feeble, and the information of those whose knowledge is small. In the hands of bad men, the law is sometimes an artifice to mislead, and sometimes an engine to oppress. In your hands it may be, from time to time, a buckler to shield, and a sanctuary to save; you may lift up oppressed humility, listen patiently to the injuries of the wretched, vindicate their just claims, maintain their fair rights, and show, that in the hurry of business and the struggles of ambition, you have not forgotten the duties of a Christian, and the feelings of a man. It is in your power, above all other Christians, to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, and to fulfil, with greater acuteness and more perfect effect than other men can pretend to, the love, the lessons and the law of Christ.

I should caution the younger part of this profession (who are commonly selected for it on account of their superior talents,) to cultivate a little more diffidence of their own powers, and a little less contempt for received opinions, than is commonly exhibited at the beginning of their career; mistrust of this nature teaches moderation in the formation of opinions, and prevents the painful necessity of inconsistency and recantation in future life. It is not possible that the ablest young men, at the beginning of their intellectual existence, can anticipate all those reasons, and dive into all those motives, which induce mankind to act as they do act, and make the world such as we find it to be; and though there is, doubtless, much to alter, and much to improve in human affairs, yet you will find mankind not quite so wrong as, in the first ardour of youth, you supposed them to be; and you will find, as you advance in life, many new lights to open upon you, which nothing but advancing in life could ever enable you to observe. I say this, not to check originality and vigour of mind, which are the best

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chattels and possessions of the world, but to check that eagerness which arrives at conclusions without sufficient premises; to prevent that violence which is not uncommonly atoned for in after-life by the sacrifice of all principle and all opinions; to lessen that contempt which prevents a young man from improving his own understanding, by making a proper and prudent use of the understandings of his fellow-creatures.

There is another unchristian fault which must be guarded against in the profession of the law, and that is, misanthropy, an exaggerated opinion of the faults and follies of mankind. It is naturally the worst part of mankind who are seen in courts of justice, and with whom the professors of the law are most conversant. The perpetual recurrence of crime and guilt insensibly connects itself with the recollections of the human race: mankind are always painted in the attitude of suffering and inflicting. It seems as if men were bound together by the relations of fraud and crime; but laws are not made for the quiet, the good and the just; you see and know little of them in your profession, and, therefore, you forget them; you see the oppressor, and you let loose your eloquence against him; but you do not see the man of silent charity, who is always seeking out objects of compassion: the faithful guardian does not come into a court of justice, nor the good wife, nor the just servant, nor the dutiful son; you punish the robbers who ill treated the wayfaring man, but you know nothing of the good Samaritan who bound up his wounds. The lawyer who tempted his Master, had heard, perhaps, of the sins of the woman at the feast, without knowing that she had poured her store of precious ointment on the feet of Jesus.

Upon those who are engaged in studying the laws of their country, devolves the honourable and Christian task of defending the accused; a sacred duty never to be yielded up, never to be influenced by any vehemence, nor intensity of public opinion. In these times of profound peace, and unexampled prosperity, there is little danger in executing this duty, and little temptation to violate it; but human affairs change like the clouds of heaven; another year may find us, or may leave us, in all the perils and bitterness of internal dissension, and upon one of you may devolve the defence of some accused person, the object of men's hopes and fears, the single point on which the eyes of a whole people are bent. These are the occasions which try a man's inward heart, and separate the dross of

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human nature from the gold of human nature. On these occasions, never mind being mixed up for a moment with the criminal and the crime; fling yourself back upon great principles, fling yourself back upon God; yield not one atom to violence, suffer not the slightest encroachments of injustice, retire not one step before the frowns of power, tremble not, for a single instant, at the dread of misrepresentation. The great interests of mankind are placed in your hands: it is not so much the individual you are defending; it is not so much a matter of consequence whether this or that is proved to be a crime, but on such occasions, you are often called upon to defend the occupation of a defender, to take care that the sacred rights belonging to that character are not destroyed, that that best privilege of your profession, which so much secures our regard, and so much redounds to your credit, is never soothed by flattery, never corrupted by favour, never chilled by fear. You may practise this wickedness secretly, as you may any other wickedness; you may suppress a topic of defence, or soften an attack upon opponents, or weaken your own argument, and sacrifice the man who has put his trust in you, rather than provoke the powerful by the triumphant establishment of unwelcome innocence; but if you do this, you are a guilty man before God. It is better to keep within the pale of honour, it is better to be pure in Christ, and to feel that you are pure in Christ; and if the praises of mankind are sweet, if it is ever allowable to a Christian to breathe the incense of popular favour, and to say it is grateful, and good, it is when the honest, temperate, unyielding advocate, who has protected innocence from the grasp of power, is followed from the hall of judgment by the prayers and blessings of a grateful people.

These are the Christian excellencies which the members of the profession of the law have, above all, an opportunity of cultivating; this is your tribute to the happiness of your fellow-creatures, and these your preparations for eternal life. Do not lose God in the fervour and business of the world; remember that the churches of Christ are more solemn and more sacred than your tribunals; bend not before the judges of the king, and forget the Judge of judges; search not other men's hearts without heeding that your own hearts will be searched; be innocent in the midst of subtilty; do not carry the lawful arts of your profession beyond your profession; but when the robe of the advocate is laid aside, so live that no man shall dare to suppose

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your opinions venal, or that your talents and energy may be bought for a price; do not heap scorn and contempt upon your declining years, by precipitate ardour for success in your profession; but set out with a firm determination to be unknown, rather than ill known; and to rise honestly if you rise at all. Let the world see that you have risen, because the natural probity of your heart leads you to truth; because the precision and extent of your legal knowledge enable you to find the right way of doing the right thing; because a thorough knowledge of legal art and legal form, is, in your hands, not an instrument of chicanery, but the plainest, easiest and shortest way to the end of strife. Impress upon yourselves the importance of your profession; consider that some of the greatest and most important interests of the world are committed to your care; that you are our protectors against the encroachments of power; that you are the preservers of freedom, the defenders of weakness, the unravellers of cunning, the investigators of artifice, the humblers of pride and the scourgers of oppression; when you are silent, the sword leaps from its scabbard, and nations are given up to the madness of eternal strife. In all the civil difficulties of life, men depend upon your exercised faculties, and your spotless integrity; and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean, and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning, the rights of mankind will be well arranged; as long as it retains its character for virtuous boldness, those rights will be well defended; as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible on other occasions not connected with your professions, those talents will never be used to the public injury which were intended and nurtured for the public good. I hope you will weigh these observations, and apply them to the business of the ensuing week, and beyond that, in the common occupations of your professions; always bearing in your minds the emphatic words of the text, and often in the hurry of your busy, active lives, honestly, humbly, heartily exclaiming to the Son of God, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'

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THE JUDGE THAT SMITES CONTRARY TO THE LAW.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN

The Cathedral Church of Saint Peter, York,

BEFORE

THE HON. SIR JOHN BAYLEY, KNT.,

AND

THE HON. SIR GEORGE SOWLEY HOLROYD, KNT.,

JUSTICES OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

MARCH 28, 1824.

ACTS XXIII. 3.

'SITTEST THOU HERE TO JUDGE ME AFTER THE LAW, AND COMMANDEST THOU ME TO BE SMITTEN, CONTRARY TO THE LAW?'

WITH these bold words St. Paul repressed the unjust violence of that ruler who would have silenced his arguments and extinguished his zeal for the Christian faith. Knowing well the misfortunes which awaited him, prepared for deep and various calamity, not ignorant of the violence of the Jewish multitude, not unused to suffer, not unwilling to die, he had not prepared himself for the monstrous spectacle of perverted justice; but loosing that spirit to whose fire and firmness we owe the very existence of the Christian faith, he burst into that bold rebuke which brought back the extravagance of power under the control of law, and branded it with the feelings of shame: 'Sittest thou here to judge me after the law, and commandest thou me to be smitten, contrary to the law?'

I would observe that, in the Gospels, and the various parts

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of the New Testament, the words of our Saviour and of St. Paul, when they contain any opinion, are always to be looked upon as lessons of wisdom to us, however incidentally they may have been delivered, and however shortly they may have been expressed. As their words were to be recorded by inspired writers, and to go down to future ages, nothing can have been said without reflection and design. Nothing is to be lost, every thing is to be studied: a great moral lesson is often conveyed in a few words. Read slowly, think deeply, let every word enter into your soul, for it was intended for your soul.

I take these words of St. Paul as a condemnation of that man who smites contrary to the law; as a praise of that man who judges according to the law; as a religious theme upon the importance of human justice to the happiness of mankind; and, if it be that theme, it is appropriate to this place, and to the solemn public duties of the past and the ensuing week, over which some here present will preside, at which many here present will assist, and which almost all here present will witness.

I will discuss, then, the importance of judging, according to the law, or, in other words, of the due administration of justice upon the character and happiness of nations. And in so doing, I will begin with stating a few of those circumstances which may mislead even good and conscientious men, and subject them to the unchristian sin of smiting contrary to the law. I will state how that justice is purified and perfected by which the happiness and character of nations are affected to a good purpose.

I do this with less fear of being misunderstood, because I am speaking before two great magistrates, who have lived much among us; and whom—because they have lived much among us—we have all learned to respect and regard, and to whom no man fears to consider himself as accountable, because all men see that they, in the administration of their high office, consider themselves as deeply and daily accountable to God.

And let no man say, 'Why teach such things? do you think they must not have occurred to those to whom they are a concern?' I answer to this, that no man preaches novelties and discoveries; the object of preaching is, constantly to remind mankind of what mankind are constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions, to recall mankind from the by-

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paths where they turn, into that broad path of salvation which all know, but few tread. These plain lessons the humblest ministers of the Gospel may teach, if they are honest, and the most powerful Christians will ponder, if they are wise. No man, whether he bear the sword of the law, or whether he bear that sceptre which the sword of the law cannot reach, can answer for his own heart to-morrow, and can say to the teacher,—'Thou warnest me, thou teachest me, in vain.'

A Christian judge, in a free land, should, with the most scrupulous exactness, guard himself from the influence of those party feelings, upon which, perhaps, the preservation of political liberty depends, but by which the better reason of individuals is often blinded and the tranquillity of the public disturbed. I am not talking of the ostentatious display of such feelings; I am hardly talking of any gratification of which the individual himself is conscious, but I am raising up a wise and useful jealousy of the encroachment of those feelings, which, when they do encroach, lessen the value of the most valuable, and lower the importance of the most important men in the country. I admit it to be extremely difficult to live amidst the agitations, contests and discussions of a free people, and to remain in that state of cool, passionless Christian candour which society expect from their great magistrates; but it is the pledge that magistrate has given, it is the life he has taken up, it is the class of qualities which he has promised us, and for which he has rendered himself responsible; it is the same fault in him which want of courage would be in some men, and want of moral regularity in others. It runs counter to those very purposes, and sins against those utilities for which the very office was created; without these qualities, he who ought to be cool, is heated; he who ought to be neutral, is partial; the ermine of justice is spotted; the balance of justice is unpoised; the fillet of justice is torn off; and he who sits to judge after the law, smites contrary to the law.

And if the preservation of calmness amidst the strong feelings by which a judge is surrounded be difficult, is it not also honourable? and would it be honourable if it were not difficult? Why do men quit their homes, and give up their common occupations, and repair to the tribunal of justice? Why this bustle and business, why this decoration and display, and why are we all eager to pay our homage to the dispensers of justice? Because we all feel that there must be, somewhere

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or other, a check to human passions; because we all know the immense value and importance of men in whose placid equity and mediating wisdom, we can trust in the worst of times; because we cannot cherish too strongly and express too plainly that reverence we feel for men who can rise up in the ship of the state, and rebuke the storms of the mind, and bid its angry passions be still.

A Christian judge in a free land, should not only keep his mind clear from the violence of party feelings, but he should be very careful to preserve his independence, by seeking no promotion, and asking no favours from those who govern; or at least, to be (which is an experiment not without danger to his salvation) so thoroughly confident of his motives and his conduct, that he is certain the hope of favour to come, or gratitude for favour past, will never cause him to swerve from the strict line of duty. It is often the lot of a judge to be placed, not only between the accuser and the accused, not only between the complainant and him against whom it is complained, but between the governors and the governed, between the people and those whose lawful commands the people are bound to obey. In these sort of contests it unfortunately happens that the rulers are sometimes as angry as the ruled; the whole eyes of a nation are fixed upon one man, and upon his character and conduct the stability and happiness of the times seem to depend. The best and firmest magistrates cannot tell how they may act under such circumstances, but every man may prepare himself for acting well under such circumstances, by cherishing that quiet feeling of independence, which removes one temptation to act ill. Every man may avoid putting himself in a situation where his hopes of advantage are on one side, and his sense of duty on the other; such a temptation may be withstood, but it is better it should not be encountered. Far better that feeling which says, 'I have vowed a vow before God; I have put on the robe of justice; farewell avarice, farewell ambition; pass me who will, slight me who will, I live henceforward only for the great duties of life; my business is on earth, my hope and my reward are in God.'

He who takes the office of a judge, as it now exists in this country, takes in his hands a splendid gem, good and glorious, perfect and pure. Shall he give it up mutilated, shall he mar it, shall he darken it, shall it emit no light, shall it be valued at no price, shall it excite no wonder? Shall he find it a dia-

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mond, shall he leave it a stone? What shall we say to the man who would wilfully destroy with fire the magnificent temple of God, in which I am now preaching? Far worse is he who ruins the moral edifices of the world, which time and toil, and many prayers to God, and many sufferings of men, have reared; who puts out the light of the times in which he lives, and leaves us to wander amid the darkness of corruption and the desolation of sin. There may be, there probably is, in this church, some young man who may hereafter fill the office of an English judge, when the greater part of those who hear me are dead, and mingled with the dust of the grave. Let him remember my words, and let them form and fashion his spirit; he cannot tell in what dangerous and awful times he may be placed; but as a mariner looks to his compass in the calm, and looks to his compass in the storm, and never keeps his eyes off his compass, so, in every vicissitude of a judicial life, deciding for the people, deciding against the people, protecting the just rights of kings, or restraining their unlawful ambition, let him ever cling to that pure, exalted and Christian independence which towers over the little motives of life; which no hope of favour can influence, which no effort of power can control.

A Christian judge in a free country should respect, on every occasion, those popular institutions of justice which were intended for his control, and for our security; to see humble men collected accidentally from the neighbourhood, treated with tenderness and courtesy by supreme magistrates of deep learning and practised understanding, from whose views they are, perhaps, at that moment differing, and whose directions they do not choose to follow; to see at such times every disposition to warmth restrained, and every tendency to contemptuous feeling kept back; to witness this submission of the great and wise, not when it is extorted by necessity, but when it is practised with willingness and grace, is a spectacle which is very grateful to Englishmen, which no other country sees, which, above all things, shows that a judge has a pure, gentle, and Christian heart, and that he never wishes to smite contrary to the law.

May I add the great importance in a judge of courtesy to all men, and that he should, on all occasions, abstain from unnecessary bitterness and asperity of speech. A judge always speaks with impunity, and always speaks with effect. His words should be weighed, because they entail no evil upon himself, and much evil upon others. The language of passion,

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the language of sarcasm, the language of satire, is not, on such occasions, Christian language; it is not the language of a judge. There is a propriety of rebuke and condemnation, the justice of which is felt even by him who suffers under it; but when magistrates, under the mask of law, aim at the offender more than the offence, and are more studious of inflicting pain than repressing error or crime, the office suffers as much as the judge; the respect for justice is lessened; and the school of pure reason becomes the hated theatre of mischievous passion.

A Christian judge who means to be just, must not fear to smite according to the law; he must remember that he beareth not the sword in vain. Under his protection we live, under his protection we acquire, under his protection we enjoy. Without him, no man would defend his character, no man would preserve his substance; proper pride, just gains, valuable exertions, all depend upon his firm wisdom. If he shrink from the severe duties of his office, he saps the foundation of social life, betrays the highest interests of the world, and sits not to judge according to the law.

The topics of mercy are the smallness of the offence—the infrequency of the offence. The temptations to the culprit, the moral weakness of the culprit, the severity of the law, the error of the law, the different state of society, the altered state of feeling, and, above all, the distressing doubt whether a human being in the lowest abyss of poverty and ignorance, has not done injustice to himself, and is not perishing away from the want of knowledge, the want of fortune, and the want of friends. All magistrates feel these things in the early exercise of their judicial power, but the Christian judge always feels them, is always tender when he is going to shed human blood; retires from the business of men, communes with his own heart, ponders on the work of death, and prays to that Saviour who redeemed him, that he may not shed the blood of man in vain.

These, then, are those faults which expose a man to the danger of smiting contrary to the law; a judge must be clear from the spirit of party, independent of all favour, well inclined to the popular institutions of his country; firm in applying the rule, merciful in making the exception; patient, guarded in his speech, gentle and courteous to all. Add his learning, his labour, his experience, his probity, his practised and acute faculties, and this man is the light of the world, who adorns human life, and gives security to that life which he adorns.

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Now see the consequence of that state of justice which this character implies, and the explanation of all that deserved honour we confer on the preservation of such a character, and all the wise jealousy we feel at the slightest injury or deterioration it may experience.

The most obvious and important use of this perfect justice is, that it makes nations safe: under common circumstances, the institutions of justice seem to have little or no bearing upon the safety and security of a country, but in periods of real danger, when a nation, surrounded by foreign enemies, contends not for the boundaries of empire, but for the very being and existence of empire, then it is that the advantages of just institutions are discovered. Every man feels that he has a country, that he has something worth preserving, and worth contending for. Instances are remembered where the weak prevailed over the strong; one man recalls to mind when a just and upright judge protected him from unlawful violence, gave him back his vineyard, rebuked his oppressor, restored him to his rights, published, condemned, and rectified the wrong. This is what is called country. Equal rights to unequal possessions, equal justice to the rich and poor; this is what men come out to fight for, and to defend. Such a country has no legal injuries to remember, no legal murders to revenge, no legal robbery to redress; it is strong in its justice; it is then that the use and object of all this assemblage of gentlemen and arrangement of juries, and the deserved veneration in which we hold the character of English judges, are understood in all their bearings, and in their fullest effects: men die for such things—they cannot be subdued by foreign force where such just practices prevail. The sword of ambition is shivered to pieces against such a bulwark. Nations fall where judges are unjust, because there is nothing which the multitude think worth defending; but nations do not fall which are treated as we are treated, but they rise as we have risen, and they shine as we have shone, and die as we have died, too much used to justice, and too much used to freedom, to care for that life which is not just and free. I call you all to witness if there is any exaggerated picture in this; the sword is just sheathed, the flag is just furled, the last sound of the trumpet has just died away. You all remember what a spectacle this country exhibited: one heart, one voice—one weapon, one purpose. And why? Because this country is a country of the law; because the judge

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is a judge for the peasant as well as for the palace; because every man's happiness is guarded by fixed rules from tyranny and caprice. This town, this week, the business of the few next days, would explain to any enlightened European why other nations *did* fall in the storms of the world, and why we did *not* fall. The Christian patience you may witness, the impartiality of the judgment-seat, the disrespect of persons, the disregard of consequences. These attributes of justice do not end with arranging your conflicting rights, and mine; they give strength to the English people, duration to the English name; they turn the animal courage of this people into moral and religious courage, and present to the lowest of mankind plain reasons and strong motives why they should resist aggression from without, and bend themselves a living rampart round the land of their birth.

There is another reason why every wise man is so scrupulously jealous of the character of English justice. It puts an end to civil dissension. What other countries obtain by bloody wars, is here obtained by the decisions of our own tribunals; unchristian passions are laid to rest by these tribunals; brothers are brothers again; the Gospel resumes its empire, and because all confide in the presiding magistrate, and because a few plain men are allowed to decide upon their own conscientious impression of facts, civil discord, years of convulsion, endless crimes are spared; the storm is laid, and those who came in clamouring for revenge, go back together in peace from the hall of judgment to the loom and the plough, to the senate and the church.

The whole tone and tenour of public morals are affected by the state of supreme justice; it extinguishes revenge, it communicates a spirit of purity and uprightness to inferior magistrates; it makes the great good, by taking away impunity; it banishes fraud, obliquity, and solicitation, and teaches men that the law is their right. Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion; safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train: it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel; it is the greatest attribute of God; it is that centre round which human motives and passions turn: and justice, sitting on high, sees genius and power, and wealth and birth, revolving round her throne; and teaches their paths, and marks out their orbits, and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong arm, and carries order and discipline into a world, which, but for her,

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would only be a wild waste of passions. Look what we are, and what just laws have done for us:—a land of piety and charity; — a land of churches and hospitals and altars; — a nation of good Samaritans;—a people of universal compassion. All lands, all seas, have heard we are brave. We have just sheathed that sword which defended the world; we have just laid down that buckler which covered the nations of the earth. God blesses the soil with fertility; English looms labour for every climate. All the waters of the globe are covered with English ships. We are softened by fine arts, civilized by humane literature, instructed by deep science; and every people, as they break their feudal chains, look to the founders and fathers of freedom for examples which may animate, and rules which may guide. If ever a nation was happy—if ever a nation was visibly blessed by God—if ever a nation was honoured abroad, and left at home under a government (which we can now conscientiously call a liberal government) to the full career of talent, industry, and vigour, we are at this moment that people—and this is our happy lot.—First, the Gospel has done it, and then justice has done it; and he who thinks it his duty to labour that this happy condition of existence may remain, must guard the piety of these times, and he must watch over the spirit of justice which exists in these times. First, he must take care that the altars of God are not polluted, that the Christian faith is retained in purity and in perfection; and then turning to human affairs, let him strive for spotless, incorruptible justice;—praising, honouring, and loving the just judge, and abhorring, as the worst enemy of mankind, him who is placed there to "judge after the law, and who smites contrary to the law."

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A LETTER TO THE ELECTORS,

UPON

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WHY is not a Catholic to be believed on his oath?

What says the law of the land to this extravagant piece of injustice? It is no challenge against a juryman to say he is a Catholic; he sits in judgment upon your life and your property. Did any man ever hear it said that such or such a person was put to death, or that he lost his property, because a Catholic was among the jurymen? Is the question ever put? Does it ever enter into the mind of the attorney or the counsellor to inquire of the faith of the jury? If a man sell a horse, or a house, or a field, does he ask if the purchaser is a Catholic? Appeal to your own experience, and try by that fairest of all tests, the justice of this enormous charge.

We are in treaty with many of the powers of Europe, because we believe in the good faith of Catholics. Two-thirds of Europe are, in fact, Catholics; are they all perjured? For the first fourteen centuries all the Christian world were Catholics; did they live in a constant state of perjury? I am sure these objections against the Catholics are often made by very serious and honest men, but I much doubt if Voltaire has advanced any thing against the Christian religion so horrible, as to say that two-thirds of those who profess it are unfit for all the purposes of civil life; for who is fit to live in society who does not respect oaths? But if this imputation be true, what folly to agitate such questions as the civil emancipation of the Catholics. If they are always ready to support falsehood by an appeal to God, why are they suffered to breathe the air of England, or to drink of the waters of England? Why are they

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not driven into the howling wilderness? But now they possess, and bequeath, and witness, and decide civil rights; and save life as physicians, and defend property as lawyers, and judge property as jurymen; and you pass laws, enabling them to command all your fleets and armies,* and then you turn round upon the very man whom you have made the master of the European seas, and the arbiter of nations, and tell him he is not to be believed on his oath.

I have lived a little in the world, but I never happened to hear a single Catholic even suspected of getting into office by violating his oath; the oath which they are accused of violating is an insuperable barrier to them all. Is there a more disgraceful spectacle in the world than that of the Duke of Norfolk hovering round the House of Lords in the execution of his office, which he cannot enter as a peer of the realm? disgraceful to the bigotry and injustice of his country, to his own sense of duty, honourable in the extreme; he is the leader of a band of ancient and high-principled gentlemen, who submit patiently to obscurity and privation, rather than do violence to their conscience. In all the fury of party, I never heard the name of a single Catholic mentioned, who was suspected of having gained, or aimed at, any political advantage, by violating his oath. I have never heard so bitter a slander supported by the slightest proof. Every man in the circle of his acquaintance has met with Catholics, and lived with them probably as companions. If this immoral lubricity were their characteristic, it would surely be perceived in common life. Every man's experience would corroborate the imputation; but I can honestly say that some of the best and most excellent men I have ever met with have been Catholics; perfectly alive to the evil and inconvenience of their situation, but thinking themselves bound by the law of God and the law of honour, not to avoid persecution by falsehood and apostasy. But why (as has been asked ten thousand times before) do you lay such a stress upon these oaths of exclusion, if the Catholics do not respect oaths? You compel me, a Catholic, to make a declaration against transubstantiation, for what purpose but to keep me out of Parliament? Why, then, I respect oaths and declarations, or else I should perjure myself, and get into Parliament; and if I do not respect

* There is no law to prevent a Catholic from having the command of a British fleet or a British army.

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oaths, of what use is it to enact them in order to keep me out? A farmer has some sheep, which he chooses to keep from a certain field, and to effect this object, he builds a wall: there are two objections to his proceeding; the first is, that it is for the good of the farm that the sheep should come into the field; and so the wall is not only useless, but pernicious. The second is, that he himself thoroughly believes at the time of building the wall, that all the sheep are in the constant habit of leaping over such walls. His first intention with respect to the sheep is absurd, his means more absurd, and his error is perfect in all its parts. He tries to do that which, if he succeeds, will be very foolish, and tries to do it by means which he himself, at the time of using them, admits to be inadequate to the purpose; but I hope this objection to the oaths of Catholics is disappearing; I believe neither Lord Liverpool nor Mr. Peel, (a very candid and honourable man), nor the archbishops (who are both gentlemen), nor Lord Eldon, nor Lord Stowell (whose Protestantism nobody calls in question), would make such a charge. It is confined to provincial violence, and to the politicians of the second table. I remember hearing the Catholics from the hustings of an election accused of disregarding oaths, and within an hour from that time, I saw five Catholic voters rejected, because they would not take the oath of supremacy; and these were not men of rank who tendered themselves, but ordinary tradesmen. The accusation was received with loud huzzas; the poor Catholics retired unobserved and in silence. No one praised the conscientious feelings of the constituents; no one rebuked the calumny of the candidate. This is precisely the way in which the Catholics are treated; the very same man who encourages among his partisans the doctrine that Catholics are not to be believed upon their oaths, directs his agents upon the hustings, to be very watchful that all Catholics should be prevented from voting, by tendering to them the oath of supremacy, which he is certain not one of them will take. If this is not calumny and injustice, I know not what human conduct can deserve the name.

If you believe the oath of a Catholic, see what he will swear, and what he will not swear; read the oaths he already takes, and say whether, in common candour or in common sense, you can require more security than he offers you. Before the year 1793, the Catholic was subject to many more vexatious laws than he now is; in that year an act passed in his favour, but

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before the Catholic could exempt himself from his ancient pains and penalties, it was necessary to take an oath. This oath was, I believe, drawn up by Dr. Duigenan, the bitter and implacable enemy of the sect; and it is so important an oath, so little known and read in England, that I cannot, in spite of my wish to be brief, abstain from quoting it. I deny your right to call no Popery, till you are master of its contents.

"I do swear, that I do abjure, condemn, and detest, as unchristian and impious, the principle, that it is lawful to murder, destroy, or any ways injure, any person whatsoever, for or under the pretext of being a heretic; and I do declare solemnly, before God, that I believe no act, in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can ever be justified or excused by or under pretence or colour, that it was done either for the good of the church, or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power whatsoever. I also declare that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither am I thereby required to believe or profess, that the pope is infallible; or that I am bound to obey any order, in its own nature immoral, though the pope, or any ecclesiastical power, should issue or direct such order; but, on the contrary, I hold that it would be sinful in me to pay any respect or obedience thereto. I further declare, that I do not believe that any sin whatsoever committed by me, can be forgiven at the mere will of any pope or any priest, or of any persons whatsoever; but that sincere sorrow for past sins, a firm and sincere resolution to avoid future guilt, and to atone to God, are previous and indispensable requisites to establish a well-founded expectation of forgiveness; and that any person who receives absolution, without these previous requisites, so far from obtaining thereby any remission of his sins, incurs the additional guilt of violating a sacrament; and I do swear, that I will defend, to the utmost of my power, the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, as established by the laws now in being.—I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic establishment in its stead; and I do solemnly swear, that I will not exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb and weaken the Protestant religion, and Protestant government in this kingdom. So help me God."

This oath is taken by every Catholic in Ireland, and a simi-

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lar oath, allowing for the difference of circumstances of the two countries, is taken in England.

It appears from the evidence taken before the two houses, and lately printed, that if Catholic emancipation were carried, there would be little or no difficulty in obtaining from the pope an agreement, that the nomination of the Irish Catholic bishops should be made at home constitutionally by the Catholics, as it is now in fact,* and in practice, and that the Irish prelates would go a great way, in arranging a system of general education, if the spirit of proselytism, which now renders such a union impossible, were laid aside. This great measure carried, the Irish Catholics would give up all their endowments abroad, if they receive for them an equivalent at home; for now Irish priests are fast resorting to the continent for education, allured by the endowments which the French government are cunningly restoring and augmenting. The intercourse with the see of Rome might and would, after Catholic emancipation, be so managed, that it should be open, upon grave occasions, or, if thought proper, on every occasion, to the inspection of commissioners. There is no security *compatible with the safety of their faith*, which the Catholics are not willing to give. But what is Catholic emancipation as far as England is concerned? not an equal right to office with the member of the Church of England, but a participation in the same pains and penalties as those, to which the Protestant dissenter is subjected by the corporation and test acts. If the utility of these last-mentioned laws is to be measured by the horror and perturbation their repeal would excite, they are laws of the utmost importance to the defence of the English Church; but if it be of importance to the church that pains and penalties should be thus kept suspended over men's heads, then these bills are an effectual security against Catholics as well as Protestants; and the manacles so much confided in, are not taken off, but loosened, and the prayer of a Catholic is this:—'I cannot now become an alderman without perjury. I pray of you to improve my condition so far, that if I become an alderman I may be only exposed to a penalty of 500*l*.' There are two common errors upon the subject of Catholic emancipation; the one, that the emancipated Catholic is to be

* The Catholic bishops since the death of the Pretender, are recommended either by the chapters or the parochial clergy, to the pope; and there is no instance of his deviating from their choice.

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put on a better footing than the Protestant dissenter, whereas he will be put precisely on the same footing; the other, that he is to be admitted to civil offices, without any guard, exception, or reserve; whereas, in the various bills which have been from time to time brought forward, the legal wit of man has been exhausted to provide against every surmise, suspicion, and whisper of the most remote danger to the Protestant church.

The Catholic question is not an English question, but an Irish one; or rather, it is no otherwise an English question than as it is an Irish one. As for the handful of Catholics that are in England, no one, I presume, can be so extravagant as to contend, if they were the only Catholics we had to do with, that it would be of the slightest possible consequence to what offices of the state they were admitted. It would be quite as necessary to exclude the Sandemanians, who are sixteen in number, or to make a test act against the followers of Joanna Southcote, who amount to one hundred and twenty persons. A little chalk on the wall and a profound ignorance of the subject, soon raise a cry of no Popery; but I question if the danger of admitting five popish peers and two commoners to the benefits of the constitution could raise a mob in any market-town in England. Whatever good may accrue to England from the emancipation, or evil may befall this country for withholding emancipation, will reach us only through the medium of Ireland.

I beg to remind you, that in talking of the Catholic religion, you must talk of the Catholic religion as it is carried on in Ireland; you have nothing to do with Spain, or France, or Italy: the religion you are to examine is the Irish Catholic religion. You are not to consider what it was, but what it is; not what individuals profess, but what is generally professed; not what individuals do, but what is generally practised. I constantly see, in advertisements from county meetings, all these species of monstrous injustice played off against the Catholics. The Inquisition exists in Spain and Portugal, therefore I confound place, and vote against the Catholics of Ireland, where it never did exist, nor was purposed to be instituted.* There have

* While Mary was burning Protestants in England, not a single Protestant was executed in Ireland: and yet the terrors of that reign are, at this moment, one of the most operative causes of the exclusion of Irish Catholics.

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been many cruel persecutions of Protestants by Catholic governments; and, therefore, I will confound time and place, and vote against the Irish, who live centuries after these persecutions, and in a totally different country. Doctor this, or Doctor that, of the Catholic Church, has written a very violent and absurd pamphlet; therefore I will confound persons, and vote against the whole Irish Catholic church, which has neither sanctioned nor expressed any such opinions. I will continue the incapacities of men of this age, because some men, in distant ages, deserved ill of other men in distant ages. They shall expiate the crimes committed, before they were born, in a land they never saw, by individuals they never heard of. I will charge them with every act of folly which they have never sanctioned and cannot control. I will sacrifice space, time, and identity, to my zeal for the Protestant Church. Now, in the midst of all this violence, consider, for a moment, how you are imposed upon by words, and what a serious violation of the rights of your fellow-creatures you are committing. Mr. Murphy lives in Limerick, and Mr. Murphy and his son are subjected to a thousand inconveniences and disadvantages because they are Catholics. Murphy is a wealthy, honourable, excellent man; he ought to be in the corporation; he cannot get in because he is a Catholic. His son ought to be king's counsel for his talents, and his standing at the bar; he is prevented from reaching this dignity because he is a Catholic. Why, what reasons do you hear for all this? Because Queen Mary, three hundred years before the natal day of Mr. Murphy, murdered Protestants in Smithfield; because Louis XIV. dragooned his Protestant subjects, when the predecessor of Murphy's predecessor was not in being; because men are confined in prison in Madrid, twelve degrees more south than Murphy has ever been in his life; all ages, all climates, are ransacked to perpetuate the slavery of Murphy, the ill-fated victim of political anachronisms.

Suppose a barrister, in defending a prisoner, were to say to the judge, 'My lord, I humbly submit to your lordship that this indictment against the prisoner cannot stand good in law; and as the safety of a fellow-creature is concerned, I request your lordship's patient attention to my objections. In the first place, the indictment does not pretend that the prisoner at the bar is himself guilty of the offence, but that some persons of the same religious sect as himself are so; in whose crime he

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cannot (I submit), by any possibility, be implicated, as these criminal persons lived three hundred years before the prisoner was born. In the next place, my lord, the *venue* of several crimes imputed to the prisoner is laid in countries to which the jurisdiction of this court does not extend; in France, Spain, and Italy, where also the prisoner has never been; and as to the argument used by my learned brother, that it is only want of power, and not want of will, and that the prisoner *would* commit the crime *if* he *could;* I humbly submit, that the custom of England has been to wait for the overt act before pain and penalty are inflicted, and that your lordship would pass a most doleful assize, if punishment depended upon evil volition; if men were subjected to legal incapacities from the mere suspicion that they *would* do harm *if* they *could;* and if it were admitted to be sufficient proof of this suspicion, that men of this faith in distant ages, different countries, and under different circumstances, had planned evil, and when occasion offered, done it.'

When are mercy and justice, in fact, ever to return upon the earth, if the sins of the elders are to be for ever visited on these who are not even their children? Should the first act of liberated Greece be to recommence the Trojan war? Are the French never to forget the Sicilian vespers; or the Americans the long war waged against their liberties? Is any rule wise, which may set the Irish to recollect what they have suffered?

The real danger is this—that you have four Irish Catholics for one Irish Protestant. That is the matter of fact, which none of us can help. Is it better policy to make friends, rather than enemies, of this immense population? I allow there is danger to the Protestant Church, but much more danger, I am sure there is, in resisting than admitting the claims of the Catholics. If I might indulge in visions of glory, and imagine myself an Irish dean or bishop, with an immense ecclesiastical income; if the justice or injustice of the case were entirely indifferent to me, and my only object were to live at ease in my possessions, *there is no measure for which I should be so anxious as that of Catholic emancipation.* The Catholics are now extremely angry and discontented at being shut out from so many offices and honours; the incapacities to which they are subjected thwart them in all their pursuits; they feel they are a degraded caste. The Protestant feels he is a privileged caste, and not only the Protestant gentleman feels this, but every Protestant servant feels it, and takes care that his Catholic

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fellow-servant shall perceive it. The difference between the two religions is an eternal source of enmity, ill-will, and hatred, and the Catholic remains in a state of permanent disaffection to the government under which he lives. I repeat that if I were a member of the Irish church, I should be afraid of this position of affairs. I should fear it in peace, on account of riot and insurrection, and in war, on account of rebellion. I should think that my greatest security consisted in removing all just cause of complaint from the Catholic society, in endearing them to the English constitution, by making them feel, as soon as possible, that they shared in its blessings. I should really think my tithes and my glebe, upon such a plan, worth twenty years' purchase more than under the present system. Suppose the Catholic layman were to think it an evil, that his own church should be less splendidly endowed than that of the Protestant Church, whose population is so inferior; yet if he were free himself, and had nothing to complain of, he would not rush into rebellion and insurrection, merely to augment the income of his priest. At present you bind the laity and clergy in one common feeling of injustice; each feels for himself, and talks of the injuries of the other. The obvious consequence of Catholic emancipation would be to separate their interests. But another important consequence of Catholic emancipation would be to improve the condition of the clergy.. Their chapels would be put in order, their incomes increased, and we should soon hear nothing more of the Catholic Church. If this measure were carried in March, I believe by the January following, the whole question would be as completely forgotten as the sweating sickness, and that nine Doctor Doyles, at the rate of thirty years to a Doyle, would pass away one after the other, before any human being heard another syllable on the subject. All men gradually yield to the comforts of a good income. Give the Irish archbishop 1200*l.* per annum; the bishop 800*l.*, the priest 200*l.*, the coadjutor 100*l.*, per annum, and the cathedral of Dublin is almost as safe as the cathedral of York.* This is the real secret of

* I say *almost*, because I hate to overstate an argument, and it is impossible to deny that there is danger to a church, to which seven millions contribute largely, and in which six millions disbelieve: my argument merely is, that such a church would be more safe in proportion as it interfered less with the comforts and ease of its natural enemies, and rendered their position more desirable and agreeable. I firmly believe the Toleration Act to be quite as conducive to the

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putting an end to the Catholic question; there is no other; but, remember, I am speaking of provision for the Catholic clergy after emancipation, not before. There is not an Irish clergyman of the Church of Rome who would touch one penny of the public money before the laity were restored to civil rights, and why not pay the Catholic clergy as well as the Presbyterian clergy? Ever since the year 1803, the Presbyterian clergy in the North of Ireland have been paid by the government, and the grant is annually brought forward in Parliament; and not only are the Presbyterians paid, but one or two other species of Protestant dissenters. The consequence has been loyalty and peace. This way of appeasing dissenters you may call expensive, but is there no expense in injustice? You have at this moment an army of 20,000 men in Ireland, horse, foot, and artillery, at an annual expense of a million and a half of money; about one-third of this sum would be the expense of the allowance to the Catholic clergy; and this army is so necessary, that the government dare not at this moment remove a single regiment from Ireland. Abolish these absurd and disgraceful distinctions, and a few troops of horse to help the constables on fair days will be more than sufficient for the Catholic limb of the empire.

Now for a very few of the shameful misrepresentations circulated respecting the Irish Catholics, for I repeat again that we have nothing to do with Spanish or Italian, but with Irish Catholics; it is not true that the Irish Catholics refuse to circulate the Bible in English; on the contrary, they have in Ireland circulated several editions of the Scriptures in English. In the last year, the Catholic prelates prepared and put forth a stereotype edition of the Bible, of a small print and low price, to insure its general circulation. They circulate the Bible with their own notes, and how, as Catholics, can they act otherwise? Are not our prelates and Bartlett's buildings acting in the same manner? And must not all churches, if they are consistent, act in the same manner? The Bibles Catholics quarrel with, are Protestant Bibles without notes, or Protestant Bibles with Protestant notes, and how can they do otherwise without giving

security of the Church of England as it is to the dissenters. Perfect toleration and the abolition of every incapacity as a consequence of religious opinions, are not, what is commonly called, a receipt for innovation, but a receipt for the quiet and permanence of every establishment which has the real good sense to adopt it.

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up their religion? They deny, upon oath, that the infallibility of the pope is any necessary part of the Catholic faith. They, upon oath, declare that Catholic people are forbidden to worship images, and saints, and relics. They, upon oath, abjure the temporal power of the pope, or his right to absolve any Catholic from his oath. They renounce, upon oath, all right to forfeit lands, and covenant upon oath, not to destroy or plot against the Irish Protestant Church. What more can any man want whom any thing will content?

Some people talk as if they were quite teased and worried by the eternal clamours of the Catholics; but if you are eternally unjust, can you expect anything more than to be eternally vexed by the victims of your injustice? You want all the luxury of oppression without any of its inconvenience. I should think the Catholics very much to blame, if they ever ceased to importune the legislature for justice, so long as they could find one single member of Parliament who would advocate their cause.

The putting the matter to rest by an effort of the county of York, or by any decision of Parliament against them, is utterly hopeless. Every year increases the Catholic population, and the Catholic wealth, and the Catholic claims, till you are caught in one of those political attitudes to which all countries are occasionally exposed, in which you are utterly helpless, and must give way to their claims; and if you do it then, you will do it badly; you may call it an arrangement, but arrangements made at such times are much like the bargains between an highwayman and a traveller, a pistol on one side, and a purse on the other; the rapid scramble of armed violence, and the unqualified surrender of helpless timidity. *If you think the thing must be done at some time or another, do it when you are calm and powerful, and when you need not do it.*

There are a set of high-spirited men who are very much afraid of being afraid; who cannot brook the idea of doing any thing from fear, and whose conversation is full of fire and sword, when any apprehension of resistance is alluded to. I have a perfect confidence in the high and unyielding spirit, and in the military courage of the English; and I have no doubt but that many of the country gentlemen, who now call out no Popery, would fearlessly put themselves at the head of their embattled yeomanry, to control the Irish Catholics. My objection to such courage is, that it would certainly be exercised unjustly,

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and probably exercised in vain. I should deprecate any rising of the Catholics as the most grievous misfortune which could happen to the empire and to themselves. They had far better endure all they do endure, and a great deal worse than try the experiment. *But if they do try it, you may depend upon it, they will do it at their own time, and not at yours.* They will not select a fortnight in the summer, during a profound peace, when corn and money abound, and when the Catholics of Europe are unconcerned spectators. If you make a resolution to be unjust, you must make another resolution to be always strong, always vigilant, and always rich; you must commit no blunders, exhibit no deficiencies, and meet with no misfortunes; you must present a square phalanx of impenetrable strength, for keen-eyed revenge is riding round your ranks; and if one heart falters, or one hand trembles, you are lost.

You may call all this threatening; I am sure I have no such absurd intention; but wish only, in sober sadness, to point out what appears to me to be the inevitable consequences of the conduct we pursue. If danger be not pointed out and insisted upon, how is it to be avoided? My firm belief is, that England will be compelled to grant ignominiously what she now refuses haughtily. Remember what happened respecting Ireland in the American war. In 1779, the Irish, whose trade was completely restricted by English laws, asked for some little relaxation, some liberty to export her own products, and to import the products of other countries; their petition was flung out of the house with the utmost disdain, and by an immense majority. In April, 1782, 70,000 Irish volunteers were under arms, the representatives of 170 armed corps met at Ulster, and the English Parliament (the Lords and Commons both on the same day and with only one dissentient voice, the ministers moving the question) were compelled, in the most disgraceful and precipitate manner, to acknowledge the complete independence of the Irish nation, *and nothing but the good sense and moderation of Grattan prevented the separation of the two crowns.*

It is no part of my province to defend every error of the Catholic Church: I believe it has many errors, though I am sure these errors are grievously exaggerated and misrepresented. I should think it a vast accession to the happiness of mankind, if every Catholic in Europe were converted to the Protestant faith. The question is not, whether there shall be Catholics, but the question (as they do exist and you cannot get rid of

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them) is, what are you to do with them? Are you to make men rebels because you cannot make them Protestants? and are you to endanger your state, because you cannot enlarge your church? England is the ark of liberty: the English Church I believe to be one of the best establishments in the world; but what is to become of England, of its church, its free institutions, and the beautiful political model it holds out to mankind, if Ireland should succeed in connecting itself with any other European power hostile to England? I join in the cry of no Popery as lustily as any man in the streets who does not know whether the pope lives in Cumberland or Westmoreland; but I know that it is impossible to keep down European Popery, and European tyranny, without the assistance, or with the opposition of Ireland. If you give the Irish their privileges, the spirit of the nation will overcome the spirit of the church; they will cheerfully serve you against all enemies, and chant a *Te Deum* for your victories over all the Catholic armies of Europe. If it be true, as her enemies say, that the Roman Catholic Church is waging war all over Europe against common sense, against public liberty; selling the people to the kings and nobles, and labouring for the few against the many; all this is an additional reason why I would fortify England and Protestantism by every concession to Ireland: why I should take care that our attention was not distracted, nor our strength wasted by internal dissension; why I would not paralyze those arms which wield the sword of justice among the nations of the world, and lift up the buckler of safety. If the Catholic religion in Ireland is an abuse, you must tolerate that abuse, to prevent its extension and tyranny over the rest of Europe. If you will take a long view instead of a confined view, and look generally to the increase of human happiness, *the best check upon the increase of Popery, the best security for the establishment of the Protestant Church is, that the British empire shall be preserved in a state of the greatest strength, union and opulence.* My cry, then, is, *no Popery;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not join with foreign Papists in time of war. *Church for ever;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not help to pull it down. *King for ever;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may become his loyal subjects. *Great Britain for ever;* therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not put an end to its perpetuity. *Our government is essentially Protestant;* therefore, by emancipating the Catholics,

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give up a few circumstances which have nothing to do with the essence. *The Catholics are disguised enemies;* therefore, by emancipation, turn them into open friends. *They have a double allegiance;* therefore, by emancipation, make their allegiance to their king so grateful, that they will never confound it with the spiritual allegiance to their pope. It is very difficult for electors, who are much occupied by other matters, to choose the right path amid the rage and fury of faction; but I give you one mark, *vote for a free altar;* give what the law compels you to give to the establishment; (that done,) no chains, no prisons, no bonfires for a man's faith; and above all, no modern chains and prisons under the names of disqualifications and incapacities, which *are only the cruelty and tyranny of a more civilized age;* civil offices open to all, a Catholic or a Protestant alderman, a Moravian, or a Church of England, or a Wesleyan justice, *no oppression, no tyranny in belief: a free altar, an open road to heaven; no human insolence, no human narrowness, hallowed by the name of God.*

Every man in trade must have experienced the difficulty of getting in a bill from an unwilling paymaster. If you call in the morning, the gentleman is not up; if in the middle of the day, he is out; if in the evening, there is company. If you ask mildly, you are indifferent to the time of payment; if you press, you are impertinent. No time and no manner can render such a message agreeable. So it is with the poor Catholics; their message is so disagreeable, that their time and manner can never be right. 'Not this session. Not *now*; on no account at the present time; any other time than this. The great mass of the Catholics are so torpid on the subject, that the question is clearly confined to the ambition of the few, or the whole Catholic population are so leagued together, that the object is clearly to intimidate the mother-country.' In short, the Catholics want justice, and we do not mean to be just, and the most specious method of refusal is, to have it believed that they are refused from their own folly, and not from our fault.

What if O'Connell (a man certainly of extraordinary talents and eloquence) is sometimes violent and injudicious? What if O'Gorman or O'Sullivan have spoken ill of the Reformation? Is a great stroke of national policy to depend on such childish considerations as these? If these chains ought to remain, could I be induced to remove them by the chaste language and humble deportment of him who wears them? If they ought to be

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struck away, would I continue them, because my taste was offended by the coarse insolence of a goaded and injured captive? Would I make that great measure to depend on the irritability of my own feelings, which ought to depend upon policy and justice? The more violent and the more absurd the conduct of the Catholics, the greater the wisdom of emancipation. If they were always governed by men of consummate prudence and moderation, your justice in refusing would be the same, but your danger would be less. The levity and irritability of the Irish character are pressing reasons why all just causes of provocation should be taken away, and those high passions enlisted in the service of the empire.

In talking of the spirit of the papal empire, it is often argued that the *will* remains the same; that the pontiff *would*, if he *could*, exercise the same influence in Europe; that the Catholic Church *would, if it could*, tyrannize over the rights and opinions of mankind; but if the power is taken away, what signifies the will? If the pope thunders in vain against the kingdoms of the earth, of what consequence is his disposition to thunder? If mankind are too enlightened and too humane to submit to the cruelties and hatreds of a Catholic prieshood; if the Protestants of the empire are sufficiently strong to resist it, why are we to alarm ourselves with the barren volition, unseconded by the requisite power? I hardly know in what order or description of men I should choose to confide, if they *could* do as they *would;* the best security is, that the rest of the world will not let them do as they wish to do; and having satisfied myself of this, I am not very careful about the rest.

Our government is called essentially Protestant; but if it be essentially Protestant in the imposition of taxes, it should be essentially Protestant in the distribution of offices. The treasury is open to all religions, Parliament only to one. The tax-gatherer is the most indulgent and liberal of human beings; he excludes no creed, imposes no articles; but counts Catholic cash, pockets Protestant paper; and is candidly and impartially oppressive to every description of the Christian world. Can any thing be more base than when you want the blood or the money of the Catholics, to forget that they are Catholics, and to remember only that they are British subjects; and when they ask for the benefits of the British constitution, to remember only that they are Catholics, and to forget that they are British subjects?

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No Popery was the cry of the great English Revolution, because the increase and prevalence of Popery in England would, at that period, have rendered this island tributary to France. The Irish Catholics were, at that period, broken to pieces by the severity and military execution of Cromwell, and by the penal laws. They are since become a great and formidable people. The same dread of foreign influence makes it now necessary that they should be restored to political rights. Must the friends of rational liberty join in a clamour against the Catholics now, because, in a very different state of the world, they excited that clamour a hundred years ago? I remember a house near Battersea Bridge which caught fire, and there was a general cry of 'Water, water!' Ten years after, the Thames rose, and the people of the house were nearly drowned. Would it not have been rather singular to have said to the inhabitants, 'I heard you calling for water ten years ago, why don't you call for it now?'

There are some men who think the present times so incapable of forming any opinions, that they are always looking back to the wisdom of our ancestors. Now, as the Catholics sat in the English Parliament to the reign of Charles II. and in the Irish Parliament, I believe, till the reign of King William, the precedents are more in their favour than otherwise; and to replace them in Parliament seems rather to return to, than to deviate from, the practice of our ancestors.

If the Catholics are priest-ridden, pamper the rider, and he will not stick so close; don't torment the animal ridden, and his violence will be less dangerous.

The strongest evidence against the Catholics is that of Colonel John Irvine; he puts every thing against them in the strongest light, and Colonel John (with great actual, though, I am sure, with no intentional exaggeration) does not pretend to say there would be more than forty-six members returned for Ireland who were Catholics; but how many members are there in the House now returned by Catholics, and compelled, from the fear of losing their seats, to vote in favour of every measure which concerns the Catholic Church? The Catholic party, as the colonel justly observes, was formed when you admitted them to the elective franchise. The Catholic party are increasing so much in boldness, that they will soon require of the members they return, to oppose generally any government hostile to Catholic emancipation, and they will turn out

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those who do not comply with this rule. If this is done, the phalanx so much dreaded from emancipation is found at once without emancipation. This consequence of resistance to the Catholic claims is well worth the attention of those who make use of the cry of no-Popery, as a mere political engine.

We are taunted with our prophetical spirit, because it is said by the advocates of the Catholic question that the thing must come to pass; that it is inevitable: our prophecy, however, is founded upon experience and common sense, and is nothing more than the application of the past to the future. In a few years' time, when the madness and wretchedness of war are forgotten, when the greater part of those who have lost in war, legs and arms, health and sons, have gone to their graves, the same scenes will be acted over again in the world. France, Spain, Russia, and America, will be upon us. The Catholics will watch their opportunity, and soon settle the question of Catholic emancipation. To suppose that any nation can go on in the midst of foreign wars, denying common justice to seven millions of men, in the heart of the empire, awakened to their situation, and watching for the critical moment of redress, does, I confess, appear to me to be the height of extravagance. To foretell the consequence of such causes, in my humble apprehension, demands no more of shrewdness than to point out the probable results of leaving a lighted candle stuck up in an open barrel of gunpowder.

It is very difficult to make the mass of mankind believe that the state of things is ever to be otherwise than they have been accustomed to see it. I have very often heard old persons describe the impossibility of making any one believe that the American colonies could ever be separated from this country. It was always considered as an idle dream of discontented politicians, good enough to fill up the periods of a speech, but which no practical man, devoid of the spirit of party, considered to be within the limits of possibility. There was a period when the slightest concession would have satisfied the Americans; but all the world was in heroics; one set of gentlemen met at the Lamb, and another at the Lion: blood and treasure men, breathing war, vengeance and contempt; and in eight years afterwards, an awkward-looking gentleman in plain clothes walked up to the drawing-room of St. James's, in the midst of the gentlemen of the Lion and Lamb, and was introduced as the *ambassador from the United States of America.*

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You must forgive me if I draw illustrations from common things—but in seeing swine driven, I have often thought of the Catholic question, and of the different methods of governing mankind. The object, one day, was to drive some of these animals along a path, to a field where they had not been before. The man could by no means succeed; instead of turning their faces to the north, and proceeding quietly along, they made for the east and west, rushed back to the south, and positively refused to advance; a reinforcement of rustics was called for; maids, children, neighbours, all helped; a general rushing, screaming, and roaring ensued; but the main object was not in the slightest degree advanced; after a long delay, we resolved (though an hour before we should have disdained such a compromise) to have recourse to Catholic emancipation; a little boy was sent before them with a handful of barley; a few grains were scattered in the path, and the bristly herd were speedily and safely conducted to the place of their destination. If, instead of putting Lord Stowell out of breath with driving, compelling the Duke of York to swear, and the chancellor to strike at them with the mace, Lord Liverpool would condescend, in his graceful manner, to walk before the Catholic doctors with a basket of barley, what a deal of ink and blood would be saved to mankind.

Because the Catholics are intolerant we will be intolerant; but did any body ever hear before that a government is to imitate the vices of its subjects? If the Irish were a rash, violent, and intemperate race, are they to be treated with rashness, violence, and intemperance? If they were addicted to fraud and falsehood, are they to be treated by those who rule them with fraud and falsehood? Are there to be perpetual races in error and vice between the people and the lords of the people? Is the supreme power always to find virtues among the people; never to teach them by example, or improve them by laws and institutions? Make all sects free, and let them learn the value of the blessing to others, by their own enjoyment of it; but if not, let them learn it by your vigilance and firm resistance to every thing intolerant. Toleration will then become a habit and a practice, ingrafted upon the manners of a people, when they find the law too strong for them, and that there is no use in being intolerant.

It is very true that the Catholics have a double allegiance,*

* The same double allegiance exists in every Catholic country in

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but it is equally true that their second or spiritual allegiance has nothing to do with civil policy, and does not, in the most distant manner, interfere with their allegiance to the crown.—What is meant by allegiance to the crown, is, I presume, obedience to acts of Parliament, and a resistance to those who are constitutionally proclaimed to be the enemies of the country. I have seen and heard of no instance for this century and a half last past, where the spiritual sovereign has presumed to meddle with the affairs of the temporal sovereign. The Catholics deny him such power by the most solemn oaths which the wit of man can devise. In every war, the army and navy are full of Catholic officers and soldiers; and if their allegiance in temporal matters is unimpeachable and unimpeached, what matters to whom they choose to pay spiritual obedience, and to adopt as their guide in genuflexion and psalmody? Suppose these same Catholics were foolish enough to be governed by a set of Chinese moralists in their diet, this would be a third allegiance; and if they were regulated by Brahmins in their dress, this would be a fourth allegiance; and if they received the directions of the Patriarch of the Greek Church, in educating their children here is another allegiance: and as long as they fought, and paid taxes, and kept clear of the quarter sessions and assizes, what matters how many fanciful supremacies and frivolous allegiances they choose to manufacture or accumulate for themselves?

A great deal of time would be spared, if gentlemen, before they ordered their post-chaises for a no-Popery meeting, would read the most elementary defence of these people, and inform themselves even of the rudiments of the question. If the Catholics meditate the resumption of the Catholic property, why do they purchase that which they know (if the fondest object of their political life succeed) must be taken away from them? Why is not an attempt made to purchase a quietus from the rebel who is watching the blessed revolutionary moment for regaining his possessions, and revelling in the unbounded sensuality of mealy and waxy enjoyments? But after all, who are the descendants of the rightful possessors? The estate belonged to the O'Rourkes, who were hanged, drawn and quartered in the time of Cromwell; true, but before

Europe. The spiritual head of the country among French, Spanish, and Austrian Catholics, is the pope; the political head, the king or emperor.

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that, it belonged to the O'Connors, who were hanged, drawn and quartered in the time of Henry VII. The O'Sullivans have a still earlier plea of suspension, evisceration and division. Who is the rightful possessor of the estate? We forget that Catholic Ireland has been murdered three times over by its Protestant masters.

Mild and genteel people do not like the idea of persecution, and are advocates for toleration; but then they think it no act of intolerance to deprive Catholics of political power. The history of all this is, that all men secretly like to punish others for not being of the same opinion with themselves, and that this sort of privation is the only species of persecution, of which the improved feeling and advanced cultivation of the age will admit. Fire and fagot, chains and stone walls, have been clamoured away; nothing remains but to mortify a man's pride, and to limit his resources, and to set a mark upon him, by cutting him off from his fair share of political power. By this receipt, insolence is gratified, and humanity is not shocked. The gentlest Protestant can see, with dry eyes, Lord Stourton excluded from Parliament, though he would abominate the most distant idea of personal cruelty to Mr. Petre. This is only to say that he lives in the nineteenth, instead of the sixteenth century, and that he is as intolerant in religious matters as the state of manners existing in his age will permit. Is it not the same spirit which wounds the pride of a fellow-creature on account of his faith, or which casts his body into the flames? Are they any thing else but degrees and modifications of the same principle? The minds of these two men no more differ because they differ in their degrees of punishment, than their bodies differ, because one wore a doublet in the time of Mary, and the other wears a coat in the reign of George. I do not accuse them of intentional cruelty and injustice; I am sure there are very many excellent men who would be shocked if they could conceive themselves to be guilty of any thing like cruelty; but they innocently give a wrong name to the bad spirit which is within them, and think they are tolerant, because they are not as intolerant as they could have been in other times, but cannot be now. The true spirit is to search after God and for another life with lowliness of heart; to fling down no man's altar, to punish no man's prayer; to heap no penalties and no pains on those solemn supplications which, in divers tongues, and in varied forms, and in temples of a thou-

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sand shapes, but with one deep sense of human dependence, men pour forth to God.

It is completely untrue that the Catholic religion is what it was three centuries ago, or that it is unchangeable and unchanged. These are mere words, without the shadow of truth to support them. If the pope were to address a bull to the kingdom of Ireland, excommunicating the Duke of York, and cutting him off from the succession, for his Protestant effusion in the House of Lords, he would be laughed at as a lunatic in all the Catholic chapels in Dublin. The Catholics would not now burn Protestants as heretics. In many parts of Europe, Catholics and Protestants worship in one church—Catholics at eleven, Protestants at one; they sit in the same Parliament, are elected to the same office, live together without hatred or friction, under equal laws. Who can see and know these things, and say that the Catholic religion is unchangeable and unchanged?

I have often endeavoured to reflect upon the causes which, from time to time, raised such a clamour against the Catholics, and I think the following are among the most conspicuous:—

1. Historical recollections of the cruelties inflicted upon the Protestants.
2. Theological differences.
3. A belief that the Catholics are unfriendly to liberty.
4. That their morality is not good.
5. That they meditate the destruction of the Protestant Church.
6. An unprincipled clamour by men who have no sort of belief in the danger of emancipation, but who make use of no Popery as a political engine.
7. A mean and selfish spirit of denying to others the advantages we ourselves enjoy.
8. A vindictive spirit or love of punishing others, who offend our self-love by presuming, on important points, to entertain opinions opposite to our own.
9. Stupid compliance with the opinions of the majority.
10. To these I must, in justice and candour add, as a tenth cause, a real apprehension on the part of honest and reasonable men, that it is dangerous to grant farther concessions to the Catholics.

To these various causes I shall make a short reply, in the order in which I have placed them.

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1. Mere historical recollections are very miserable reasons for the continuation of penal and incapacitating laws, and one side has as much to recollect as the other.

2. The state has nothing to do with questions purely theological.

3. It is ill to say this in a country whose free institutions were founded by Catholics, and it is often said by men who care nothing about free institutions.

4. It is not true.

5. Make their situation so comfortable, that it will not be worth their while to attempt an enterprise so desperate.

6. This is an unfair political trick, because it is too dangerous; it is spoiling the table in order to win the game.

The 7th and 8th causes exercise a great share of influence in every act of intolerance. The 9th must, of course, comprehend the greatest number.

10. Of the existence of such a class of no Poperists as this, it would be the height of injustice to doubt, but I confess it excites in me a very great degree of astonishment.

Suppose, after a severe struggle, you put the Irish down, if they are mad and foolish enough to recur to open violence; yet are the retarded industry, and the misapplied energies of so many millions of men to go for nothing? Is it possible to forget all the wealth, peace and happiness which are to be sacrificed for twenty years to come, to these pestilential and disgraceful squabbles? Is there no horror in looking forward to a long period in which men, instead of ploughing and spinning, will curse and hate, and burn and murder.

There seems to me a sort of injustice and impropriety in our deciding at all upon the Catholic question. It should be left to those Irish Protestants whose shutters are bullet proof; whose dinner-table is regularly spread with knife, fork, and cocked pistol; salt cellar and powder-flask. Let the opinion of those persons be resorted to, who sleep in sheet-iron nightcaps; who have fought so often and so nobly before their scullery door, and defended the parlour passage as bravely as Leonidas defended the pass of Thermopylæ. The Irish Protestant members see and know the state of their own country. Let their votes decide* the case. We are quiet and at peace;

* A great majority of Irish members voted for Catholic emancipation.

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our homes may be defended with a feather, and our doors fastened with a pin; and as ignorant of what armed and insulted Popery is, as we are of the state of New Zealand, we pretend to regulate by our clamours the religious factions of Ireland.

It is a very pleasant thing to trample upon Catholics, and it is also a very pleasant thing to have an immense number of pheasants running about your woods; but there come thirty or forty poachers in the night, and fight with thirty or forty game preservers; some are killed, some fractured, some scalped, some maimed for life. Poachers are caught up and hanged; a vast body of hatred and revenge accumulates in the neighbourhood of the great man; and he says 'the sport is not worth the candle. The preservation of game is a very agreeable thing, but I will not sacrifice the happiness of my life to it. This amusement, like any other, may be purchased too dearly.' So it is with the Irish Protestants; they are finding out that Catholic exclusion may be purchased too dearly. Maimed cattle, fired ricks, threatening letters, barricadoed houses, to endure all this, is to purchase superiority at too dear a rate, and this is the inevitable state of two parties, the one of whom are unwilling to relinquish their ancient monopoly of power, while the other party have, at length, discovered their strength, and are determined to be free.

Gentlemen (with the best intentions, I am sure,) meet together in a county town, and enter into resolutions that no farther concessions are to be made to the Catholics; but if you will not let them into Parliament, why not allow them to be king's counsel, or serjeants at law? Why are they excluded by law from some corporations in Ireland, and admissible, though not admitted, to others? I think, before such general resolutions of exclusion are adopted, and the rights and happiness of so many millions of people disposed of, it would be decent and proper to obtain some tolerable information of what the present state of the Irish Catholics is, and of the vast number of insignificant offices from which they are excluded. Keep them from Parliament, if you think it right, but do not, therefore, exclude them from any thing else, to which you think Catholics may be fairly admitted without danger, and as to their content or discontent, there can be no sort of reason why discontent should not be lessened, though it cannot be removed.

You are shocked by the present violence and abuse used by the Irish Association; by whom are they driven to it? and whom

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are you to thank for it? Is there a hope left to them? Is any term of endurance alluded to? any scope or boundary to their patience? Is the minister waiting for opportunities? Have they reason to believe that they are wished well to by the greatest of the great? Have they brighter hopes in another reign? Is there one clear spot in the horizon? any thing that you have left to them, but that disgust, hatred and despair, which, breaking out into wild eloquence, and acting upon a wild people, are preparing every day a mass of treason and disaffection, which may shake this empire to its very centre? and you may laugh at Daniel O'Connell, and treat him with contempt, and turn his metaphors into ridicule; but Daniel has, after all, a great deal of real and powerful eloquence; and a strange sort of misgiving sometimes comes across me, that Daniel and the doctor are not quite so great fools as many most respectable country clergymen believe them to be.

You talk of their abuse of the Reformation, but is there any end to the obloquy and abuse with which the Catholics are upon every point, and from every quarter, assailed? Is there any one folly, vice, or crime, which the blind fury of Protestants does not lavish upon them? and do you suppose all this is to be heard in silence, and without retaliation? Abuse as much as you please, if you are going to emancipate, but if you intend to do nothing for the Catholics but to call them names, you must not be put out of temper if you receive a few ugly appellations in return.

The great object of men who love party better than truth, is to have it believed that the Catholics alone have been persecutors; but what can be more flagrantly unjust than to take our notions of history only from the conquering and triumphant party? If you think the Catholics have not their Book of Martyrs as well as the Protestants, take the following enumeration of some of their most learned and careful writers.

The whole number of Catholics who have suffered death in England for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion since the Reformation:

Henry VIII. - - -	59
Elizabeth - - - -	204
James I. - - - -	25
Charles I. and Commonwealth - - -	23
Charles II. - - - -	8
Total - - - -	319

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Henry VIII. with consummate impartiality, burnt three Protestants and hanged four Catholics for different errors in religion on the same day, and the same place. Elizabeth burnt two Dutch Anabaptists for some theological tenets, July 22, 1575, Fox the martyrologist vainly pleading with the queen in their favour. In 1579, the same Protestant queen cut off the hand of Stubbs, the author of a tract against popish connection, of Singleton, the printer, and Page the disperser of the book. Camden saw it done. Warburton properly says it exceeds in cruelty any thing done by Charles I. On the 4th of June, Mr. Elias Thacker and Mr. John Capper, two ministers of the Brownist persuasion, were hanged at St. Edmundsbury, for dispersing books against the Common Prayer. With respect to the great part of the Catholic victims, the law was fully and literally executed; after being hanged up, they were cut down alive, dismembered, ripped up, and their bowels burnt before their faces; after which, they were beheaded and quartered. The time employed in this butchery was very considerable, and, in one instance, lasted more than half an hour.

The uncandid excuse for all this is, that the greater part of these men were put to death for political, not for religious crimes. That is, a law is first passed making it high treason for a priest to exercise his function in England, and so, when he is caught and burnt, this is not religious persecution, but an offence against the state. We are, I hope, all too busy to need any answer to such childish, uncandid reasoning as this.

The total number of those who suffered capitally in the reign of Elizabeth, is stated by Dodd, in his Church History,* to be one hundred and ninety-nine; further inquiries made their number to be two hundred and four: fifteen of these were condemned for denying the queen's supremacy; one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of priestly functions; and the others for being reconciled to the Catholic faith, or for aiding and assisting priests. In this list, no person is included who was executed for any plot, real or imaginary, except eleven, who

* The total number of sufferers in the reign of Queen Mary, varies, I believe, from 200 in the Catholic to 280 in the Protestant accounts. I recommend all young men who wish to form some notion of what answer the Catholics have to make, to read Milner's 'Letters to a Prebendary,' and to follow the line of reading to which his references lead. They will then learn the importance of that sacred maxim, *Audi alteram partem.*

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suffered for the pretended plot of Rheims; a plot, which Dr. Milner justly observes, was so daring a forgery, that even Camden allows the sufferers to have been political victims. Besides these, mention is made in the same work of ninety Catholic priests, or laymen, who died in prison in the same reign. 'About the same time,' he says, 'I find fifty gentlemen lying prisoners in York Castle; *most of them perished there*, of vermin, famine, hunger, thirst, dirt, damp, fever, whipping, and broken hearts, the inseparable circumstances of prisons in those days. These were every week, for a twelvemonth together, dragged by main force to hear the established service performed in the castle chapel.' The Catholics were frequently, during the reign of Elizabeth, tortured in the most dreadful manner. In order to extort answers from Father Campian, he was laid on the rack, and his limbs stretched a little, to show him, as the executioner termed it, what the rack was. He persisted in his refusal; then for several days successively, the torture was increased, and on the last two occasions, he was so cruelly rent and torn, that he expected to expire under the torment. While under the rack, he called continually upon God. In the reign of the Protestant Edward VI., Joan Knell was burnt to death, and the year after, George Parry was burnt also. In 1575, two Protestants, Peterson and Turwort, (as before stated,) were burnt to death by Elizabeth. In 1589, under the same queen, Lewes, a Protestant, was burnt to death at Norwich, where Francis Kett was also burnt for religious opinions in 1589, under the same great queen, who, in 1591, hanged the Protestant Hacket for heresy, in Cheapside, and put to death Greenwood, Barrow, and Penry, for being *Brownists*. Southwell, a Catholic, was racked ten times during the reign of this sister of bloody Queen Mary. In 1592, Mrs. Ward was hanged, drawn and quartered for assisting a Catholic priest to escape in a box. Mrs. Lyne suffered the same punishment for harbouring a priest; and in 1586, Mrs. Clitheroe, who was accused of relieving a priest, and refused to plead, was pressed to death in York Castle; a sharp stone being placed underneath her back.

Have not Protestants persecuted both Catholics and their fellow Protestants in Germany, Switzerland, Geneva, France, Holland, Sweden, and England? Look to the atrocious punishment of Leighton under Laud, for writing against prelacy; first, his ear was cut off, then his nose slit; then the other ear

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cut off, then whipped, then whipped again. Look to the horrible cruelties exercised by the Protestant Episcopalians on the Scottish Presbyterians, in the reign of Charles II., of whom 8000 are said to have perished in that persecution. Persecutions of Protestants by Protestants, are amply detailed by Chandler, in his History of Persecution; by Neale, in his History of the Puritans; by Laing, in his History of Scotland; by Penn, in his Life of Fox; and in Brandt's History of the Reformation in the Low Countries; which furnishes many very terrible cases of the sufferings of the Anabaptists and Remonstrants. In 1560, the Parliament of Scotland decreed, at one and the same time, the establishment of Calvinism, and the punishment of death against the ancient religion: 'With such indecent haste, (says Robertson) did the very persons who had just escaped ecclesiastical tyranny, proceed to imitate their example.' Nothing can be so absurd as to suppose, that in barbarous ages, the excesses were all committed by one religious party, and none by the other. The Huguenots of France burnt churches, and hung priests wherever they found them. Froumenteau, one of their own writers, confesses, that in the single province of Dauphiny, they killed two hundred and twenty priests, and one hundred and twelve friars. In the Low Countries, wherever Vandemerk and Sonoi, lieutenants of the Prince of Orange, carried their arms, they uniformly put to death, and in cold blood, all the priests and religious they could lay their hands on. The Protestant Servetus was put to death by the Protestants of Geneva, for denying the doctrine of the Trinity, as the Protestant Gentilis was, on the same score, by those of Berne; add to these, Felix Mans, Rotman, and Barnevald. Of Servetus, Melancthon, the mildest of men, declared that he deserved to have his bowels pulled out, and his body torn to pieces. The last fires of persecution which were lighted in England, were by Protestants. Bartholomew Legate, an Arian, was burnt by order of King James in Smithfield, on the 18th of March, 1612; on the 11th of April, in the same year, Edward Weightman was burnt at Litchfield, by order of the Protestant Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry; and this man was, *I believe*, the last person who was burnt in England for heresy. There was another condemned to the fire for the same heresy, but as pity was excited by the constancy of these sufferers, it was thought better to allow him to linger on a miserable life in Newgate. Fuller, who wrote in

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the reign of Charles II., and was a zealous Church of England man, speaking of the burnings in question, says, 'It may appear that God was well pleased with them.'

There are, however, grievous faults on both sides: and as there are a set of men, who, not content with retaliating upon Protestants, deny the persecuting spirit of the Catholics, I would ask them what they think of the following code, drawn up by the French Catholics against the French Protestants, and carried into execution for one hundred years, and as late as the year 1765, and not repealed till 1782?

'Any Protestant clergyman remaining in France three days, without coming to the Catholic worship, to be punished with death. If a Protestant sends his son to a Protestant schoolmaster for education, he is to forfeit 250 livres a-month, and the schoolmaster who receives him, 50 livres. If they sent their children to any seminary abroad, they were to forfeit 2000 livres, and the child so sent, became incapable of possessing property in France. To celebrate Protestant worship, exposed the clergyman to a fine of 2800 livres. The fine to a Protestant for hearing it, was 1300 livres. If any Protestant denied the authority of the pope in France, his goods were seized for the first offence, and he was hanged for the second. If any Common Prayer-book, or book of Protestant worship be found in the possession of any Protestant, he shall forfeit 20 livres for the first offence, 40 livres for the second, and shall be imprisoned at pleasure for the third. Any person bringing from beyond sea, or selling any Protestant books of worship, to forfeit 100 livres. Any magistrates may search Protestant houses for such articles. Any person, required by a magistrate to take an oath against the Protestant religion, and refusing, to be committed to prison, and if he afterwards refuse again, to suffer forfeiture of goods. Any person, sending any money over sea to the support of a Protestant seminary, to forfeit his goods, and be imprisoned at the king's pleasure. Any person going over sea, for Protestant education, to forfeit goods and lands for life. The vessel to be forfeited which conveyed any Protestant woman or child over sea, without the king's license. Any person converting another to the Protestant religion, to be put to death. Death to any Protestant priest to come into France; death to the person who receives him; forfeiture of goods and imprisonment to send money for the relief of any Protestant clergyman: large rewards for dis-

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covering a Protestant parson. Every Protestant shall cause his child, within one month after birth, to be baptized by a Catholic priest, under a penalty of 2000 livres. Protestants were fined 4000 livres a-month for being absent from Catholic worship, were disabled from holding offices and employments, from keeping arms in their houses, from maintaining suits at law, from being guardians, from practising in law or physic, and from holding offices, civil or military. They were forbidden (bravo, Louis XIV.!) to travel more than five miles from home without license, under pain of forfeiting all their goods, and they might not come to court under pain of 2000 livres. A married Protestant woman when convicted of being of that persuasion was liable to forfeit two-thirds of her jointure; she could not be executrix to her husband, nor have any part of his goods; and during her marriage, she might be kept in prison, unless her husband redeemed her at the rate of 200 livres a-month, or the third part of his lands. Protestants convicted of being such, were, within three months after their conviction, either to submit, and renounce their religion, or, if required by four magistrates, to abjure the realm, and if they did not depart, or departing returned, were to suffer death. All Protestants were required, under the most tremendous penalties, to swear that they considered the pope as the head of the church. If they refused to take this oath, which might be tendered at pleasure by any two magistrates, they could not act as advocates, procureurs, or notaries public. Any Protestant taking any office, civil or military, was compelled to abjure the Protestant religion; to declare his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to take the Roman Catholic sacrament within six months, under the penalty of 10,000 livres. Any person professing the Protestant religion, and educated in the same, was required, in six months after the age of sixteen, to declare the pope to be the head of the church; to declare his belief in transubstantiation, and that the invocation of saints was according to the doctrine of the Christian religion; failing this, he could not hold, possess, or inherit landed property; his lands were given to the nearest Catholic relation. Many taxes were doubled upon Protestants. Protestants keeping schools were imprisoned for life, and all Protestants were forbidden to come within ten miles of Paris or Versailles. If any Protestant had a horse worth more than 100 livres, any Catholic magistrate might take it away, and search the house of the said Protestant for arms.' Is not this

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a monstrous code of persecution? Is it any wonder, after reading such a spirit of tyranny as is here exhibited, that the tendencies of the Catholic religion should be suspected, and that the cry of no Popery should be a rallying sign to every Protestant nation in Europe? . . . . . Forgive, gentle reader, and gentle elector, the trifling deception I have practised upon you. This code is not a code made by French Catholics against French Protestants, but by English and Irish Protestants against English and Irish Catholics; I have given it to you, for the most part, as it is set forth in Burns' 'Justice' of 1780: it was acted upon in the beginning of the last king's reign, and was notorious through the whole of Europe, as the most cruel and atrocious system of persecution ever instituted by one religious persuasion against another. Of this code, Mr. Burke says, that 'it is a truly barbarous system; where all the parts are an outrage on the laws of humanity, and the rights of nature; it is a system of elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression, imprisonment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.' It is in vain to say that these cruelties were laws of political safety; such has always been the plea for all religious cruelties; by such arguments the Catholics defended the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the burnings of Mary.

With such facts as these, the cry of persecution will not do; it is unwise to make it, because it can be so very easily, and so very justly retorted. The business is, to forget and forgive, to kiss and be friends, and to say nothing of what has past, which is to the credit of neither party. There have been atrocious cruelties, and abominable acts of injustice on both sides. It is not worth while to contend who shed the most blood, or whether, (as Dr. Sturgess objects to Dr. Milner,) death by fire is worse than hanging or starving in prison. As far as England itself is concerned, the balance may be better preserved. Cruelties exercised upon the Irish go for nothing in English reasoning; but if it were not uncandid and vexatious to consider Irish persecutions*

* Thurloe writes to Henry Cromwell to *catch* up some thousand Irish boys, to send to the colonies. Henry writes back he has done so; and desires to know whether his highness would choose as many girls to be caught up: and he adds, 'doubtless it is a business, in which God will appear.' Suppose *bloody Queen Mary* had caught up and transported three or four thousand Protestant boys and girls from the three ridings of Yorkshire!!!!!!

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as part of the case, I firmly believe there have been two Catholics put to death for religious causes in Great Britain for one Protestant who has suffered; not that this proves much, because the Catholics have enjoyed the sovereign power for so few years between this period and the Reformation, and certainly it must be allowed that they were not inactive, during that period, in the great work of pious combustion.

It is, however, some extenuation of the Catholic excesses, that their religion was the religion of the whole of Europe, when the innovation began. They were the ancient lords and masters of faith, before men introduced the practice of thinking for themselves in these matters. The Protestants have less excuse, who claimed the right of innovation, and then turned round upon other Protestants who acted upon the same principle, or upon Catholics who remained as they were, and visited them with all the cruelties from which they had themselves so recently escaped.

Both sides, as they acquired power, abused it; and both learnt from their sufferings, the great secret of toleration and forbearance. If you wish to do good in the times in which you live, contribute your efforts to perfect this grand work. I have not the most distant intention to interfere in local politics, but I advise you never to give a vote to any man, whose only title for asking it is, that he means to continue the punishments, privations, and incapacities of any human beings, merely because they worship God in the way they think best: the man who asks for your vote upon such a plea, is, *probably*, a very weak man, who believes in his own bad reasoning, or a very artful man, who is laughing at you for your credulity: at all events, he is a man who, knowingly or unknowingly, exposes his country to the greatest dangers, and hands down to posterity all the foolish opinions and all the bad passions which prevail in those times in which he happens to live. Such a man is so far from being that friend to the church which he pretends to be, that he declares its safety cannot be reconciled with the franchises of the people; for what worse can be said of the Church of England than this, that wherever it is judged necessary to give it a legal establishment, it becomes necessary to deprive the body of the people, if they adhere to their old opinions, of their liberties, and of all their free customs, and to reduce them to a state of civil servitude?

SYDNEY SMITH.

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A SERMON

ON THOSE

RULES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY

BY WHICH

OUR OPINIONS OF OTHER SECTS SHOULD BE FORMED:

PREACHED BEFORE THE

MAYOR AND CORPORATION,

IN

The Cathedral Church of Bristol,

On Wednesday, November 5, 1828.

I PUBLISH this sermon (or rather allow others to publish it), because many persons, who know the city of Bristol better than I do, have earnestly solicited me to do so; and are convinced it will do good. It is not without reluctance (as far as I myself am concerned) that I sent to the press such plain rudiments of common charity and common sense.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Nov. 8, 1828.

COL. III. 12, 13.

'PUT ON, AS THE ELECT OF GOD, KINDNESS, HUMBLENESS OF MIND, MEEKNESS, LONG-SUFFERING, FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER, AND FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER.'

THE Church of England, in its wisdom and piety, has very properly ordained that a day of thanksgiving should be set apart, in which we may return thanks to Almighty God for the mercies vouchsafed to this nation in their escape from the dreadful plot planned for the destruction of the sovereign and his Parliament,—the forerunner, no doubt, of such sanguin-

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ary scenes as were suited to the manners of that age, and must have proved the inevitable consequence of such enormous wickedness and cruelty. Such an escape is a fair and lawful foundation for national piety. And it is a comely and Christian sight to see the magistrates and high authorities of the land obedient to the ordinances of the church, and holding forth to their fellow subjects a wise example of national gratitude and serious devotion. This use of this day is deserving of every commendation. The idea that Almighty God does sometimes exercise a special providence for the preservation of a whole people is justified by Scripture, is not repugnant to reason, and can produce nothing but feelings and opinions favourable to virtue and religion.

Another wise and lawful use of this day is an honest self-congratulation that we have burst through those bands which the Roman Catholic priesthood would impose upon human judgment; that the Protestant Church not only permits, but exhorts, every man to appeal from human authority to the Scriptures; that it makes of the clergy guides and advisers, not masters and oracles; that it discourages vain and idle ceremonies, unmeaning observances, and hypocritical pomp; and encourages freedom in thinking upon religion, and simplicity in religious forms. It is impossible that any candid man should not observe the marked superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic faith in these particulars; and difficult that any pious man should not feel grateful to Almighty Providence for escape from danger which would have plunged this country afresh into so many errors and so many absurdities.

I hope, in this condemnation of the Catholic religion (in which I most sincerely join its bitterest enemies), I shall not be so far mistaken as to have it supposed that I would convey the slightest approbation of any laws which disqualify or incapacitate any class of men from civil offices on account of religious opinions. I regard all such laws as fatal and lamentable mistakes in legislation; they are mistakes of troubled times, and half-barbarous ages. All Europe is gradually emerging from their influence. This country has lately, with the entire consent of its prelates, made a noble and successful effort, by the abolition of some of the most obnoxious laws of this class. In proportion as such example is followed, the enemies of church and state will be diminished, and the foundation of peace, order, and happiness be strengthened. These are my

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opinions, which I mention, not to convert you, but to guard myself from misrepresentation. It is my duty,—it is my wish,—it is the subject of this day to point out those evils of the Catholic religion from which we have escaped; but I should be to the last degree concerned, if a condemnation of theological errors were to be construed into an approbation of laws which I cannot but consider as deeply marked by a spirit of intolerance. Therefore, I beg you to remember that I record these opinions not for the purpose of converting any one to them, which would be an abuse of the privilege of addressing you from the pulpit; not that I attach the slightest degree of importance to them because they are mine; but merely to guard myself from misrepresentation upon a point on which all men's passions are, at this moment, so powerfully excited.

I have said that, at this moment, all men's passions are powerfully excited on this subject. If this is true, it points out to me my line of duty. I must use my endeavours to guard against the abuse of this day; to take care that the principles of sound reason are not lost sight of; and that such excitement, instead of rising into dangerous vehemence, is calmed into active and useful investigation of the subject.

I shall, therefore, on the present occasion, not investigate generally the duties of charity and forbearance, but of charity and forbearance in religious matters; of that Christian meekness and humility which prevent the intrusion of bad passions into religious concerns, and keep calm and pure the mind intent upon eternity. And remember, I beg of you, that the rules I shall offer you for the observation of Christian charity are general, and of universal application. What you choose to do, and which way you incline upon any particular question, are, and can be, no concern of mine. It would be the height of arrogance and presumption in me, or in any other minister of God's Word, to interfere on such points; I only endeavour to teach that spirit of forbearance and charity, which (though it cannot always prevent differences upon religious points), will ensure that these differences are carried on with Christian gentleness. I have endeavoured to lay down these rules for difference with care and moderation; and, if you will attend to them patiently, I think you will agree with me, that, however the practice of them may be forgotten, the propriety of them cannot be denied.

It would always be easier to fall in with human passions

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than to resist them; but the ministers of God must do their duty through evil report, and through good report; neither prevented nor excited by the interests of the present day.—They must teach those general truths which the Christian religion has committed to their care, and upon which the happiness and peace of the world depend.

In pressing upon you the great duty of religious charity, the inutility of the opposite defect of religious violence first offers itself to, and, indeed, obtrudes itself upon my notice.—The evil of difference of opinion must exist; it admits of no cure. The wildest visionary does not now hope he can bring his fellow-creatures to one standard of faith. If history has taught us any one thing, it is that mankind, on such sort of subjects, will form their own opinions. Therefore, to want charity in religious matters is at least useless; it hardens error and provokes recrimination; but it does not enlighten those whom we wish to reclaim, nor does it extend doctrines which to us appear so clear and indisputable. But to do wrong, and to gain nothing by it, are surely to add folly to fault, and to proclaim an understanding not led by the rule of reason, as well as a disposition unregulated by the Christian faith.

Religious charity requires that we should not judge any sect of Christians by the representations of their enemies alone, without hearing and reading what they have to say in their own defence; it requires only, of course, to state such a rule to procure for it general admission. No man can pretend to say that such a rule is not founded upon the plainest principles of justice—upon those plain principles of justice which no one thinks of violating in the ordinary concerns of life; and yet I fear that rule is not always very strictly adhered to in religious animosities. Religious hatred is often founded on tradition, often on hearsay, often on the misrepresentations of notorious enemies; without inquiry, without the slightest examination of opposite reasons and authorities, or consideration of that which the accused party has to offer for defence or explanation. It is impossible, I admit, to examine every thing; many have not talents, many have not leisure, for such pursuits; many must be contented with the faith in which they have been brought up, and must think it the best modification of the Christian faith, because they are told it is so. But this imperfect acquaintance with religious controversy, though not blameable when it proceeds from want of power, and want of opportunity, can be no possible justi-

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fication of violent and acrimonious opinions. I would say to the ignorant man, 'It is not your ignorance I blame; you have had no means, perhaps, of acquiring knowledge: the circumstances of your life have not led to it—may have prevented it; but then I must tell you, if you have not had leisure to inquire, you have no right to accuse. If you are unacquainted with the opposite arguments,—or, knowing, cannot balance them, it is not upon you the task devolves of exposing the errors, and impugning the opinions of other sects.' If charity is ever necessary, it is in those who know accurately neither the accusation nor the defence. If invective,—if rooted antipathy, in religious opinions, is ever a breach of Christian rules, it is so in those who, not being able to become wise, are not willing to become charitable and modest.

Any candid man, acquainted with religious controversy, will, I think, admit that he has frequently, in the course of his studies, been astonished by the force of arguments with which that cause has been defended, which he at first thought to be incapable of any defence at all. Some accusations he has found to be utterly groundless; in others the facts and arguments have been mis-stated; in other instances the accusation has been retorted; in many cases the tenets have been defended by strong arguments and honest appeal to Scripture; in many with consummate acuteness and deep learning. So that religious studies often teach to opponents a greater respect for each other's talents, motives, and acquirements; exhibit the real difficulties of the subject; lessen the surprise and anger which are apt to be excited by opposition; and, by these means, promote that forgiving one another, and forbearing one another which are so powerfully recommended by the words of my text.

A great deal of mischief is done by not attending to the limits of interference with each other's religious opinions,—by not leaving to the power and wisdom of God that which belongs to God alone. Our holy religion consists of some doctrines which influence practice, and of others which are purely speculative. If religious errors are of the former description, they may, perhaps, be fair objects of human interference; but, if the opinion is merely theological and speculative, there the right of human interference seems to end, because the necessity for such interference does not exist.—Any error of this nature is between the Creator and the creature,

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—between the Redeemer and the redeemed. If such opinions are not the best opinions which can be found, God Almighty will punish the error, if mere error seemeth to the Almighty a fit object of punishment. Why may not man wait if God waits? Where are we called upon in Scripture to pursue men for errors purely speculative?—to assist Heaven in punishing those offences which belong only to Heaven?—in fighting unasked for what we deem to be the battles of God,—of that patient and merciful God, who pities the frailties we do not pity—who forgives the errors we do not forgive,—who sends rain upon the just and the unjust, and maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and the good?

Another canon of religious charity is to revise, at long intervals, the bad opinions we have been compelled, or rather our forefathers have been compelled, to form of other Christian sects; to see whether the different bias of the age, the more general diffusion of intelligence, do not render those tenets less pernicious: that which might prove a very great evil under other circumstances, and in other times, may, perhaps, however weak and erroneous, be harmless in these times, and under these circumstances. We must be aware, too, that we do not mistake recollections for apprehensions, and confound together what has passed with what is to come,—history with futurity. For instance, it would be the most enormous abuse of this religious institution to imagine that such dreadful scenes of wickedness are to be apprehended from the Catholics of the present day, because the annals of this country were disgraced by such an event two hundred years ago. It would be an enormous abuse of this day to extend the crimes of a few desperate wretches to a whole sect; to fix the passions of dark ages upon times of refinement and civilization. All these are mistakes and abuses of this day, which violate every principle of Christian charity, endanger the peace of society, and give life and perpetuity to hatreds, which must perish at one time or another, and had better, for the peace of society, perish now.

It would be religiously charitable, also, to consider whether the objectionable tenets, which different sects profess, are in their hearts as well as in their books. There is, unfortunately, so much pride where there ought to be so much humility, that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to make religious sects abjure or recant the doctrines they have once professed. It is

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not in this manner, I fear, that the best and purest churches are ever reformed. But the doctrine gradually becomes obsolete; and, though not disowned, ceases in fact to be a distinguishing characteristic of the sect which professes it. These modes of reformation,—this silent antiquation of doctrines,—this real improvement, which the parties themselves are too wise not to feel, though not wise enough to own, must, I am afraid, be generally conceded to human infirmity. They are indulgences not unnecessary to many sects of Christians. The more generous method would be to admit error where error exists, to say these were the tenets and interpretations of dark and ignorant ages; wider inquiry, fresh discussion, superior intelligence have convinced us we are wrong; we will act in future upon better and wiser principles. This is what men do in laws, arts, and sciences; and happy for them would it be if they used the same modest docility in the highest of all concerns. But it is, I fear, more than experience will allow us to expect; and therefore the kindest and most charitable method is to allow religious sects silently to improve without reminding them of, and taunting them with, the improvement; without bringing them to the humiliation of former disavowal, or the still more pernicious practice of defending what they know to be indefensible. The triumphs which proceed from the neglect of these principles are not (what they pretend to be) the triumphs of religion, but the triumphs of personal vanity. The object is not to extinguish dangerous errors with as little pain and degradation as possible to him who has fallen into the error, but the object is to exalt ourselves, and to depreciate our theological opponents, as much as possible, at any expense to God's service, and to the real interests of truth and religion.

There is another practice not less common than this, and equally uncharitable; and that is to represent the opinions of the most violent and eager persons who can be met with, as the common and received opinions of the whole sect. There are, in every denomination of Christians, individuals, by whose opinion or by whose conduct the great body would very reluctantly be judged. Some men aim at attracting notice by singularity; some are deficient in temper; some in learning; some push every principle to the extreme; distort, overstate, pervert; fill every one to whom their cause is dear with concern that it should have been committed to such rash and intemperate advocates. If you wish to gain a victory over your

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antagonists, these are the men whose writings you should study, whose opinions you should dwell on, and should carefully bring forward to notice; but if you wish, as the elect of God, to put on kindness and humbleness, meekness and long-suffering,—if you wish to forbear and to forgive, it will then occur to you that you should seek the true opinions of any sect from those only who are approved of, and reverenced by that sect; to whose authority that sect defer, and by whose arguments they consider their tenets to be properly defended. This may not suit your purpose if you are combating for victory; but it is your duty if you are combating for truth; it is the safe, honest, and splendid conduct of him who never writes nor speaks on religious subjects, but that he may diffuse the real blessings of religion among his fellow-creatures, and restrain the bitterness of controversy by the feelings of Christian charity and forbearance.

Let us also ask ourselves, when we are sitting in severe judgment upon the faults, follies and errors of other Christian sects, whether it is not barely possible that we have fallen into some mistakes and misrepresentations? Let us ask ourselves, honestly and fairly, whether we are wholly exempt from prejudice, from pride, from obstinate adhesion to what candour calls upon us to alter, and to yield? Are there no violent and mistaken members of our own community, by whose conduct we should be loath to be guided,—by whose tenets we should not choose our faith should be judged? Has time, that improves all, found nothing in us to change for the better? Amid all the manifold divisions of the Christian world, are we the only Christians who, without having any thing to learn from the knowledge and civilization of the last three centuries, have started up, without infancy, and without error, into consummate wisdom and spotless perfection?

To listen to enemies as well as friends is a rule which not only increases sense in common life, but is highly favourable to the increase of religious candour. You find that you are not so free from faults as your friends suppose, nor so full of faults as your enemies suppose. You begin to think it not impossible that you may be as unjust to others as they are to you; and that the wisest and most Christian scheme is that of mutual indulgence; that it is better to put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.

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Some men cannot understand how they are to be zealous if they are candid in religious matters; how the energy necessary for the one virtue is compatible with the calmness which the other requires. But remember that the Scriptures carefully distinguish between laudable zeal and indiscreet zeal; that the apostles and epistolary writers knew they had as much to fear from the over-excitement of some men as from the supineness of others; and in nothing have they laboured more than in preventing religion from arming human passions instead of allaying them, and rendering those principles a source of mutual jealousy and hatred which were intended for universal peace. I admit that indifference sometimes puts on the appearance of candour; but, though there is a counterfeit, yet there is a reality; and the imitation proves the value of the original, because men only attempt to multiply the appearances of useful and important things. The object is to be at the same time pious to God and charitable to man; to render your own faith as pure and perfect as possible, not only without hatred of those who differ from you, but with a constant recollection that it is possible, in spite of thought and study, that you may have been mistaken,—that other sects may be right, and that a zeal in his service, which God does not want, is a very bad excuse for those bad passions which his sacred word condemns.

Lastly, I would suggest that many differences between sects are of less importance than the furious zeal of many men would make them. Are the tenets of any sect of such a description, that we believe they will be saved under the Christian faith? Do they fulfil the common duties of life? Do they respect property? Are they obedient to the laws? Do they speak the truth? If all these things are right, the violence of hostility may surely submit to some little softness and relaxation; honest difference of opinion cannot call for such entire separation and complete antipathy; such zeal as this, if it be zeal, and not something worse, is not surely zeal according to discretion.

The arguments, then, which I have adduced in support of the great principles of religious charity are, that violence upon such subjects is rarely or ever found to be useful; but generally to produce effects opposite to those which are intended. I have observed that religious sects are not to be judged from the representations of their enemies; but that they are to be heard for themselves, in the pleadings of their best writers, not in the

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representations of those whose intemperate zeal is a misfortune to the sect to which they belong. If you will study the principles of your religious opponents, you will often find your contempt and hatred lessened in proportion as you are better acquainted with what you despise. Many religious opinions, which are purely speculative, are without the limits of human interference. In the numerous sects of Christianity, interpreting our religion in very opposite manners, all cannot be right. Imitate the forbearance and long-suffering of God, who throws the mantle of his mercy over all, and who will probably save, on the last day, the piously right and the piously wrong, seeking Jesus in humbleness of mind. Do not drive religious sects to the disgrace (or to what they foolishly think the disgrace) of formally disavowing tenets they once professed, but concede something to human weakness; and, when the tenet is virtually given up, treat it as if it were actually given up; and always consider it to be very possible that you yourself may have made mistakes, and fallen into erroneous opinions, as well as any other sect to which you are opposed. If you put on these dispositions, and this tenour of mind, you cannot be guilty of any religious fault, take what part you will in the religious disputes which appear to be coming on the world. If you choose to perpetuate the restrictions upon your fellow-creatures, no one has a right to call you bigoted; if you choose to do them away, no one has any right to call you lax and indifferent; you have done your utmost to do right, and, whether you err, or do not err, in your mode of interpreting the Christian religion, you show at least that you have caught its heavenly spirit,—that you have put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.

I have thus endeavoured to lay before you the uses and abuses of this day; and, having stated the great mercy of God's interference, and the blessings this country has secured to itself in resisting the errors, and follies, and superstitions of the Catholic Church, I have endeavoured that this just sense of our own superiority should not militate against the sacred principles of Christian charity. That charity which I ask for others, I ask also for myself. I am sure I am preaching before those who will think (whether they agree with me or not) that I have spoken conscientiously, and from good motives, and from honest feelings, on a very difficult subject,—not sought for by me, but devolving upon me in the course of duty;—in which I should

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have been heartily ashamed of myself (as you would have been ashamed of me), if I had thought only how to flatter and please, or thought of any thing but what I hope I always do think of in the pulpit,—that I am placed here by God to tell the truth, and to do good.

I shall conclude my sermon, (pushed, I am afraid, already to an unreasonable length,) by reciting to you a very short and beautiful apologue, taken from the rabbinical writers. It is, I believe, quoted by Bishop Taylor in his 'Holy Living and Dying.' I have not now access to that book, but I quote it to you from memory; and should be made truly happy if you would quote it to others from memory also.

'As Abraham was sitting in the door of his tent, there came unto him a wayfaring man; and Abraham gave him water for his feet, and set bread before him. And Abraham said unto him, "Let us now worship the Lord our God before we eat of this bread." And the wayfaring man said unto Abraham, "I will not worship the Lord thy God, for thy God is not my God, but I will worship my God, even the God of my fathers." But Abraham was exceeding wroth; and he rose up to put the wayfaring man forth from the door of his tent. And the voice of the Lord was heard in the tent,—Abraham, Abraham! have I borne with this man for three score and ten years, and canst not thou bear with him for one hour?'

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LETTERS

ON

THE SUBJECT OF THE CATHOLICS,

TO

MY BROTHER ABRAHAM,

WHO

LIVES IN THE COUNTRY.

BY PETER PLYMLEY.

LETTER I.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

A WORTHIER and better man than yourself does not exist; but I have always told you, from the time of our boyhood, that you were a bit of a goose. Your parochial affairs are governed with exemplary order and regularity; you are as powerful in the vestry as Mr. Perceval is in the House of Commons,—and, I must say, with much more reason; nor do I know any church where the faces and smock-frocks of the congregation are so clean, or their eyes so uniformly directed to the preacher. There is another point upon which I will do you ample justice; and that is, that the eyes so directed towards you are wide open; for the rustic has, in general, good principles, though he cannot control his animal habits; and, however loud he may snore, his face is perpetually turned towards the fountain of orthodoxy.

Having done you this act of justice, I shall proceed, according to our ancient intimacy and familiarity, to explain to you my opinions about the Catholics, and to reply to yours.

In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the pope is not landed

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—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the chancellor of the exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and, though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation; and, though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil.

Exactly in the same manner, the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels, mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave, going down to Chatham, as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel; it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and *therefore* as little like a god as can well be imagined.

Having set your fears at rest as to the extent of the conspiracy formed against the Protestant religion, I will now come to the argument itself.

You say these men interpret the Scriptures in an unorthodox manner; and that they eat their God.—Very likely. All this may seem very important to you, who live fourteen miles from a market-town, and, from long residence upon your living, are become a kind of holy vegetable; and, in a theological sense, it is highly important. But I want soldiers and sailors for the state; I want to make a greater use than I now can do of a poor country full of men; I want to render the military service popular among the Irish; to check the power of France; to make every possible exertion for the safety of Europe, which in twenty years' time will be nothing but a mass of French slaves: and then you, and ten thousand other such boobies as you, call out—'For God's sake, do not think of raising cavalry and infantry in Ireland! . . . . They interpret the Epistle to Timothy in a different manner from what we do! . . . . They eat a bit of wafer every Sunday, which they call their God!' I

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wish to my soul they would eat you, and such reasoners as you are. What! when Turk, Jew, Heretic, Infidel, Catholic, Protestant, are all combined against this country; when men of every religious persuasion, and no religious persuasion; when the population of half of the globe is up in arms against us; are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop examines a candidate for holy orders? and to suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with you about the 2d of Timothy? You talk about the Catholics! If you and your brotherhood have been able to persuade the country into a continuation of this grossest of all absurdities, you have ten times the power which the Catholic clergy ever had in their best days. Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, never thought of preventing the Protestants from fighting his battles; and gained accordingly some of his most splendid victories by the talents of his Protestant generals. No power in Europe, but yourselves, has ever thought, for these hundred years past, of asking whether a bayonet is Catholic, or Presbyterian, or Lutheran; but whether it is sharp and well-tempered. A bigot delights in public ridicule; for he begins to think he is a martyr. I can promise you the full enjoyment of this pleasure, from one extremity of Europe to the other.

I am as disgusted with the nonsense of the Roman Catholic religion as you can be; and no man who talks such nonsense shall ever tithe the product of the earth, nor meddle with the ecclesiastical establishment in any shape;—but what have I to do with the speculative nonsense of his theology, when the object is to elect the mayor of a country town, or to appoint a colonel of a marching regiment? Will a man discharge the solemn impertinences of the one office with the less zeal, or shrink from the bloody boldness of the other with greater timidity, because the blockhead believes in all the Catholic nonsense of the real presence. I am sorry there should be such impious folly in the world, but I should be ten times a greater fool than he is, if I refused, in consequence of his folly, to lead him out against the enemies of the state. Your whole argument is wrong; the state has nothing whatever to do with theological errors which do not violate the common rules of morality, and militate against the fair power of the ruler: it leaves all these errors to you, and to such as you. You have every tenth porker in your parish for refuting them; and take care that you are vigilant and logical in the task.

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I love the church as well as you do; but you totally mistake the nature of an establishment, when you contend that it ought to be connected with the military and civil career of every individual in the state. It is quite right that there should be one clergyman to every parish interpreting the Scriptures after a particular manner, ruled by a regular hierarchy, and paid with a rich proportion of haycocks and wheatsheafs. When I have laid this foundation for a rational religion in the state—when I have placed ten thousand well-educated men in different parts of the kingdom to preach it up, and compelled every body to pay them, whether they hear them or not—I have taken such measures as I know must always procure an immense majority in favour of the established church; but I can go no farther. I cannot set up a civil inquisition, and say to one, you shall not be a butcher, because you are not orthodox; and prohibit another from brewing, and a third from administering the law, and a fourth from defending the country. If common justice did not prohibit me from such a conduct, common sense would. The advantage to be gained by quitting the heresy would make it shameful to abandon it; and men who had once left the church would continue in such a state of alienation from a point of honour, and transmit that spirit to the latest posterity. This is just the effect your disqualifying laws have produced. They have fed Dr. Rees and Dr. Kippis; crowded the congregation of the old jewry to suffocation; and enabled every sublapsarian, and supralapsarian, and semipelagian clergyman, to build himself a neat brick chapel, and live with some distant resemblance to the state of a gentleman.

You say the king's coronation oath will not allow him to consent to any relaxation of the Catholic laws—Why not relax the Catholic laws as well as the laws against Protestant dissenters? If one is contrary to his oath, the other must be so too; for the spirit of the oath is, to defend the church establishment; which the Quaker and the Presbyterian differ from as much or more than the Catholic; and yet his majesty has repealed the Corporation and Test Act in Ireland, and done more for the Catholics of both kingdoms than had been done for them since the Reformation. In 1778, the ministers said nothing about the royal conscience; in 1793* no conscience; in 1804 no

* These feelings of humanity and justice were at some periods a little quickened by the representations of 40,000 armed volunteers.

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conscience; the common feeling of humanity and justice then seem to have had their fullest influence upon the advisers of the crown; but in 1807—a year, I suppose, eminently fruitful in moral and religious scruples, (as some years are fruitful in apples, some in hops,)—it is contended by the well paid John Bowles, and by Mr. Perceval (who tried to be well paid), that that is now perjury which we had hitherto called policy and benevolence! Religious liberty has never made such a stride as under the reign of his present majesty; nor is there any instance in the annals of our history, where so many infamous and damnable laws have been repealed as those against the Catholics which have been put an end to by him; and then, at the close of this useful policy, his advisers discover that the very measures of concession and indulgence, or (to use my own language), the measures of justice, which he has been pursuing through the whole of his reign, are contrary to the oath he takes at its commencement! That oath binds his majesty not to consent to any measure contrary to the interests of the established church; but who is to judge of the tendency of each particular measure? Not the king alone; it can never be the intention of this law that the king, who listens to the advice of his Parliament upon a road bill, should reject it upon the most important of all measures. Whatever be his own private judgment of the tendency of any ecclesiastical bill, he complies most strictly with his oath, if he is guided in that particular point by the advice of his Parliament, who may be presumed to understand its tendency better than the king, or any other individual. You say, if Parliament had been unanimous in their opinion of the absolute necessity for Lord Howick's bill, and the king had thought it pernicious, he would have been perjured if he had not rejected it. I say, on the contrary, his majesty would have acted in the most conscientious manner, and have complied most scrupulously with his oath, if he had sacrificed his own opinion to the opinion of the great council of the nation; because the probability was that such opinion was better than his own; and upon the same principle, in common life, you give up your opinion to your physician, your lawyer, and your builder.

You admit this bill did not compel the king to elect Catholic officers, but only gave him the option of doing so if he pleased; but you add, that the king was right in not trusting such dangerous power to himself or his successors. Now, you are

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either to suppose that the king, for the time being, has a zeal for the Catholic establishment, or that he has not. If he has not, where is the danger of giving such an option? If you suppose that he may be influenced by such an admiration of the Catholic religion, why did his present majesty, in the year 1804, consent to that bill which empowered the crown to station ten thousand Catholic soldiers in any part of the kingdom, and placed them absolutely at the disposal of the crown? If the King of England for the time being is a good Protestant, there can be no danger in making the Catholic *eligible* to any thing; if he is not, no power can possibly be so dangerous as that conveyed by the bill last quoted; to which, in point of peril, Lord Howick's bill is a mere joke. But the real fact is, one bill opened a door to his majesty's advisers for trick, jobbing, and intrigue; the other did not.

Besides, what folly to talk to me of an oath, which, under all possible circumstances, is to prevent the relaxation of the Catholic laws! for such a solemn appeal to God sets all conditions and contingencies at defiance. Suppose Bonaparte was to retrieve the only very great blunder he has made, and were to succeed, after repeated trials, in making an impression upon Ireland, do you think we should hear any thing of the impediment of a coronation oath? or would the spirit of this country tolerate for an hour such ministers, and such unheard-of nonsense, if the most distant prospect existed of conciliating the Catholics by every species even of the most abject concession? And yet, if your argument is good for any thing, the coronation oath ought to reject, at such a moment, every tendency to conciliation, and to bind Ireland forever to the crown of France.

I found in your letter the usual remarks about fire, fagot, and bloody Mary. Are you aware, my dear priest, that there were as many persons put to death for religious opinions under the mild Elizabeth as under the bloody Mary? The reign of the former was, to be sure, ten times as long; but I only mention the fact, merely to show you that something depends upon the age in which men live, as well as on their religious opinions. Three hundred years ago, men burnt and hanged each other for these opinions. Time has softened Catholic as well as Protestant; they both required it; though each perceives only his own improvement, and is blind to that of the other. We are all the creatures of circumstances. I know not a kinder and better man than yourself; but you (if you had lived in those

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times) would certainly have roasted your Catholic; and I promise you, if the first exciter of this religious mob had been as powerful then as he is now, you would soon have been elevated to the mitre. I do not go the length of saying that the world has suffered as much from Protestant as from Catholic persecution; far from it: but you should remember the Catholics had all the power, when the idea first started up in the world that there could be two modes of faith; and that it was much more natural they should attempt to crush this diversity of opinion by great and cruel efforts, than that the Protestants should rage against those who differed from them, when the very basis of their system was complete freedom in all spiritual matters.

I cannot extend my letter any further at present, but you shall soon hear from me again. You tell me I am a party man. I hope I shall always be so, when I see my country in the hands of a pert London joker and a second-rate lawyer. Of the first, no other good is known than that he makes pretty Latin verses; the second seems to me to have the head of a country parson, and the tongue of an Old Bailey lawyer.

If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice, and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortune upon their ruin.

God bless you, reverend Abraham, and defend you from the pope, and all of us from that administration who seek power by opposing a measure which Burke, Pitt, and Fox all considered as absolutely necessary to the existence of the country.

LETTER II.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

THE Catholic not respect an oath! why not? What upon earth has kept him out of Parliament, or excluded him from all the offices whence he is excluded, but his respect for oaths? There is no law which prohibits a Catholic to sit in Parliament. There could be no such law; because it is impossible to find out what passes in the interior of any man's mind. Suppose it were in contemplation to exclude all men from certain offices who

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contended for the legality of taking tithes: the only mode of discovering that fervid love of decimation which I know you to possess would be to tender you an oath 'against that damnable doctrine, that it is lawful for a spiritual man to take, abstract, appropriate, subduct, or lead away the tenth calf, sheep, lamb, ox, pigeon, duck,' &c., &c., &c., and every other animal that ever existed, which of course the lawyers would take care to enumerate. Now this oath I am sure you would rather die than take; and so the Catholic is excluded from Parliament because he will not swear that he disbelieves the leading doctrines of his religion! The Catholic asks you to abolish some oaths which oppress him; your answer is, that he does not respect oaths. Then why subject him to the test of oaths? The oaths keep him out of Parliament; why then he respects them. Turn which way you will, either your laws are nugatory, or the Catholic is bound by religious obligations as you are; but no eel in the well-sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed as an orthodox parson does when he is compelled by the gripe of reason to admit any thing in favour of a dissenter.

I will not dispute with you whether the pope be or be not the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. I hope it is not so; because I am afraid it will induce his majesty's chancellor of the exchequer to introduce several severe bills against Popery, if that is the case; and though he will have the decency to appoint a previous committee of inquiry as to the fact, the committee will be garbled, and the report inflammatory. Leaving this to be settled as he pleases to settle it, I wish to inform you, that previously to the bill last passed in favour of the Catholics, at the suggestion of Mr. Pitt, and for his satisfaction, the opinions of six of the most celebrated of the foreign Catholic universities were taken as to the right of the pope to interfere in the temporal concerns of any country. The answer cannot possibly leave the shadow of a doubt, even in the mind of Baron Maseres; and Dr. Rennel would be compelled to admit it, if three bishops lay dead at the very moment the question were put to him. To this answer might be added also the solemn declaration and signature of all the Catholics in Great Britain.

I should perfectly agree with you, if the Catholics admitted such a dangerous dispensing power in the hands of the pope; but they all deny it, and laugh at it, and are ready to abjure it in the most decided manner you can devise. They obey the

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pope as the spiritual head of their church; but are you really so foolish as to be imposed upon by mere names?—What matters it the seven-thousandth part of a farthing who is the spiritual head of any church? Is not Mr. Wilberforce at the head of the church of Clapham? Is not Dr. Letsom at the head of the Quaker church? Is not the general assembly at the head of the church of Scotland? How is the government disturbed by these many-headed churches? or in what way is the power of the crown augmented by this almost nominal dignity?

The king appoints a fast-day once a year, and he makes the bishops; and if the government would take half the pains to keep the Catholics out of the arms of France that it does to widen Temple Bar, or improve Snow Hill, the king would get into his hands the appointments of the titular bishops of Ireland.—Both Mr. C——'s sisters enjoy pensions more than sufficient to place the two greatest dignitaries of the Irish Catholic Church entirely at the disposal of the crown.—Every body who knows Ireland knows perfectly well, that nothing would be easier, with the expenditure of a little money, than to preserve enough of the ostensible appointment in the hands of the pope to satisfy the scruples of the Catholics, while the real nomination remained with the crown. But, as I have before said, the moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants, and the fatuity of idiots.

Whatever your opinion may be of the follies of the Roman Catholic religion, remember they are the follies of four millions of human beings, increasing rapidly in numbers, wealth and intelligence, who, if firmly united with this country, would set at defiance the power of France, and if once wrested from their alliance with England, would in three years render its existence as an independent nation absolutely impossible. You speak of danger to the establishment: I request to know when the establishment was ever so much in danger as when Hoche was in Bantry Bay, and whether all the books of Bossuet, or the arts of the Jesuits were half so terrible? Mr. Perceval and his parsons forgot all this, in their horror lest twelve or fourteen old women may be converted to holy water, and Catholic nonsense. They never see that, while they are saving these venerable ladies from perdition, Ireland may be lost, England broken down, and the Protestant Church, with all its deans,

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prebendaries, Percevals and Rennels, be swept into the vortex of oblivion.

Do not, I beseech you, ever mention to me again the name of Dr. Duigenan. I have been in every corner of Ireland, and have studied its present strength and condition with no common labour. Be assured Ireland does not contain at this moment less than five millions of people. There were returned in the year 1791 to the hearth tax 701,000 houses, and there is no kind of question that there were about 50,000 houses omitted in that return. Taking, however, only the number returned for the tax, and allowing the average of six to a house (a very small average for a potato-fed people), this brings the population to 4,200,000 people in the year 1791; and it can be shown from the clearest evidence, (and Mr. Newenham in his book shows it,) that Ireland for the last fifty years has increased in its population at the rate of 50 or 60,000 per annum; which leaves the present population of Ireland at about five millions, after every possible deduction for *existing circumstances*, *just and necessary wars*, *monstrous and unnatural rebellions*, and all other sources of human destruction. Of this population, two out of ten are Protestants; and the half of the Protestant population are dissenters, and as inimical to the church as the Catholics themselves. In this state of things, thumb-screws and whipping—admirable engines of policy, as they must be considered to be—will not ultimately avail. The Catholics will hang over you; they will watch for the moment; and compel you hereafter to give them ten times as much, against your will, as they would now be contented with, if it was voluntarily surrendered. Remember what happened in the American war: when Ireland compelled you to give her every thing she asked, and to renounce, in the most explicit manner, your claim of sovereignty over her. God Almighty grant the folly of these present men may not bring on such another crisis of public affairs!

What are your dangers which threaten the establishment? —Reduce this declamation to a point, and let us understand what you mean. The most ample allowance does not calculate that there would be more than twenty members who were Roman Catholics in one house, and ten in the other, if the Catholic emancipation were carried into effect. Do you mean that these thirty members would bring in a bill to take away the tithes from the Protestant, and to pay them to the Catholic

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clergy? Do you mean that a Catholic general would march his army into the House of Commons and purge it of Mr. Perceval and Mr. Duigenan? or, that the theological writers would become all of a sudden more acute and more learned, if the present civil incapacities were removed? Do you fear for your tithes, or your doctrines, or your person, or the English constitution? Every fear, taken separately, is so glaringly absurd, that no man has the folly or the boldness to state it. Every one conceals his ignorance, or his baseness, in a stupid general panic, which, when called on, he is utterly incapable of explaining. Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are—you cannot get rid of them; your alternative is, to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one: if you do not admit them to the House of Commons, they will hold their Parliament in Potato-place, Dublin, and be ten times as violent and inflammatory as they would be in Westminster. Nothing would give me such an idea of security, as to see twenty or thirty Catholic gentlemen in Parliament, looked upon by all the Catholics as the fair and proper organ of their party. I should have thought it the height of good fortune that such a wish existed on their part, and the very essence of madness and ignorance to reject it. Can you murder the Catholics? —Can you neglect them? They are too numerous for both these expedients. What remains to be done is obvious to every human being—but to that man who, instead of being a Methodist preacher, is, for the curse of us, and our children, and for the ruin of Troy, and the misery of good old Priam and his sons, become a legislator and a politician.

A distinction, I perceive, is taken, by one of the most feeble noblemen in Great Britain, between persecution and the deprivation of political power; whereas, there is no more distinction between these two things than there is between him who makes the distinction and a booby. If I strip off the relic-covered jacket of a Catholic, and give him twenty stripes . . . I persecute: if I say, every body in the town where you live shall be a candidate for lucrative and honourable offices, but you who are a Catholic . . . . I do not persecute!—What barbarous nonsense is this! as if degradation was not as great an evil as bodily pain, or as severe poverty; as if I could not be as great a tyrant by saying, You shall not enjoy—as by saying, You shall suffer. The English, I believe, are as truly religious as any nation in Europe; I know no greater blessing; but it

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carries with it this evil in its train, that any villain who will bawl out '*The church is in danger!*' may get a place, and a good pension; and that any administration who will do the same thing may bring a set of men into power who, at a moment of stationary and passive piety, would be hooted by the very boys in the streets. But it is not all religion; it is, in great part, that narrow and exclusive spirit which delights to keep the common blessings of sun, and air, and freedom from other human beings. 'Your religion has always been degraded; you are in the dust, and I will take care you never rise again. I should enjoy less the possession of an earthly good, by every additional person to whom it was extended.' You may not be aware of it yourself, most reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to the Catholics upon the same principle that Sarah your wife refuses to give the receipt for a ham or a gooseberry dumpling; she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavour, but because they remind her that her neighbours want it:—a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom.

You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present prime-minister. Grant you all that you write; I say, I fear he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interest of his country; and then you tell me, he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals! These are, undoubtedly, the first qualifications to be looked to in a time of the most serious public danger; but somehow or another (if public and private virtues must always be incompatible), I should prefer that he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country.

The late administration did not do right; they did not build their measures upon the solid basis of facts. They should have caused several Catholics to have been dissected after death by surgeons of either religion; and the report to have been published with accompanying plates. If the viscera, and other organs of life, had been found to be the same as in Protestant bodies; if the provision of nerves, arteries, cerebrum, and cerebellum, had been the same as we are provided with, or as the dissenters are now known to possess; then, indeed, they might have met Mr. Perceval upon a proud eminence, and

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convinced the country at large of the strong probability that the Catholics are really human creatures, endowed with the feelings of men, and entitled to all their rights. But instead of this wise and prudent measure, Lord Howick, with his usual precipitation, brings forward a bill in their favour, without offering the slightest proof to the country that they were any thing more than horses and oxen. The person who shows the lama at the corner of Piccadilly has the precaution to write up —*Allowed by Sir Joseph Banks to be a real quadruped:* so his lordship might have said—*Allowed by the Bench of Bishops to be real human creatures* . . . . I could write you twenty letters upon this subject: but I am tired, and so I suppose are you. Our friendship is now of forty years' standing; you know me to be a truly religious man; but I shudder to see religion treated like a cockade, or a pint of beer, and made the instrument of a party. I love the king, but I love the people as well as the king; and if I am sorry to see his old age molested, I am much more sorry to see four millions of Catholics baffled in their just expectations. If I love Lord Grenville, and Lord Howick, it is because they love their country: if I abhor ******, it is because I know there is but one man among them who is not laughing at the enormous folly and credulity of the country, and that he is an ignorant and mischievous bigot. As for the light and frivolous jester, of whom it is your misfortune to think so highly, learn, my dear Abraham, that this political Killigrew, just before the breaking-up of the last administration, was in actual treaty with them for a place; and if they had survived twenty-four hours longer, he would have been now declaiming against the cry of No Popery! instead of inflaming it.—With this practical comment on the baseness of human nature, I bid you adieu!

LETTER III.

All that I have so often told you, Mr. Abraham Plymley, is now come to pass. The Scythians, in whom you and the neighbouring country gentlemen placed such confidence, are smitten hip and thigh; their Benningsen put to open shame;

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their magazines of train oil intercepted, and we are waking from our disgraceful drunkenness to all the horrors of Mr. Perceval and Mr. Canning .... We shall now see if a nation is to be saved by schoolboy jokes and doggerel rhymes, by affronting petulance, and by the tones and gesticulations of Mr. Pitt. But these are not all the auxiliaries on which we have to depend; to these his colleague will add the strictest attention to the smaller parts of ecclesiastical government, to hassocks, to psalters, and to surplices; in the last agonies of England, he will bring in a bill to regulate Easter-offerings; and he will adjust the stipends of curates,* when the flag of France is unfurled on the hills of Kent. Whatever can be done by very mistaken notions of the piety of a Christian, and by very wretched imitation of the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, will be done by these two gentlemen. After all, if they both really were what they both either wish to be or wish to be thought; if the one were an enlightened Christian, who drew from the Gospel the toleration, the charity, and the sweetness which it contains; and if the other really possessed any portion of the great understanding of his Nisus who guarded him from the weapons of the whigs, I should still doubt if they could save us. But I am sure we are not to be saved by religious hatred, and by religious trifling; by any psalmody, however sweet; or by any persecution, however sharp: I am certain the sounds of Mr. Pitt's voice, and the measure of his tones, and the movement of his arms, will do nothing for us; when these tones, and movements, and voice bring us always declamation without sense or knowledge, and ridicule without good humour or conciliation. Oh, Mr. Plymley, Mr. Plymley, this never will do. Mrs. Abraham Plymley, my sister, will be led away captive by an amorous Gaul; and Joel Plymley, your first-born, will be a French drummer.

Out of sight, out of mind, seems to be a proverb which applies to enemies as well as friends. Because the French army was no longer seen from the cliffs of Dover; because the sound of cannon was no longer heard by the debauched London bathers on the Sussex coast; because the *Morning Post* no longer fixed the invasion sometimes for Monday, sometimes for Tuesday, sometimes (positively for the last time of invad-

* The reverend the chancellor of the exchequer has, since this was written, found time, in the heat of the session, to write a book on the stipends of curates.

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ing) on Saturday; because all these causes of terror were suspended, you conceived the power of Bonaparte to be at an end, and were setting off for Paris, with Lord Hawkesbury the conqueror.—This is precisely the method in which the English have acted during the whole of the revolutionary war. If Austria or Prussia armed, doctors of divinity immediately printed those passages out of Habakkuk, in which the destruction of the usurper by General Mack, and the Duke of Brunswick, are so clearly predicted. If Bonaparte halted, there was a mutiny, or a dysentery. If any one of his generals were eaten up by the light troops of Russia, and picked (as their manner is) to the bone, the sanguine spirit of this country displayed itself in all its glory. What scenes of infamy did the Society for the Suppression of Vice lay open to our astonished eyes: tradesmen's daughters dancing; pots of beer carried out between the first and second lesson; and dark and distant rumours of indecent prints. Clouds of Mr. Canning's cousins arrived by the waggon; all the contractors left their cards with Mr. Rose; and every plunderer of the public crawled out of his hole, like slugs and grubs, and worms, after a shower of rain.

If my voice could have been heard at the late changes, I should have said, 'Gently; patience; stop a little; the time is not yet come; the mud of Poland will harden, and the bowels of the French grenadiers will recover their tone. When honesty, good sense, and liberality have extricated you out of your present embarrassment, then dismiss them as a matter of course; but you cannot spare them just now; don't be in too great a hurry, or there will be no monarch to flatter, and no country to pillage; only submit for a little time to be respected abroad; overlook the painful absence of the tax-gatherer for a few years; bear up nobly under the increase of freedom and of liberal policy for a little time, and I promise you, at the expiration of that period, you shall be plundered, insulted, disgraced, and restrained to your heart's content. Do not imagine I have any intention of putting servility and canting hypocrisy permanently out of place, or of filling up with courage and sense those offices which naturally devolve upon decorous imbecility and inflexible cunning: give us only a little time to keep off the hussars of France, and then the jobbers and jesters shall return to their birth-right, and public virtue be called by its old name of fanaticism.'* Such is the advice I would have

* This is Mr. Canning's term for the detection of public abuses; a

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offered to my infatuated countrymen; but it rained very hard in November, Brother Abraham, and the bowels of our enemies were loosened, and we put our trust in white fluxes, and wet mud; and there is nothing now to oppose to the conqueror of the world but a small table wit, and the sallow surveyor of the meltings.

You ask me, if I think it possible for this country to survive the recent misfortunes of Europe?—I answer you without the slightest degree of hesitation, that, if Bonaparte lives, and a great deal is not immediately done for the conciliation of the Catholics, it does seem to me absolutely impossible but that we must perish; and take this with you, that we shall perish without exciting the slightest feeling of present or future compassion, but fall amidst the hootings and revilings of Europe, as a nation of blockheads, Methodists, and old women. If there were any great scenery, any heroic feelings, any blaze of ancient virtue, any exalted death, any termination of England that would be ever remembered, ever honoured in that western world, where liberty is now retiring, conquest would be more tolerable, and ruin more sweet; but it is doubly miserable to become slaves abroad, because we would be tyrants at home; to persecute, when we are contending against persecution; and to perish, because we have raised up worse enemies within, from our own bigotry, than we are exposed to without from the unprincipled ambition of France. It is, indeed, a most silly and afflicting spectacle to rage at such a moment against our own kindred and our own blood; to tell them they cannot be honourable in war, because they are conscientious in religion; to stipulate (at the very moment when we should buy their hearts and swords at any price) that they must hold up the right hand in prayer, and not the left; and adore one common God, by turning to the east rather than to the west.

What is it the Catholics ask of you? Do not exclude us from the honours and emoluments of the state, because we worship God in one way, and you worship him in another,—

term invented by him, and adopted by that simious parasite who is always grinning at his heels. Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr. Canning has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see 20 or 30 little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.

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in a period of the deepest peace, and the fattest prosperity, this would be a fair request; it should be granted, if Lord Hawkesbury had reached Paris, if Mr. Canning's interpreter had threatened the Senate in an opening speech, or Mr. Perceval explained to them the improvements he meant to introduce into the Catholic religion; but to deny the Irish this justice now, in the present state of Europe, and in the summer months, just as the season for destroying kingdoms is coming on, is (beloved Abraham), whatever you may think of it, little short of positive insanity.

Here is a frigate attacked by a corsair of immense strength and size, rigging cut, masts in danger of coming by the board, four foot water in the hold, men dropping off very fast; in this dreadful situation how do you think the captain acts (whose name shall be Perceval)? He calls all hands upon deck; talks to them of king, country, glory, sweethearts, gin, French prison, wooden shoes, old England, and hearts of oak; they give three cheers, rush to their guns, and, after a tremendous conflict, succeed in beating off the enemy. Not a syllable of all this; this is not the manner in which the honourable commander goes to work; the first thing he does is to secure 20 or 30 of his prime sailors who happen to be Catholics, to clap them in irons, and set over them a guard of as many Protestants; having taken this admirable method of defending himself against his infidel opponents, he goes upon deck, reminds the sailors, in a very bitter harangue, that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust to the Presbyterian quarter-master; issues positive orders that the Catholics should be fired at upon the first appearance of discontent; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the catechism and 39 Articles, and positively forbids every one to spunge or ram who has not taken the sacrament according to the Church of England. Was it right to take out a captain made of excellent British stuff, and to put in such a man as this? Is not he more like a parson, or a talking lawyer, than a thorough-bred seaman? And built as she is of heart of oak, and admirably manned, is it possible, with such a captain, to save this ship from going to the bottom?

You have an argument, I perceive, in common with many others, against the Catholics, that their demands complied with would only lead to farther exactions, and that it is better to resist them now, before any thing is conceded, than hereafter,

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when it is found that all concessions are in vain. I wish the chancellor of the exchequer, who uses this reasoning to exclude others from their just rights, had tried its efficacy, not by his understanding, but by (what are full of much better things) his pockets. Suppose the person to whom he applied for the meltings had withstood every plea of wife and fourteen children, no business, and good character, and refused him this paltry little office, because he might hereafter attempt to get hold of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster for life; would not Mr. Perceval have contended eagerly against the injustice of refusing moderate requests, because immoderate ones may hereafter be made? Would he not have said (and said truly), leave such exorbitant attempts as these to the general indignation of the Commons, who will take care to defeat them when they do occur; but do not refuse me the irons, and the meltings now, because I may totally lose sight of all moderation hereafter. Leave hereafter to the spirit and the wisdom of hereafter; and do not be niggardly now, from the apprehension that men as wise as you should be profuse in times to come.

You forget, Brother Abraham, that it is a vast art (where quarrels cannot be avoided) to turn the public opinion in your favour and to the prejudice of your enemy; a vast privilege to feel that you are in the right, and to make him feel that he is in the wrong; a privilege which makes you more than a man, and your antagonist less; and often secures victory, by convincing him who contends, that he must submit to injustice if he submits to defeat. Open every rank in the army and navy to the Catholic; let him purchase at the same price as the Protestant (if either Catholic or Protestant can purchase such refined pleasures) the privilege of hearing Lord Castlereagh speak for three hours; keep his clergy from starving, soften some of the most odious powers of the tithing-man, and you will for ever lay this formidable question to rest. But if I am wrong, and you must quarrel at last, quarrel upon just rather than unjust grounds; divide the Catholic, and unite the Protestant; be just, and your own exertions will be more formidable and their exertions less formidable; be just, and you will take away from their party all the best and wisest understandings of both persuasions, and knit them firmly to your own cause. 'Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just;' and ten times as much may he be taxed. In the beginning of any

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war, however destitute of common sense, every mob will roar, and every lord of the bedchamber address; but if you are engaged in a war that is to last for years, and to require important sacrifices, take care to make the justice of your case so clear and so obvious, that it cannot be mistaken by the most illiterate country gentleman who rides the earth. Nothing, in fact, can be so grossly absurd as the argument which says, I will deny justice to you now, because I suspect future injustice from you. At this rate, you may lock a man up in your stable, and refuse to let him out because you suspect that he has an intention, at some future period, of robbing your hen-roost. You may horsewhip him at Lady-day, because you believe he will affront you at Midsummer. You may commit a greater evil, to guard against a less, which is merely contingent, and may never happen. You may do what you have done a century ago in Ireland, made the Catholics worse than Helots, because you suspected that they might hereafter aspire to be more than fellow-citizens; rendering their sufferings certain from your jealousy, while yours were only doubtful from their ambition; an ambition sure to be excited by the very measures which were taken to prevent it.

The physical strength of the Catholics will not be greater because you give them a share of political power. You may, by these means, turn rebels into friends; but I do not see how you make rebels more formidable. If they taste of the honey of lawful power, they will love the hive from whence they procure it; if they will struggle with us like men in the same state for civil influence, we are safe. All that I dread is, the physical strength of four millions of men combined with an invading French army. If you are to quarrel at last with this enormous population, still put it off as long as you can; you must gain, and cannot lose, by the delay. The state of Europe cannot be worse; the conviction which the Catholics entertain of your tyranny and injustice cannot be more alarming, nor the opinions of your own people more divided. Time, which produces such effect upon brass and marble, may inspire one minister with modesty, and another with compassion; every circumstance may be better; some certainly will be so, none can be worse; and, after all, the evil may never happen.

You have got hold, I perceive, of all the vulgar English stories respecting the hereditary transmission of forfeited property, and seriously believe that every Catholic beggar wears

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the terriers of his father's land next his skin, and is only waiting for better times to cut the throat of the Protestant professor, and get drunk in the hall of his ancestors. There is one irresistible answer to this mistake, and that is, that the forfeited lands are purchased indiscriminately by Catholic and Protestant, and that the Catholic purchaser never objects to such a title. Now the land (so purchased by a Catholic) is either his own family estate, or it is not. If it is, you suppose him so desirous of coming into possession, that he resorts to the double method of rebellion and purchase; if it is not his own family estate of which he becomes the purchaser, you suppose him first to purchase, then to rebel, in order to defeat the purchase. These things may happen in Ireland; but it is totally impossible they can happen anywhere else. In fact, what land can any man of any sect purchase in Ireland, but forfeited property? In all other oppressed countries which I have ever heard of, the rapacity of the conqueror was bounded by the territorial limits in which the objects of his avarice were contained; but Ireland has been actually confiscated twice over, as a cat is twice killed by a wicked parish-boy.

I admit there is a vast luxury in selecting a particular set of Christians, and in worrying them as a boy worries a puppy dog; it is an amusement in which all the young English are brought up from their earliest days. I like the idea of saying to men who use a different hassock from me, that till they change their hassock, they shall never be colonels, aldermen, or Parliament-men. While I am gratifying my personal insolence respecting religious forms, I fondle myself into an idea that I am religious, and that I am doing my duty in the most exemplary (as I certainly am in the most easy) way. But then, my good Abraham, this sport, admirable as it is, is become, with respect to the Catholics, a little dangerous; and if we are not extremely careful in taking the amusement, we shall tumble into the holy water, and be drowned. As it seems necessary to your idea of an established church to have somebody to worry and torment, suppose we were to select for this purpose William Wilberforce, Esq., and the patent Christians of Clapham. We shall by this expedient enjoy the same opportunity for cruelty and injustice, without being exposed to the same risks; we will compel them to abjure vital clergymen by a public test, to deny that the said William Wilberforce has any power of working miracles, touching for barrenness or any

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other infirmity, or that he is endowed with any preternatural gift whatever. We will swear them to the doctrine of good works, compel them to preach common sense, and to hear it; to frequent bishops, deans, and other high churchmen; and to appear (once in the quarter at the least) at some melodrame, opera, pantomime, or other light scenical representation; in short, we will gratify the love of insolence and power; we will enjoy the old orthodox sport of witnessing the impotent anger of men compelled to submit to civil degradation, or to sacrifice their notions of truth to ours. And all this we may do without the slightest risk, because their numbers are (as yet) not very considerable. Cruelty and injustice must, of course, exist; but why connect them with danger? Why torture a bull-dog when you can get a frog or a rabbit? I am sure my proposal will meet with the most universal approbation. Do not be apprehensive of any opposition from ministers. If it is a case of hatred, we are sure that one man will defend it by the Gospel; if it abridges human freedom, we know that another will find precedents for it in the Revolution.

In the name of Heaven, what are we to gain by suffering Ireland to be rode by that faction which now predominates over it? Why are we to endanger our own church and state, not for 500,000 Episcopalians, but for ten or twelve great Orange families, who have been sucking the blood of that country for these hundred years last past? and the folly of the Orangemen* in playing this game themselves, is almost as absurd as ours in playing it for them. They ought to have the sense to see that their business now is to keep quietly the lands and beeves of which the fathers of the Catholics were robbed in days of yore; they must give to their descendants the sop of political power; by contending with them for names, they will lose realities, and be compelled to beg their potatoes in a foreign land, abhorred equally by the English, who have witnessed their oppression, and by the Catholic Irish, who have smarted under them.

* This remark begins to be sensibly felt in Ireland. The Protestants in Ireland are fast coming over to the Catholic cause.

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LETTER IV.

THEN comes Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown (the gentleman who danced* so badly at the court of Naples), and asks, if it is not an anomaly to educate men in another religion than your own? It certainly is our duty to get rid of error, and above all, of religious error; but this is not to be done *per saltum*, or the measure will miscarry, like the queen. It may be very easy to dance away the royal embryo of a great kingdom; but Mr. Hawkins Brown must look before he leaps, when his object is to crush an opposite sect in religion; false steps aid the one effect as much as they are fatal to the other; it will require not only the lapse of Mr. Hawkins Brown, but the lapse of centuries, before the absurdities of the Catholic religion are laughed at as much as they deserve to be; but surely, in the mean time, the Catholic religion is better than none; four millions of Catholics are better than four millions of wild beasts; two hundred priests, educated by our own government, are better than the same number educated by the man who means to destroy us.

The whole sum now appropriated by government to the religious education of four millions of Christians is 13,000*l.*; a sum about one hundred times as large being appropriated in the same country to about one-eighth part of this number of Protestants. When it was proposed to raise this grant from 8,000*l.* to 13,000*l.*, its present amount, this sum was objected to by that most indulgent of Christians, Mr. Spencer Perceval, as enormous; he himself having secured for his own eating and drinking, and the eating and drinking of the Master and Miss Percevals, the reversionary sum of 21,000*l.* a-year of the public money, and having just failed in a desperate and rapacious attempt to secure to himself for life the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster; and the best of it is, that this minister,

* In the third year of his present majesty, and in the 30th of his own age, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, then upon his travels, danced one evening at the court of Naples. His dress was a volcano silk with lava buttons. Whether (as the Neapolitan wits said) he had studied dancing under St. Vitus, or whether David, dancing in a linen vest, was his model, is not known; but Mr. Brown danced with such inconceivable alacrity and vigour, that he threw the Queen of Naples into convulsions of laughter, which terminated in a miscarriage, and changed the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne.

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after abusing his predecessors for their impious bounty to the Catholics, has found himself compelled, from the apprehension of immediate danger, to grant the sum in question; thus dissolving his pearl* in vinegar, and destroying all the value of the gift by the virulence and reluctance with which it was granted.

I hear from some persons in Parliament, and from others in the sixpenny societies for debate, a great deal about unalterable laws passed at the Revolution. When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces upon me is to convince me that he is an unalterable fool. A law passed when there were Germany, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Portugal, and Turkey; when there was a disputed succession; when four or five hundred acres were won and lost after ten years' hard fighting; when armies were commanded by the sons of kings, and campaigns passed in an interchange of civil letters and ripe fruit; and for these laws, when the whole state of the world is completely changed, we are now, according to my Lord Hawkesbury, to hold ourselves ready to perish. It is no mean misfortune, in times like these, to be forced to say any thing about such men as Lord Hawkesbury, and to be reminded that we are governed by them; but as I am driven to it, I must take the liberty of observing, that the wisdom and liberality of my Lord Hawkesbury are of that complexion which always shrinks from the present exercise of these virtues, by praising the splendid examples of them in ages past. If he had lived at such periods, he would have opposed the Revolution by praising the Reformation, and the Reformation by speaking handsomely of the crusades. He gratifies his natural antipathy to great and courageous measures, by playing off the wisdom and courage which have ceased to influence human affairs against that wisdom and courage which living men would employ for present happiness. Besides, it happens unfortunately for the warden of the Cinque Ports, that to the principal incapacities under which the Irish suffer, they were subjected after that great and glorious revolution, to which we are indebted for so many blessings, and his lordship for the termination of so many periods. The Catholics were not excluded from the Irish House of Commons, or military com-

* Perfectly ready at the same time to follow the other half of Cleopatra's example, and to swallow the solution himself.

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mands, before the 3d and 4th of William and Mary, and the 1st and 2d of Queen Anne.

If the great mass of the people, environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence in its mercy do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood; this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but, to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightnings descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries, who foretold all these consequences, are utterly forgotten; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain. In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, we are making laws to transport a man, if he is found out of his house after eight o'clock at night. That this is necessary, I know too well; but tell me why it is necessary? It is not necessary in Greece, where the Turks are masters.

Are you aware, that there is at this moment an universal clamour throughout the whole of Ireland against the union? It is now one month since I returned from that country; I have never seen so extraordinary, so alarming, and so rapid a change in the sentiments of any people. Those who disliked the union before, are quite furious against it now; those who doubted doubt no more; those who were friendly to it have

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exchanged that friendship for the most rooted aversion; in the midst of all this (which is by far the most alarming symptom), there is the strongest disposition on the part of the northern dissenters to unite with the Catholics, irritated by the faithless injustice with which they have been treated. If this combination does take place (mark what I say to you), you will have meetings all over Ireland for the cry of *No Union;* that cry will spread like wild-fire, and blaze over every opposition; and if this is the case, there is no use in mincing the matter, Ireland is gone, and the death-blow of England is struck; and this event may happen *instantly*—before Mr. Canning and Mr. Hookham Frere have turned Lord Howick's last speech into doggerel rhyme; before '*the near and dear relations*' have received another quarter of their pension, or Mr. Perceval conducted the curates' salary bill safely to a third reading.—If the mind of the English people, cursed as they now are with that madness of religious dissension which has been breathed into them for the purpose of private ambition, can be alarmed by any remembrances, and warned by any events, they should never forget how nearly Ireland was lost to this country during the American war; that it was saved merely by the jealousy of the Protestant Irish towards the Catholics, then a much more insignificant and powerless body than they now are. The Catholic and the dissenter have since combined together against you. Last war, the winds, those ancient and unsubsidized allies of England; the winds, upon which English ministers depend as much for saving kingdoms as washerwomen do for drying clothes; the winds stood your friends; the French could only get into Ireland in small numbers, and the rebels were defeated. Since then, all the remaining kingdoms of Europe have been destroyed; and the Irish see that their national independence is gone, without having received any single one of those advantages which they were taught to expect from the sacrifice. All good things were to flow from the union; they have none of them gained any thing. Every man's pride is wounded by it; no man's interest is promoted. In the seventh year of that union, four million Catholics, lured by all kinds of promises to yield up the separate dignity and sovereignty of their country, are forced to squabble with such a man as Mr. Spencer Perceval for five thousand pounds with which to educate their children in their own mode of worship; he, the same Mr. Spencer, having secured to his own Pro-

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testant self a reversionary portion of the public money amounting to four times that sum. A senior proctor of the University of Oxford, the head of a house, or the examining chaplain to a bishop, may believe these things can last; but every man of the world, whose understanding has been exercised in the business of life, must see (and see with a breaking heart) that they will soon come to a fearful termination.

Our conduct to Ireland, during the whole of this war, has been that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children. We had compassion for the victims of all other oppression and injustice, except our own. If Switzerland was threatened, away went a treasury clerk with a hundred thousand pounds for Switzerland; large bags of money were kept constantly under sailing orders; upon the slightest demonstration towards Naples, down went Sir William Hamilton upon his knees, and begged for the love of St. Januarius they would help us off with a little money; all the arts of Machiavel were resorted to, to persuade Europe to borrow; troops were sent off in all directions to save the Catholic and Protestant world; the pope himself was guarded by a regiment of English dragoons; if the Grand Lama had been at hand, he would have had another; every Catholic clergyman, who had the good fortune to be neither English nor Irish, was immediately provided with lodgings, soup, crucifix, missal, chapel-beads, relics, and holy water; if Turks had landed, Turks would have received an order from the treasury for coffee, opium, korans, and seraglios. In the midst of all this fury of saving and defending, this crusade for conscience and Christianity, there was an universal agreement among all descriptions of people to continue every species of internal persecution; to deny at home every just right that had been denied before; to pummel poor Dr. Abraham Rees and his dissenters; and to treat the unhappy Catholics of Ireland as if their tongues were mute, their heels cloven, their nature brutal, and designedly subjected by Providence to their Orange masters.

How would my admirable brother, the Rev. Abraham Plymley, like to be marched to a Catholic chapel, to be sprinkled with the sanctified contents of a pump, to hear a number of false quantities in the Latin tongue, and to see a number of persons occupied in making right angles upon the breast and

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forehead? And if all this would give you so much pain, what right have you to march Catholic soldiers to a place of worship where there is no aspersion, no rectangular gestures, and where they understand every word they hear, having first, in order to get him to enlist, made a solemn promise to the contrary? Can you wonder, after this, that the Catholic priest stops the recruiting in Ireland, as he is now doing to a most alarming degree?

The late question concerning military rank did not individually affect the lowest persons of the Catholic persuasion; but do you imagine they do not sympathize with the honour and disgrace of their superiors? Do you think that satisfaction and dissatisfaction do not travel down from Lord Fingal to the most potatoless Catholic in Ireland, and that the glory or shame of the sect is not felt by many more than these conditions personally and corporally affect? Do you suppose that the detection of Sir H. M. and the disappointment of Mr. Perceval *in the matter* of the Duchy of Lancaster, did not affect every dabbler in public property? Depend upon it these things were felt through all the gradations of small plunderers, down to him who filches a pound of tobacco from the king's warehouses; while, on the contrary, the acquittal of any noble and official thief would not fail to diffuse the most heartfelt satisfaction over the larcenous and burglarious world. Observe, I do not say because the lower Catholics are affected by what concerns their superiors, that they are not affected by what concerns themselves. There is no disguising the horrid truth; *there must be some relaxation with respect to tithe:* this is the cruel and heart-rending price which must be paid for national preservation. I feel how little existence will be worth having, if any alteration, however slight, is made in the property of Irish rectors; I am conscious how much such changes must affect the daily and hourly comforts of every Englishman; I shall feel too happy if they leave Europe untouched, and are not ultimately fatal to the destinies of America; but I am madly bent upon keeping foreign enemies out of the British empire, and my limited understanding presents me with no other means of effecting my object.

You talk of waiting till another reign, before any alteration is made; a proposal full of good sense and good nature, if the measure in question were to pull down St. James's Palace, or to alter Kew Gardens. Will Bonaparte agree to put off his

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intrigues, and his invasion of Ireland? If so, I will overlook the question of justice, and, finding the danger suspended, agree to the delay. I sincerely hope this reign may last many years, yet the delay of a single session of Parliament may be fatal; but if another year elapses without some serious concession made to the Catholics, I believe, before God, that all future pledges and concessions will be made in vain. I do not think that peace will do you any good under such circumstances; if Bonaparte gives you a respite, it will only be to get ready the gallows on which he means to hang you. The Catholic and the dissenter can unite in peace as well as war. If they do, the gallows is ready; and your executioner, in spite of the most solemn promises, will turn you off the next hour.

With every disposition to please (where to please within fair and rational limits is an high duty), it is impossible for public men to be long silent about the Catholics: pressing evils are not got rid of because they are not talked of. A man may command his family to say nothing more about the stone, and surgical operations; but the ponderous malice still lies upon the nerve, and gets so big, that the patient breaks his own law of silence, clamours for the knife, and expires under its late operation. Believe me, you talk folly, when you talk of suppressing the Catholic question. I wish to God the case admitted of such a remedy: bad as it is, it does not admit of it. If the wants of the Catholics are not heard in the manly tones of Lord Grenville, or the servile drawl of Lord Castlereagh, they will be heard ere long in the madness of mobs, and the conflicts of armed men.

I observe, it is now universally the fashion to speak of the first personage in the state as the great obstacle to the measure. In the first place, I am not bound to believe such rumours because I hear them; and in the next place, I object to such language as unconstitutional. Whoever retains his situation in the ministry, while the incapacities of the Catholics remain, is the advocate for those incapacities; and to him, and to him only, am I to look for responsibility. But waive this question of the Catholics, and put a general case: How is a minister of this country to act when the conscientious scruples of his sovereign prevent the execution of a measure deemed by him absolutely necessary to the safety of the country? His conduct is quite clear—he should resign. But what is his successor to do?—Resign. But is the king to be left without minis-

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ters, and is he in this manner to be compelled to act against his own conscience? Before I answer this, pray tell me, in my turn, what better defence is there against the machinations of a wicked, or the errors of a weak monarch, than the impossibility of finding a minister who will lend himself to vice and folly? Every English monarch, in such a predicament, would sacrifice his opinions and views to such a clear expression of the public will; and it is one method in which the constitution aims at bringing about such a sacrifice. You may say, if you please, the ruler of a state is forced to give up his object, when the natural love of place and power will tempt no one to assist him in its attainment. This may be force; but it is force without injury, and therefore without blame. I am not to be beat out of these obvious reasonings, and ancient constitutional provisions, by the term conscience. There is no fantasy, however wild, that a man may not persuade himself that he cherishes from motives of conscience; eternal war against impious France, or rebellious America, or Catholic Spain, may in times to come be scruples of conscience. One English monarch may, from scruples of conscience, wish to abolish every trait of religious persecution; another monarch may deem it his absolute and indispensable duty to make a slight provision for dissenters out of the revenues of the Church of England. So that you see, Brother Abraham, there are cases where it would be the duty of the best and most loyal subjects to oppose the conscientious scruples of their sovereign, still taking care that their actions were constitutional, and their modes respectful. Then you come upon me with personal questions, and say, that no such dangers are to be apprehended now under our present gracious sovereign, of whose good qualities we must be all so well convinced. All these sorts of discussions I beg leave to decline; what I have said upon constitutional topics, I mean of course for general, not for particular application. I agree with you in all the good you have said of the powers that be, and I avail myself of the opportunity of pointing out general dangers to the constitution, at a moment when we are so completely exempted from their present influence. I cannot finish this letter without expressing my surprise and pleasure at your abuse of the servile addresses poured in upon the throne; nor can I conceive a greater disgust to a monarch, with a true English heart, than to see such a question as that of Catholic emancipation argued, not with

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a reference to its justice or its importance, but universally considered to be of no farther consequence than as it affects his own private feelings. That these sentiments should be mine, is not wonderful; but how they come to be yours, does, I confess, fill me with surprise. Are you moved by the arrival of the Irish brigade at Antwerp, and the amorous violence which awaits Mrs. Plymley?

LETTER V.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

I NEVER met a parson in my life who did not consider the Corporation and Test Acts as the great bulwarks of the church; and yet it is now just sixty-four years since bills of indemnity to destroy their penal effects, or, in other words, to repeal them, have been passed annually as a matter of course.

Heu vatum ignaræ mentes.

These bulwarks, without which no clergyman thinks he could sleep with his accustomed soundness, have actually not been in existence since any man now living has taken holy orders. Every year the indemnity act pardons past breaches of these two laws, and prevents any fresh actions of informers from coming to a conclusion before the period for the next indemnity bill arrives; so that these penalties, by which alone the church remains in existence, have not had one moment's operation for sixty-four years. You will say the legislature, during the whole of this period, has reserved to itself the discretion of suspending, or not suspending. But had not the legislature the right of re-enacting, if it was necessary? And now, when you have kept the rod over these people (with the most scandalous abuse of all principle) for sixty-four years, and not found it necessary to strike once, is not that the best of all reasons why the rod should be laid aside? You talk to me of a very valuable hedge running across your fields which you would not part with on any account. I go down, expecting to find a limit impervious to cattle, and highly useful for the preservation of property; but, to my utter astonishment, I find

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that the hedge was cut down half a century ago, and that every year the shoots are clipped the moment they appear above ground: it appears, upon farther inquiry, that the hedge never ought to have existed at all; that it originated in the malice of antiquated quarrels, and was cut down because it subjected you to vast inconvenience, and broke up your intercourse with a country absolutely necessary to your existence. If the remains of this hedge serve only to keep up an irritation in your neighbours, and to remind them of the feuds of former times, good nature and good sense teach you that you ought to grub it up, and cast it into the oven. This is the exact state of these two laws; and yet it is made a great argument against concession to the Catholics, that it involves their repeal; which is to say, Do not make me relinquish a folly that will lead to my ruin; because, if you do, I must give up other follies ten times greater than this.

I confess, with all our bulwarks and hedges, it mortifies me to the very quick, to contrast with our matchless stupidity and inimitable folly, the conduct of Bonaparte upon the subject of religious persecution. At the moment when we are tearing the crucifixes from the necks of the Catholics, and washing pious mud from the foreheads of the Hindoos; at that moment this man is assembling the very Jews at Paris, and endeavouring to give them stability and importance. I shall never be reconciled to mending shoes in America; but I see it must be my lot, and I will then take a dreadful revenge upon Mr. Perceval, if I catch him preaching within ten miles of me. I cannot for the soul of me conceive whence this man has gained his notions of Christianity; he has the most evangelical charity for errors in arithmetic, and the most inveterate malice against errors in conscience. While he rages against those whom, in the true spirit of the Gospel he ought to indulge, he forgets the only instance of severity which that Gospel contains, and leaves the jobbers, and contractors, and money-changers at their seats, without a single stripe.

You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in their time, the Austrian, Russian and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave; so were all these nations. You might get together an hundred thousand men individually brave; but without generals capable

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of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers; they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm; for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedge-rows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded solely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne* give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall, while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the mean time I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence. But whatever was our conduct, if every ploughman was as great a hero as he who was called from his oxen to save Rome from her enemies, I should still say, that at such a crisis you want the affections of all your subjects in both

* There is nothing more objectionable in Plymley's Letters than the abuse of Mr. Sturges Bourne, who is an honourable, able, and excellent person; but such are the malevolent effects of party spirit.

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islands; there is no spirit which you must alienate, no heart you must avert; every man must feel he has a country, and that there is an urgent and pressing cause why he should expose himself to death.

The effects of penal laws, in matters of religion, are never confined to those limits in which the legislature intended they should be placed; it is not only that I am excluded from certain offices and dignities because I am a Catholic, but the exclusion carries with it a certain stigma, which degrades me in the eyes of the monopolizing sect, and the very name of my religion becomes odious. These effects are so very striking in England, that I solemnly believe blue and red baboons to be more popular here than Catholics and Presbyterians; they are more understood, and there is a greater disposition to do something for them. When a country squire hears of an ape, his first feeling is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the county jail, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped. This is no caricature, but an accurate picture of national feelings, as they degrade and endanger us at this very moment. The Irish Catholic gentleman would bear his legal disabilities with greater temper, if these were all he had to bear—if they did not enable every Protestant cheesemonger and tide-waiter to treat him with contempt. He is branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron, and treated like a spiritual felon, because, in the highest of all considerations, he is led by the noblest of all guides, his own disinterested conscience.

Why are nonsense and cruelty a bit the better because they are enacted? If Providence, which gives wine and oil, had blest us with that tolerant spirit which makes the countenance more pleasant and the heart more glad than these can do; if our statute book had never been defiled with such infamous laws, the sepulchral Spencer Perceval would have been hauled through the dirtiest horse-pond in Hampstead, had he ventured to propose them. But now persecution is good, because it exists; every law which originated in ignorance and malice, and gratifies the passions from whence it sprang, we call the wisdom of our ancestors; when such laws are repealed, they will be cruelty and madness; till they are repealed, they are policy and caution.

I was somewhat amused with the imputation brought against

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the Catholics by the University of Oxford, that they are enemies to liberty. I immediately turned to my History of England, and marked as an historical error that passage in which it is recorded that, in the reign of Queen Anne, the famous decree of the University of Oxford, respecting passive obedience, was ordered, by the House of Lords, to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, as contrary to the liberty of the subject, and the law of the land. Nevertheless, I wish, whatever be the modesty of those who impute, that the imputation was a little more true, the Catholic cause would not be quite so desperate with the present administration. I fear, however, that the hatred to liberty in these poor devoted wretches may ere long appear more doubtful than it is at present to the vice-chancellor and his clergy, inflamed, as they doubtless are, with classical examples of republican virtue, and panting, as they always have been, to reduce the power of the crown within narrower and safer limits. What mistaken zeal to attempt to connect one religion with freedom, and another with slavery! Who laid the foundations of English liberty? What was the mixed religion of Switzerland? What has the Protestant religion done for liberty in Denmark, in Sweden, throughout the north of Germany, and in Prussia? The purest religion in the world, in my humble opinion, is the religion of the Church of England; for its preservation (so far as it is exercised without intruding upon the liberties of others), I am ready at this moment to venture my present life, and but through that religion I have no hopes of any other; yet I am not forced to be silly because I am pious; nor will I ever join in eulogiums on my faith, which every man of common reading and common sense can so easily refute.

You have either done too much for the Catholics (worthy Abraham), or too little; if you had intended to refuse them political power, you should have refused them civil rights. After you had enabled them to acquire property, after you had conceded to them all that you did concede in 78 and 93, the rest is wholly out of your power; you may choose whether you will give the rest in an honourable or a disgraceful mode, but it is utterly out of your power to withhold it.

In the last year, land to the amount of *eight hundred thousand pounds* was purchased by the Catholics in Ireland. Do you think it possible to be-Perceval, and be-Canning, and be-Castlereagh such a body of men as this out of their common

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rights and their sense? Mr. George Canning may laugh and joke at the idea of Protestant bailiffs ravishing Catholic ladies, under the 9th clause of the sunset bill; but if some better remedy is not applied to the distractions of Ireland than the jocularity of Mr. Canning, they will soon put an end to his pension, and to the penison of those 'near and dear relatives,' for whose eating, drinking, washing, and clothing, every man in the United Kingdoms now pays his two-pence or three-pence a year. You may call these observations coarse, if you please; but I have no idea that the Sophias and Carolines of any man breathing are to eat national veal, to drink public tea, to wear treasury ribands, and then that we are to be told that it is coarse to animadvert upon this pitiful and eleemosynary splendour. If this is right, why not mention it! If it is wrong, why should not he who enjoys the ease of supporting his sisters in this manner bear the shame of it? Every body seems hitherto to have spared a man who never spares any body.

As for the enormous wax candles, and superstitious mummeries, and painted jackets of the Catholic priests, I fear them not. Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the small-pox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do each of them a mean and dishonourable action; that any body who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears, or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple; tell me any other thing absurd or incredible, but, for the love of common sense, let me hear no more of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery. It is too absurd to be reasoned upon; every man feels it is nonsense when he hears it stated, and so does every man while he is stating it.

I cannot imagine why the friends to the church establishment should entertain such an horror of seeing the doors of Parliament flung open to the Catholics, and view so passively the enjoyment of that right by the Presbyterians, and by every other species of dissenter. In their tenets, in their church government, in the nature of their endowments, the dissenters are infinitely more distant from the Church of England than the Catholics are; yet the dissenters have never been excluded from Parliament. There are 45 members in one house and 16 in the other, who always are dissenters. There is no law

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which would prevent every member of the Lords and Commons from being dissenters. The Catholics could not bring into Parliament half the number of the Scotch members; and yet one exclusion is of such immense importance, because it has taken place; and the other no human being thinks of, because no one is accustomed to it. I have often thought, if the *wisdom of our ancestors* had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights. What mobs and riots would it produce? To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriot be exposed? what wormwood would distil from Mr. Perceval, what froth would drop from Mr. Canning; how (I will not say *my*, but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all,) how our Lord Hawkesbury would work away about the hair of King William and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious Revolution; how Lord Elton would appeal to the Deity and his own virtues, and to the hair of his children: some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove they were atheists; they would be petitioned against as the friends of slavery, and the advocates for revolt; in short, such a corrupter of the heart and the understanding is the spirit of persecution, that these unfortunate people (conspired against by their fellow-subjects of every complexion), if they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another colour was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid.

As for the dangers of the church (in spite of the staggering events which have lately taken place), I have not yet entirely lost my confidence in the power of common sense, and I believe the church to be in no danger at all; but if it is, that danger is not from the Catholics, but from the Methodists, and from that patent Christianity which has been for some time manufacturing at Clapham, to the prejudice of the old and admirable article prepared by the church. I would counsel my lords the bishops to keep their eyes upon that holy village, and its hallowed vicinity; they will find there a zeal in making converts far superior to any thing which exists among the Catholics; a contempt for the great mass of English clergy much more rooted and profound; and a regular fund to purchase livings for those groaning and garrulous gentlemen, whom they denominate (by a standing sarcasm against the

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regular church) gospel preachers, and vital clergymen. I am too firm a believer in the general propriety and respectability of the English clergy, to believe they have much to fear either from old nonsense, or from new; but if the church must be supposed to be in danger, I prefer that nonsense which is grown half venerable from time, the force of which I have already tried and baffled, which at least has some excuse in the dark and ignorant ages in which it originated. The religious enthusiasm manufactured by living men before my own eyes disgusts my understanding as much, influences my imagination not at all, and excites my apprehensions much more.

I may have seemed to you to treat the situation of public affairs with some degree of levity; but I feel it deeply, and with nightly and daily anguish; because I know Ireland; I have known it all my life; I love it, and I foresee the crisis to which it will soon be exposed. Who can doubt but that Ireland will experience ultimately from France a treatment to which the conduct they have experienced from England is the love of a parent, or a brother? Who can doubt but that five years after he has got hold of the country, Ireland will be tossed away by Bonaparte as a present to some one of his ruffian generals, who will knock the head of Mr. Keogh against the head of Cardinal Troy, shoot twenty of the most noisy blockheads of the Roman persuasion, wash his pug-dogs in holy water, and confiscate the salt butter of the Milesian republic to the last tub? But what matters this? or who is wise enough in Ireland to heed it? or when had common sense much influence with my poor dear Irish? Mr. Perceval does not know the Irish; but I know them, and I know that at every rash and mad hazard, they will break the union, revenge their wounded pride and their insulted religion, and fling themselves into the open arms of France, sure of dying in the embrace. And now what means have you of guarding against this coming evil, upon which the future happiness or misery of every Englishman depends? Have you a single ally in the whole world? Is there a vulnerable point in the French empire where the astonishing resources of that people can be attracted and employed? Have you a ministry wise enough to comprehend the danger, manly enough to believe unpleasant intelligence, honest enough to state their apprehensions at the peril of their places? Is there anywhere the slightest disposition to join any measure of love, or conciliation, or hope, with that dreadful bill which

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the distractions of Ireland have rendered necessary? At the very moment that the last monarchy in Europe has fallen, are we not governed by a man of pleasantry, and a man of theology? In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, have we any memorial of ancient kindness to refer to? any people, any zeal, any country on which we can depend? Have we any hope, but in the winds of heaven, and the tides of the sea? any prayer to prefer to the Irish, but that they should forget and forgive their oppressors, who, in the very moment that they are calling upon them for their exertions, solemnly assure them that the oppression shall still remain?

Abraham, farewell! If I have tired you, remember how often you have tired me and others. I do not think we really differ in politics so much as you suppose; or at least, if we do, that difference is in the means, and not in the end. We both love the constitution, respect the king, and abhor the French. But though you love the constitution, you would perpetuate the abuses which have been engrafted upon it; though you respect the king, you would confirm his scruples against the Catholics; though you abhor the French, you would open to them the conquest of Ireland. My method of respecting my sovereign is by protecting his honour, his empire, and his lasting happiness; I evince my love of the constitution, by making it the guardian of all men's rights and the source of their freedom; and I prove my abhorrence of the French, by uniting against them the disciples of every church in the only remaining nation in Europe. As for the men of whom I have been compelled, in this age of mediocrity, to say so much, they cannot of themselves be worth a moment's consideration to you, to me, or to any body. In a year after their death, they will be forgotten as completely as if they had never been; and are now of no farther importance than as they are the mere vehicles of carrying into effect the common-place and mischievous prejudices of the times in which they live.

LETTER VI.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

WHAT amuses me the most is, to hear of the *indulgences* which the Catholics have received, and their exorbitance in not being

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satisfied with those indulgences: now if you complain to me that a man is obtrusive and shameless in his requests, and that it is impossible to bring him to reason, I must first of all hear the whole of your conduct towards him; for you may have taken from him so much in the first instance, that, in spite of a long series of restitution, a vast latitude for petition may still remain behind.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense; by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about an hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer; the next year, the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner; the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: 'Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese parings? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And

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now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer: there are not more than half a dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them.'

Is not this, my dainty Abraham, the very nonsense and the very insult which is talked to and practised upon the Catholics? You are surprised that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content, and I (who, though an inhabitant of the village, have preserved, thank God, some sense of justice,) most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands, till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others; and if they see a little attenuated lawyer squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire him to empty his pockets, and to pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl and pudding, which he has filched from the public feast, to carry home to his wife and children.

You parade a great deal upon the vast concessions made by this country to the Irish before the union. I deny that any voluntary concession was ever made by England to Ireland.—What did Ireland ever ask that was granted? What did she ever demand that was refused? How did she get her mutiny bill—a limited Parliament—a repeal of Poyning's law—a constitution? Not by the concessions of England, but by her fears. When Ireland asked for all these things upon her knees, her petitions were rejected with Percevalism and contempt: when she demanded them with the voice of 60,000 armed men, they were granted with every mark of consternation and dismay. Ask of Lord Auckland the fatal consequences of trifling with such a people as the Irish. He himself was the organ of these refusals. As secretary to the lord-lieu-

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tenant, the insolence and the tyranny of this country passed through his hands. Ask him if he remembers the consequences. Ask him if he has forgotten that memorable evening, when he came down booted and mantled to the House of Commons, when he told the House he was about to set off for Ireland that night, and declared, before God, if he did not carry with him a compliance with all their demands, Ireland was for ever lost to this country. The present generation have forgotten this; but I have not forgotten it; and I know, hasty and undignified as the submission of England then was, that Lord Auckland was right, that the delay of a single day might very probably have separated the two people for ever. The terms submission and fear are galling terms, when applied from the lesser nation to the greater; but it is the plain historical truth, it is the natural consequence of injustice, it is the predicament in which every country places itself which leaves such a mass of hatred and discontent by its side. No empire is powerful enough to endure it; it would exhaust the strength of China, and sink it with all its mandarins and tea-kettles to the bottom of the deep. By refusing them justice now, when you are strong enough to refuse them any thing more than justice, you will act over again, with the Catholics, the same scene of mean and precipitate submission which disgraced you before America, and before the volunteers of Ireland. We shall live to hear the Hampstead Protestant pronouncing such extravagant panegyrics upon holy water, and paying such fulsome compliments to the thumbs and offals of departed saints, that parties will change sentiments, and Lord Henry Petty and Sam Whitbread take a spell at no-Popery. The wisdom of Mr. Fox was alike employed in teaching his country justice when Ireland was weak, and dignity when Ireland was strong. We are fast pacing round the same miserable circle of ruin and imbecility. Alas! where is our guide?

You say that Ireland is a millstone about our necks; that it would be better for us if Ireland were sunk at the bottom of the sea; that the Irish are a nation of irreclaimable savages and barbarians. How often have I heard these sentiments fall from the plump and thoughtless squire, and from the thriving English shopkeeper, who has never felt the rod of an Orange master upon his back. Ireland a millstone about your neck! Why is it not a stone of Ajax in your hand? I agree with you most cordially, that, governed as Ireland now is, it would

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be a vast accession of strength if the waves of the sea were to rise and ingulf her to-morrow. At this moment, opposed as we are to all the world, the annihilation of one of the most fertile islands on the face of the globe, containing five millions of human creatures, would be one of the most solid advantages which could happen to this country. I doubt very much, in spite of all the just abuse which has been lavished upon Bonaparte, whether there is any one of his conquered countries the blotting out of which would be as beneficial to him as the destruction of Ireland would be to us: of countries, I speak, differing in language from the French, little habituated to their intercourse, and inflamed with all the resentments of a recently conquered people. Why will you attribute the turbulence of our people to any cause but the right—to any cause but your own scandalous oppression? If you tie your horse up to a gate, and beat him cruelly, is he vicious because he kicks you? If you have plagued and worried a mastiff dog for years, is he mad because he flies at you whenever he sees you? Hatred is an active, troublesome passion. Depend upon it, whole nations have always some reason for their hatred. Before you refer the turbulence of the Irish to incurable defects in their character, tell me if you have treated them as friends and equals? Have you protected their commerce? Have you respected their religion? Have you been as anxious for their freedom as your own? Nothing of all this. What then? —Why, you have confiscated the territorial surface of the country twice over; you have massacred and exported her inhabitants; you have deprived four-fifths of them of every civil privilege; you have at every period made her commerce and manufactures slavishly subordinate to your own; and yet the hatred which the Irish bear to you is the result of an original turbulence of character, and of a primitive, obdurate wildness, utterly incapable of civilization. The embroidered inanities and the sixth-form effusions of Mr. Canning are really not powerful enough to make me believe this; nor is there any authority on earth (always excepting the Dean of Christ-Church) which could make it credible to me. I am sick of Mr. Canning. There is not a ha'p'orth of bread to all this sugar and sack. I love not the cretaceous and incredible countenance of his colleague. The only opinion in which I agree with these two gentlemen, is that which they entertain of each other; I am sure that the insolence of Mr. Pitt, and

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the unbalanced accounts of Melville, were far better than the perils of this new ignorance:—

> Nonne fuit satius tristes Amaryllidis iras
> Atque superba pati fastidia—nonne Menalcam,
> Quamvis ille *niger?*

In the midst of the most profound peace, the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit, in which the destruction of Ireland is resolved upon, induce you to rob the Danes of their fleet.—After the expedition sailed comes the treaty of Tilsit, containing no article,* public or private, alluding to Ireland. The state of the world, you tell me, justified us in doing this.—Just God! do we think only of the state of the world when there is an opportunity for robbery, for murder, and for plunder; and do we forget the state of the world when we are called upon to be wise, and good, and just? Does the state of the world never remind us, that we have four millions of subjects whose injuries we ought to atone for, and whose affections we ought to conciliate? Does the state of the world never warn us to lay aside our infernal bigotry, and to arm every man who acknowledges a God and can grasp a sword? Did it never occur to this administration, that they might virtuously get hold of a force ten times greater than the force of the Danish fleet?—Was there no other way of protecting Ireland, but by bringing eternal shame upon Great Britain, and by making the earth a den of robbers? See what the men whom you have supplanted would have done. They would have rendered the invasion of Ireland impossible, by restoring to the Catholics their long-lost rights; they would have acted in such a manner that the French would neither have wished for invasion, nor dared to attempt it; they would have increased the permanent strength of the country while they preserved its reputation unsullied. Nothing of this kind your friends have done, because they are solemnly pledged to do nothing of this kind; because to tolerate all religions, and to equalize civil rights to all sects, is to oppose some of the worst passions of our nature—to plunder and to oppress is to gratify them all. They wanted the huzzas of mobs, and they have for ever blasted the fame of England to obtain them. Were the fleets of Holland, France, and Spain, destroyed by larceny? You resisted the power of 150 sail of the line by sheer courage, and violated every principle of morals

* This is now completely confessed to be the case by ministers.

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from the dread of 15 hulks, while the expedition itself cost you three times more than the value of the larcenous matter brought away. The French trample upon the laws of God and man, not for old cordage, but for kingdoms, and always take care to be well paid for their crimes. We contrive, under the present administration, to unite moral with intellectual deficiency, and to grow weaker and worse by the same action. If they had any evidence of the intended hostility of the Danes, why was it not produced? Why have the nations of Europe been allowed to feel an indignation against this country beyond the reach of all subsequent information? Are these times, do you imagine, when we can trifle with a year of universal hatred, dally with the curses of Europe, and then regain a lost character at pleasure, by the parliamentary perspirations of the foreign secretary, or the solemn asseverations of the pecuniary Rose? Believe me, Abraham, it is not under such ministers as these that the dexterity of honest Englishmen will ever equal the dexterity of French knaves; it is not in their presence that the serpent of Moses will ever swallow up the serpents of the magicians.

Lord Hawkesbury says, that nothing is to be granted to the Catholics from fear. What! not even justice? Why not? There are four millions of disaffected people within twenty miles of your own coast. I fairly confess, that the dread which I have of their physical power, is with me a very strong motive for listening to their claims. To talk of not acting from fear is mere parliamentary cant. From what motive but fear, I should be glad to know, have all the improvements in our constitution proceeded? I question if any justice has ever been done to large masses of mankind from any other motive. By what other motives can the plunderers of the Baltic suppose nations to be governed in their intercourse *with each other?* If I say, Give this people what they ask because it is just, do you think I should get ten people to listen to me? Would not the lesser of the two Jenkinsons be the first to treat me with contempt? The only true way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing to them in pretty plain terms the consequences of injustice. If any body of French troops land in Ireland, the whole population of that country will rise against you to a man, and you could not possibly survive such an event three years. Such, from the bottom of my soul, do I believe to be the present state of that

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country; and so far does it appear to me to be impolitic and unstatesmanlike to concede any thing to such a danger, that if the Catholics, in addition to their present just demands, were to petition for the perpetual removal of the said Lord Hawkesbury from his majesty's councils, I think, whatever might be the effect upon the destinies of Europe, and however it might retard our own individual destruction, that the prayer of the petition should be instantly complied with. Canning's crocodile tears should not move me; the hoops of the maids of honour should not hide him. I would tear him from the banisters of the back stairs, and plunge him in the fishy fumes of the dirtiest of all his Cinque Ports.

LETTER VII.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

IN the correspondence which is passing between us, you are perpetually alluding to the foreign secretary; and in answer to the dangers of Ireland, which I am pressing upon your notice, you have nothing to urge but the confidence which you repose in the discretion and sound sense of this gentleman.* I can only say, that I have listened to him long and often, with the greatest attention; I have used every exertion in my power to take a fair measure of him, and it appears to me impossible to hear him upon any arduous topic without perceiving that he is eminently deficient in those solid and serious qualities upon which, and upon which alone, the confidence of a great country can properly repose. He sweats, and labours, and works for sense, and Mr. Ellis seems always to think it is coming, but it does not come; the machine can't draw up what is not to be found in the spring; Providence has made him a light, jesting,

* The attack upon virtue and morals in the debate upon Copenhagen is brought forward with great ostentation by this gentleman's friends. But is Harlequin less Harlequin because he acts well? I was present: he leaped about, touched facts with his wand, turned yes into no, and no into yes; it was a pantomime well played, but a pantomime; Harlequin deserves higher wages than he did two years ago; is he therefore fit for serious parts?

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paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying day. When he is jocular he is strong, when he is serious he is like Sampson in a wig; any ordinary person is a match for him; a song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the newspaper upon Nicoll's eye, a smart speech of twenty minutes, full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotation, success in provoking dull men, some half information picked up in Pall Mall in the morning; these are your friend's natural weapons; all these things he can do; here I allow him to be truly great; nay, I will be just, and go still farther, if he would confine himself to these things, and consider the *facete* and the playful to be the basis of his character, he would, for that species of man, be universally regarded as a person of a very good understanding; call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner out of the highest lustre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this half century. The foreign secretary is a gentleman, a respectable as well as an highly agreeable man in private life; but you may as well feed me with decayed potatoes as console me for the miseries of Ireland by the resources of his *sense* and his *discretion*. It is only the public situation which this gentleman holds which entitles me or induces me to say so much about him. He is a fly in amber; nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the devil did it get there? Nor do I attack him from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province.

The friends of the Catholic question are, I observe, extremely embarrassed in arguing when they come to the loyalty of the Irish Catholics. As for me, I shall go straight forward to my object, and state what I have no manner of doubt, from an intimate knowledge of Ireland, to be the plain truth. Of the great Roman Catholic proprietors, and of the Catholic prelates, there may be a few, and but a few, who would follow the fortunes of England at all events; there is another set of men who, thoroughly detesting this country, have too much property and too much character to lose, not to wait for some very favourable event before they show themselves; but the

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great mass of Catholic population, upon the slightest appearance of a French force in that country, would rise upon you to a man. It is the most mistaken policy to conceal the plain truth. There is no loyalty among the Catholics; they detest you as their worst oppressors, and they will continue to detest you till you remove the cause of their hatred. It is in your power in six months' time to produce a total revolution of opinions among this people; and in some future letter I will show you that this is clearly the case. At present, see what a dreadful state Ireland is in. The common toast among the low Irish is, the feast of the *passover*. Some allusion to *Bonaparte*, in a play lately acted at Dublin, produced thunders of applause from the pit and the galleries; and a politician should not be inattentive to the public feelings expressed in theatres. Mr. Perceval thinks he has disarmed the Irish; he has no more disarmed the Irish than he has resigned a shilling of his own public emoluments. An Irish* peasant fills the barrel of his gun full of tow dipped in oil, butters up the lock, buries it in a bog, and allows the Orange bloodhound to ransack his cottage at pleasure. Be just and kind to the Irish, and you will indeed disarm them; rescue them from the degraded servitude in which they are held by an handful of their own countrymen, and you will add four millions of brave and affectionate men to your strength. Nightly visits, Protestant inspectors, licenses to possess a pistol or a knife and fork, the odious vigour of the *evangelical* Perceval—acts of Parliament, drawn up by some English attorney, to save you from the hatred of four million people—the guarding yourselves from universal disaffection by a police; a confidence in the little cunning of Bow Street, when you might rest your security upon the eternal basis of the best feelings; this is the meanness and madness to which nations are reduced when they lose sight of the first elements of justice, without which a country can be no more secure than it can be healthy without air. I sicken at such policy and such men. The fact is, the ministers know nothing about the present state of Ireland; Mr. Perceval sees a few clergymen, Lord Castlereagh a few general officers, who take care, of course, to report what is pleasant rather than what is true. As for the joyous and lepid consul, he jokes upon neutral flags and feuds,

* No man who is not intimately acquainted with the Irish, can tell to what a curious extent this concealment of arms is carried. I have stated the exact mode in which it is done.

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jokes upon Irish rebels, jokes upon northern, and western, and southern foes, and gives himself no trouble upon any subject; nor is the mediocrity of the idolatrous deputy of the slightest use. Dissolved in grins, he reads no memorials upon the state of Ireland, listens to no reports, asks no questions, and is the

"*Bourn* from whom no traveller returns."

The danger of an immediate insurrection is now, I *believe*,* blown over. You have so strong an army in Ireland, and the Irish are become so much more cunning from the last insurrection, that you may perhaps be tolerably secure just at present from that evil: but are you secure from the efforts which the French may make to throw a body of troops into Ireland? and do you consider that event to be difficult and improbable? From Brest Harbour to Cape St. Vincent, you have above three thousand miles of hostile sea-coast, and twelve or fourteen harbours quite capable of containing a sufficient force for the powerful invasion of Ireland. The nearest of these harbours is not two days' sail from the southern coast of Ireland, with a fair leading wind; and the farthest not ten. Five ships of the line, for so very short a passage, might carry five or six thousand troops with cannon and ammunition; and Ireland presents to their attack a southern coast of more than 500 miles, abounding in deep bays, admirable harbours, and disaffected inhabitants. Your blockading ships may be forced to come home for provisions and repairs, or they may be blown off in a gale of wind and compelled to bear away for their own coast;—and you will observe, that the very same wind which locks you up in the British Channel, when you are got there, is evidently favourable for the invasion of Ireland. And yet this is called government, and the people huzza Mr. Perceval for continuing to expose his country day after day to such tremendous perils as these; cursing the men who would have given up a question in theology to have saved us from such a risk. The British empire at this moment is in the state of a peach-blossom—if the wind blows gently from one quarter, it survives, if furiously from the other, it perishes. A stiff breeze may set in from the north, the Rochefort squadron will be taken, and the minister will be the most holy of men; if it comes from

* I know too much, however, of the state of Ireland not to speak tremblingly about this. I hope to God I am right.

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some other point, Ireland is gone, we curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the unavailing satisfaction of Mr. Perceval's head. Such a state of political existence is scarcely credible; it is the action of a mad young fool standing upon one foot, and peeping down the crater of Mount Ætna, not the conduct of a wise and sober people deciding upon their best and dearest interests: and in the name, the much injured name, of Heaven, what is it all for that we expose ourselves to these dangers? Is it that we may sell more muslin? Is it that we may acquire more territory? Is it that we may strengthen what we have already acquired? No: nothing of all this; but that one set of Irishmen may torture another set of Irishmen—that Sir Phelim O'Callagan may continue to whip Sir Toby M'Tackle, his next door neighbour, and continue to ravish his Catholic daughters; and these are the measures which the honest and consistent secretary supports; and this is the secretary whose genius, in the estimation of Brother Abraham, is to extinguish the genius of Bonaparte. Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Pyrrhus died by the hand of a woman; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger; tremble, thou scourge of God, a pleasant man is come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shalt be no more!

You tell me, in spite of all this parade of sea-coast, Bonaparte has neither ships nor sailors: but this is a mistake. He has not ships and sailors to contest the empire of the seas with Great Britain, but there remains quite sufficient of the navies of France, Spain, Holland and Denmark, for these short excursions and invasions. Do you think, too, that Bonaparte does not add to his navy every year? Do you suppose, with all Europe at his feet, that he can find any difficulty in obtaining timber, and that money will not procure for him any quantity of naval stores he may want? The mere machine, the empty ship, he can build as well, and as quickly, as you can; and though he may not find enough of practised sailors to man large fighting fleets—it is not possible to conceive that he can want sailors for such sort of purposes as I have stated! He is at present the despotic monarch of above twenty thousand miles of sea-coast, and yet you suppose he cannot procure sailors for the invasion of Ireland. Believe, if you please, that

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such a fleet met at sea by any number of our ships at all comparable to them in point of force, would be immediately taken; let it be so; I count nothing upon their power of resistance, only upon their power of escaping unobserved. If experience has taught us any thing, it is the impossibility of perpetual blockades. The instances are innumerable, during the course of this war, where whole fleets have sailed in and out of harbour in spite of every vigilance used to prevent it. I shall only mention those cases where Ireland is concerned. In December, 1796, seven ships of the line, and ten transports, reached Bantry Bay from Brest, without having seen an English ship in their passage. It blew a storm when they were off shore, and therefore England still continues to be an independent kingdom. You will observe that at the very time the French fleet sailed out of Brest harbour, Admiral Colpoys was cruising off there with a powerful squadron, and still, from the particular circumstances of the weather, found it impossible to prevent the French from coming out. During the time that Admiral Colpoys was cruising off Brest, Admiral Richery, with six ships of the line, passed him, and got safe into the harbour. At the very moment when the French squadron was lying in Bantry Bay, Lord Bridport with his fleet was locked up by a foul wind in the Channel, and for several days could not stir to the assistance of Ireland. Admiral Colpoys, totally unable to find the French fleet, came home. Lord Bridport, at the change of the wind, cruised for them in vain, and they got safe back to Brest, without having seen a single one of these floating bulwarks, the possession of which we believe will enable us with impunity to set justice and common sense at defiance. Such is the miserable and precarious state of an anemocracy, of a people who put their trust in hurricanes, and are governed by wind. In August, 1798, three forty-gun frigates landed 1100 men under Humbert, making the passage from Rochelle to Killala without seeing any English ship. In October of the same year, four French frigates anchored in Killala Bay with 2000 troops; and though they did not land their troops, they returned to France in safety. In the same month, a line of battle ship, eight stout frigates, and a brig, all full of troops and stores, reached the coast of Ireland, and were fortunately, in sight of land, destroyed, after an obstinate engagement, by Sir John Warren.

If you despise the little troop which, in these numerous ex-

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periments, did make good its landing, take with you, if you please, this *précis* of its exploits: eleven hundred men, commanded by a soldier raised from the ranks, put to rout a select army of 6000 men, commanded by General Lake, seized their ordnance, ammunition, and stores, advanced 150 miles into a country containing an armed force of 150,000 men, and at last surrendered to the viceroy, an experienced general, gravely and cautiously advancing at the head of all his chivalry and of an immense army to oppose him. You must excuse these details about Ireland, but it appears to me to be of all other subjects the most important. If we conciliate Ireland, we can do nothing amiss; if we do not, we can do nothing well. If Ireland was friendly, we might equally set at defiance the talents of Bonaparte and the blunders of his rival Mr. Canning; we could then support the ruinous and silly bustle of our useless expeditions, and the almost incredible ignorance of our commercial orders in council. Let the present administration give up but this one point, and there is nothing which I would not consent to grant them. Mr. Perceval shall have full liberty to insult the tomb of Mr. Fox, and to torment every eminent dissenter in Great Britain; Lord Camden shall have large boxes of plums; Mr. Rose receive permission to prefix to his name the appellative of virtuous; and to the Viscount Castlereagh* a round sum of ready money shall be well and truly paid into his hand. Lastly, what remains to Mr George Canning, but that he rides up and down Pall Mall glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, Thus shall it be done to the statesman who hath written 'The Needy Knife-Grinder,' and the German play? Adieu only for the present; you shall soon hear from me again; it is a subject upon which I cannot long be silent.

LETTER VIII.

NOTHING can be more erroneous than to suppose that Ireland is not bigger than the Isle of Wight, or of more consequence than Guernsey or Jersey; and yet I am almost inclined to be-

* This is a very unjust imputation on Lord Castlereagh.

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lieve, from the general supineness which prevails here respecting the dangerous state of that country, that such is the rank which it holds in our statistical tables. I have been writing to you a great deal about Ireland, and perhaps it may be of some use to state to you concisely the nature and resources of the country which has been the subject of our long and strange correspondence. There were returned, as I have before observed, to the hearth tax, in 1791, 701,132* houses, which Mr. Newenham shows from unquestionable documents to be nearly 80,000 below the real number of houses in that country. There are 27,457 square English miles in Ireland,† and more than five millions of people.

By the last survey, it appears that the inhabited houses in England and Wales amount to 1,574,902, and the population to 9,343,578, which gives an average of $5\frac{7}{8}$ to each house, in a country where the density of population is certainly less considerable than in Ireland. It is commonly supposed that two-fifths of the army and navy are Irishmen, at periods when political disaffection does not avert the Catholics from the service. The current value of Irish exports in 1807 was 9,314,854*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*; a state of commerce about equal to the commerce of England in the middle of the reign of George II. The tonnage of ships entered inward and cleared outward in the trade of Ireland, in 1807, amounted to 1,567,430 tons. The quantity of home spirits exported amounted to 10,284 gallons in 1796, and to 930,800 gallons in 1804. Of the exports, which I have stated, provisions amounted to four millions, and linen to about four millions and a half. There was exported from Ireland, upon an average of two years ending in January, 1804, 591,274 barrels of barley, oats, and wheat; and by weight 910,848 cwts. of flour, oatmeal, barley, oats and wheat. The amount of butter exported in 1804, from Ireland, was worth, in money, 1,704,680*l.* sterling. The importation of ale and beer from the immense manufactures now carrying on of these articles, was diminished to 3209 barrels, in the year 1804, from 111,920 barrels, which was the average importation per annum, taking from three years ending in 1792; and at pre-

* The checks to population were very trifling from the rebellion. It lasted two months: of his majesty's Irish forces, there perished about 1600; of the rebels, 11,000 were killed in the field, and 2000 hanged or exported: 400 loyal persons were assassinated.

† In England 49,450.

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sent there is an export trade of porter. On an average of the three years, ending March, 1783, there were imported into Ireland, of cotton wool, 3326 cwts. of cotton yarn, 5405 lbs.; but on an average of three years, ending January, 1803, there were imported, of the first article, 13,159 cwts., and of the latter, 628,406 lbs. It is impossible to conceive any manufacture more flourishing. The export of linen has increased in Ireland from 17,776,862 yards, the average in 1770, to 43,534,971 yards, the amount in 1805. The tillage of Ireland has more than trebled within the last twenty-one years. The importation of coals has increased from 230,000 tons in 1783, to 417,030 in 1804; of tobacco, from 3,459,861 lbs. in 1783, to 6,611,543 in 1804; of tea, from 1,703,855 lbs. in 1783, to 3,358,256, in 1804; of sugar, from 143,117 cwts. in 1782, to 309,076, in 1804. Ireland now supports a funded debt of above 64 millions, and it is computed that more than three millions of money are annually remitted to Irish absentees resident in this country. In Mr. Foster's report, of 100 folio pages, presented to the House of Commons in the year 1806, the total expenditure of Ireland is stated at 9,760,013*l.* Ireland has increased about two-thirds in its population within twenty-five years, and yet, and in about the same space of time, its exports of beef, bullocks, cows, pork, swine, butter, wheat, barley, and oats, collectively taken, have doubled; and this in spite of two years' famine, and the presence of an immense army, that is always at hand to guard the most valuable appanage of our empire from joining our most inveterate enemies. Ireland has the greatest possible facilities for carrying on commerce with the whole of Europe. It contains, within a circuit of 750 miles, 66 secure harbours, and presents a western frontier against Great Britain, reaching from the Firth of Clyde north to the Bristol Channel south, and varying in distance from 20 to 100 miles; so that the subjugation of Ireland would compel us to guard with ships and soldiers a new line of coast, certainly amounting, with all its sinuosities, to more than 700 miles—an addition of polemics, in our present state of hostility with all the world, which must highly gratify the vigorists, and give them an ample opportunity of displaying that foolish energy upon which their claims to distinction are founded. Such is the country which the right reverend the chancellor of the exchequer would drive into the arms of France, and for the conciliation of which we are requested to

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wait, as if it were one of those sinecure places which were given to Mr. Perceval snarling at the breast, and which cannot be abolished till his decease.

How sincerely and fervently have I often wished that the Emperor of the French had thought as Mr. Spencer Perceval does upon the subject of government; that he had entertained doubts and scruples upon the propriety of admitting the Protestants to an equality of rights with the Catholics, and that he had left in the middle of his empire these vigorous seeds of hatred and disaffection: but the world was never yet conquered by a blockhead. One of the very first measures we saw him recurring to was the complete establishment of religious liberty; if his subjects fought and paid as he pleased, he allowed them to believe as they pleased: the moment I saw this, my best hopes were lost. I perceived in a moment the kind of man we had to do with. I was well aware of the miserable ignorance and folly of this country upon the subject of toleration; and every year has been adding to the success of that game which it was clear he had the will and the ability to play against us.

You say Bonaparte is not in earnest upon the subject of religion, and that this is the cause of his tolerant spirit: but is it possible you can intend to give us such dreadful and unamiable notions of religion? Are we to understand that the moment a man is sincere he is narrow-minded; that persecution is the child of belief; and that a desire to leave all men in the quiet and unpunished exercise of their own creed can only exist in the mind of an infidel? Thank God! I know many men whose principles are as firm as they are expanded, who cling tenaciously to their own modification of the Christian faith, without the slightest disposition to force that modification upon other people. If Bonaparte is liberal in subjects of religion because he has no religion, is this a reason why we should be illiberal because we are Christians? If he owes this excellent quality to a vice, is that any reason why we may not owe it to a virtue? Toleration is a great good, and a good to be imitated, let it come from whom it will. If a sceptic is tolerant, it only shows that he is not foolish in practice as well as erroneous in theory. If a religious man is tolerant, it evinces that he is religious from thought and inquiry, because he exhibits in his conduct one of the most beautiful and important consequences of a religious mind,—an inviolable charity to all the honest varieties of human opinion.

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Lord Sidmouth, and all the anti-Catholic people, little foresee that they will hereafter be the sport of the antiquarian; that their prophecies of ruin and destruction from Catholic emancipation will be clapped into the notes of some quaint history, and be matter of pleasantry even to the sedulous housewife and the rural dean. There is always a copious supply of Lord Sidmouths in the world; nor is there one single source of human happiness against which they have not uttered the most lugubrious predictions. Turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the Reformation, the Revolution—there are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. I have often thought that it would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such an history might make folly a little more modest, and suspicious of its own decisions.

Ireland, you say, since the union, is to be considered as a part of the whole kingdom; and therefore, however Catholics may predominate in that particular spot, yet, taking the whole empire together, they are to be considered as a much more insignificant quota of the population. Consider them in what light you please, as part of the whole, or by themselves, or in what manner may be most consentaneous to the devices of your holy mind—I say in a very few words, if you do not relieve these people from the civil incapacities to which they are exposed, you will lose them; or you must employ great strength and much treasure in watching over them. In the present state of the world, you can afford to do neither the one nor the other. Having stated this, I shall leave you to be ruined, Puffendorf in hand, (as Mr. Secretary Canning says), and to lose Ireland, just as you have found out what proportion the aggrieved people should bear to the whole population, before their calamities meet with redress. As for your parallel cases, I am no more afraid of deciding upon them than I am upon their prototype. If ever any one heresy should so far spread itself over the principality of Wales that the established church were left in a minority of one to four; if you had subjected these heretics to very severe civil privations; if the consequence of such privations were an universal state of disaffection among that caseous

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and wrathful people; and if, at the same time, you were at war with all the world, how can you doubt for a moment that I would instantly restore them to a state of the most complete civil liberty? What matters it under what name you put the same case? Common sense is not changed by appellations. I have said how I would act to Ireland, and I would act so to all the world.

I admit that, to a certain degree, the government will lose the affections of the Orangemen by emancipating the Catholics; much less, however, at present, than three years past. The few men, who have ill-treated the whole crew, live in constant terror that the oppressed people will rise upon them and carry the ship into Brest:—they begin to find that it is a very tiresome thing to sleep every night with cocked pistols under their pillows, and to breakfast, dine, and sup with drawn hangers. They suspect that the privilege of beating and kicking the rest of the sailors is hardly worth all this anxiety, and that if the ship does ever fall into the hands of the disaffected, all the cruelties which they have experienced will be thoroughly remembered and amply repaid. To a short period of disaffection among the Orangemen, I confess I should not much object: my love of poetical justice does carry me as far as that; one summer's whipping, only one: the thumb-screw for a short season; a little light easy torturing between Lady-day and Michaelmas; a short specimen of Mr. Perceval's rigour. I have malice enough to ask this slight atonement for the groans and shrieks of the poor Catholics, unheard by any human tribunal, but registered by the angel of God against their Protestant and enlightened oppressors.

Besides, if you who count ten so often can count five, you must perceive that it is better to have four friends and one enemy than four enemies and one friend; and the more violent the hatred of the Orangemen, the more certain the reconciliation of the Catholics. The disaffection of the Orangemen will be the Irish rainbow; when I see it, I shall be sure that the storm is over.

If those incapacities, from which the Catholics ask to be relieved, were to the mass of them only a mere feeling of pride, and if the question were respecting the attainment of privileges which could be of importance only to the highest of the sect, I should still say, that the pride of the mass was very naturally wounded by the degradation of their superiors. Indignity to

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George Rose would be felt by the smallest nummary gentleman in the king's employ; and Mr. John Bannister could not be indifferent to any thing which happened to Mr. Canning. But the truth is, it is a most egregious mistake to suppose that the Catholics are contending merely for the fringes and feathers of their chiefs. I will give you a list, in my next letter, of those privations which are represented to be of no consequence to any body but Lord Fingal, and some twenty or thirty of the principal persons of their sect. In the mean time, adieu, and be wise.

LETTER IX.

DEAR ABRAHAM,

No Catholic can be chief governor or governor of this kingdom, chancellor or keeper of the great seal, lord high-treasurer, chief of any of the courts of justice, chancellor of the exchequer, puisne judge, judge in the admiralty, master of the rolls, secretary of state, keeper of the privy seal, vice-treasurer or his deputy, teller or cashier of exchequer, auditor or general, governor or custos rotulorum of counties, chief governor's secretary, privy councillor, king's counsel, serjeant, attorney, solicitor-general, master in chancery, provost or fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, postmaster-general, master and lieutenant-general of ordnance, commander-in-chief, general on the staff, sheriff, sub-sheriff, mayor, bailiff, recorder, burgess, or any other officer in a city, or a corporation. No Catholic can be guardian to a Protestant, and no priest guardian at all; no Catholic can be a gamekeeper, or have for sale, or otherwise, any arms or warlike stores; no Catholic can present to a living, unless he chooses to turn Jew in order to obtain that privilege; the pecuniary qualification of Catholic jurors is made higher than that of Protestants, and no relaxation of the ancient rigorous code is permitted, unless to those who shall take an oath prescribed by 13 & 14 Geo. III. Now if this is not picking the plums out of the pudding, and leaving the mere batter to the Catholics, I know not what is. If it were merely the privy council, it would be (I allow) nothing but a point of honour for which the mass of Catholics were contending, the honour of being chief

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mourners or pall-bearers to the country; but surely no man will contend that every barrister may not speculate upon the possibility of being a puisne judge; and that every shopkeeper must not feel himself injured by his exclusion from borough offices.

One of the greatest practical evils which the Catholics suffer in Ireland, is their exclusion from the offices of sheriff and deputy-sheriff. Nobody who is unacquainted with Ireland, can conceive the obstacles which this opposes to the fair administration of justice. The formation of juries is now entirely in the hands of the Protestants; the lives, liberties, and properties of the Catholics in the hands of the juries; and this is the arrangement for the administration of justice in a country where religious prejudices are inflamed to the greatest degree of animosity! In this country, if a man is a foreigner, if he sells slippers, and sealing wax and artificial flowers, we are so tender of human life, that we take care half the number of persons who are to decide upon his fate should be men of similar prejudices and feelings with himself: but a poor Catholic in Ireland may be tried by twelve Percevals, and destroyed according to the manner of that gentleman in the name of the Lord, and with all the insulting forms of justice. I do not go the length of saying that deliberate and wilful injustice is done. I have no doubt that the Orange deputy-sheriff thinks it would be a most unpardonable breach of his duty if he did not summon a Protestant panel. I can easily believe that the Protestant panel may conduct themselves very conscientiously in hanging the gentleman of the crucifix; but I blame the law which does not guard the Catholic against the probable tenour of those feelings which must unconsciously influence the judgments of mankind. I detest that state of society which extends unequal degrees of protection to different creeds and persuasions; and I cannot describe to you the contempt I feel for a man who, calling himself a statesman, defends a system which fills the heart of every Irishman with treason, and makes his allegiance prudence, not choice.

I request to know if the vestry taxes, in Ireland, are a mere matter of romantic feeling, which can affect only the Earl of Fingal? In a parish where there are four thousand Catholics and fifty Protestants, the Protestants may meet together in a vestry meeting, at which no Catholic has the right to vote, and tax all the lands in the parish 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre, or in the pound, I

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forget which, for the repairs of the church—and how has the necessity of these repairs been ascertained? A Protestant plumber has discovered that it wants new leading; a Protestant carpenter is convinced the timbers are not sound, and a glazier, who hates holy water, (as an accoucheur hates celibacy because he gets nothing by it,) is employed to put in new sashes.

The grand juries in Ireland are the great scene of jobbing. They have a power of making a county rate to a considerable extent for roads, bridges, and other objects of general accommodation. 'You suffer the road to be brought through my park, and I will have the bridge constructed in a situation where it will make a beautiful object to your house. You do my job, and I will do yours.' These are the sweet and interesting subjects which occasionally occupy Milesian gentlemen while they are attendant upon this grand inquest of justice. But there is a religion, it seems, even in jobs; and it will be highly gratifying to Mr. Perceval to learn that no man in Ireland who believes in seven sacraments can carry a public road, or bridge, one yard out of the direction most beneficial to the public, and that nobody can cheat that public who does not expound the Scriptures in the purest and most orthodox manner. This will give pleasure to Mr. Perceval: but, from his unfairness upon these topics, I appeal to the justice and the proper feelings of Mr. Huskisson. I ask him if the human mind can experience a more dreadful sensation than to see its own jobs refused, and the jobs of another religion perpetually succeeding? I ask him his opinion of a jobless faith, of a creed which dooms a man through life to a lean and plunderless integrity. He knows that human nature cannot and will not bear it; and if we were to paint a political Tartarus, it would be an endless series of snug expectations and cruel disappointments. These are a few of many dreadful inconveniences which the Catholics of all ranks suffer from the laws by which they are at present oppressed. Besides, look at human nature:—what is the history of all professions? Joel is to be brought up to the bar: has Mrs. Plymley the slightest doubt of his being chancellor? Do not his two shriveled aunts live in the certainty of seeing him in that situation, and of cutting out with their own hands his equity habiliments? And I could name a certain minister of the Gospel who does not, in the bottom of his heart, much differ from these opinions. Do you think that the fathers and mothers of the holy Catholic

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Church are not as absurd as Protestant papas and mammas? The probability I admit to be, in each particular case, that the sweet little blockhead will in fact never get a brief;—but I will venture to say, there is not a parent from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay who does not conceive that his child is the unfortunate victim of the exclusion, and that nothing short of positive law could prevent his own dear pre-eminent Paddy from rising to the highest honours of the state. So with the army, and Parliament; in fact, few are excluded; but, in imagination, all: you keep twenty or thirty Catholics out, and you lose the affections of four millions; and, let me tell you, that recent circumstances have by no means tended to diminish in the minds of men that hope of elevation beyond their own rank which is so congenial to our nature; from pleading for John Roe to taxing John Bull, from jesting for Mr. Pitt and writing in the Anti-Jacobin, to managing the affairs of Europe —these are leaps which seem to justify the fondest dreams of mothers and of aunts.

I do not say that the disabilities to which the Catholics are exposed amount to such intolerable grievances, that the strength and industry of a nation are overwhelmed by them; the increasing prosperity of Ireland fully demonstrates the contrary. But I repeat again, what I have often stated in the course of our correspondence, that your laws against the Catholics are exactly in that state in which you have neither the benefits of rigour nor of liberality; every law which prevented the Catholic from gaining strength and wealth is repealed; every law which can irritate remains; if you were determined to insult the Catholics, you should have kept them weak; if you resolved to give them strength, you should have ceased to insult them:—at present your conduct is pure unadulterated folly.

Lord Hawkesbury says, we heard nothing about the Catholics till we began to mitigate the laws against them; when we relieved them in part from this oppression they began to be disaffected. This is very true; but it proves just what I have said, that you have either done too much, or too little; and as there lives not, I hope, upon earth, so depraved a courtier that he would load the Catholics with their ancient chains, what absurdity it is then not to render their dispositions friendly, when you leave their arms and legs free!

You know, and many Englishmen know, what passes in China; but nobody knows or cares what passes in Ireland.

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At the beginning of the present reign, no Catholic could realize property, or carry on any business; they were absolutely annihilated, and had no more agency in the country than so many trees. They were like Lord Mulgrave's eloquence, and Lord Camden's wit; the legislative bodies did not know of their existence. For these twenty-five years last past, the Catholics have been engaged in commerce; within that period the commerce of Ireland has doubled:—there are four Catholics at work for one Protestant, and eight Catholics at work for one Episcopalian; of course, the proportion which Catholic wealth bears to Protestant wealth is every year, altering rapidly in favour of the Catholics. I have already told you what their purchases of land were the last year; since that period, I have been at some pains to find out the actual state of the Catholic wealth; it is impossible, upon such a subject, to arrive at complete accuracy; but I have good reason to believe that there are at present 2000 Catholics in Ireland, possessing an income from 500*l.* upwards, many of these with incomes of one, two, three, and four thousand, and some amounting to fifteen and twenty thousand per annum:—and this is the kingdom, and these the people, for whose conciliation we are to wait Heaven knows when, and Lord Hawkesbury why! As for me, I never think of the situation of Ireland, without feeling the same necessity for immediate interference as I should do if I saw blood flowing from a great artery. I rush towards it with the instinctive rapidity of a man desirous of preventing death, and have no other feeling but that in a few seconds the patient may be no more.

I could not help smiling, in the times of no-Popery, to witness the loyal indignation of many persons at the attempt made by the last ministry to do something for the relief of Ireland. The general cry in the country was, that they would not see their beloved monarch used ill in his old age, and that they would stand by him to the last drop of their blood. I respect good feelings, however erroneous be the occasions on which they display themselves; and, therefore, I saw in all this as much to admire as to blame. It was a species of affection, however, which reminded me very forcibly of the attachment displayed by the servants of the Russian ambassador, at the beginning of the last century. His excellency happened to fall down in a kind of apoplectic fit, when he was paying a morning visit in the house of an acquaintance. The confusion

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was of course very great, and messengers were despatched, in every direction, to find a surgeon, who, upon his arrival, declared that his excellency must be immediately blooded, and prepared himself forthwith to perform the operation; the barbarous servants of the embassy, who were there in great numbers, no sooner saw the surgeon prepared to wound the arm of their master with a sharp shining instrument, than they drew their swords, put themselves in an attitude of defence, and swore in pure Sclavonic, 'that they would murder any man who attempted to do him the slightest injury; he had been a very good master to them, and they would not desert him in his misfortunes, or suffer his blood to be shed while he was off his guard, and incapable of defending himself.' By good fortune, the secretary arrived about this period of the dispute, and his excellency, relieved from superfluous blood and perilous affection, was, after much difficulty, restored to life.

There is an argument brought forward with some appearance of plausibility in the House of Commons, which certainly merits an answer. You know that the Catholics now vote for members of Parliament in Ireland, and that they outnumber the Protestants in a very great proportion; if you allow Catholics to sit in Parliament, religion will be found to influence votes more than property, and the greater part of the 100 Irish members who are returned to Parliament will be Catholics.—Add to these the Catholic members who are returned in England, and you will have a phalanx of heretical strength which every minister will be compelled to respect, and occasionally to conciliate by concessions incompatible with the interests of the Protestant Church. The fact is, however, that you are at this moment subjected to every danger of this kind which you can possibly apprehend hereafter. If the spiritual interests of the voters are more powerful than their temporal interests, they can bind down their representatives to support any measures favourable to the Catholic religion, and they can change the objects of their choice till they have found Protestant members (as they easily may do) perfectly obedient to their wishes. If the superior possessions of the Protestants prevent the Catholics from uniting for a common political object, then the danger you fear cannot exist; if zeal, on the contrary, gets the better of acres, then the danger at present exists, from the right of voting already given to the Catholics, and it will not be increased by allowing them to sit in Parliament. There are, as

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nearly as I can recollect, thirty seats in Ireland for cities and counties, where the Protestants are the most numerous, and where the members returned must of course be Protestants.—In the other seventy representations, the wealth of the Protestants is opposed to the number of the Catholics; and if all the seventy members returned were of the Catholic persuasion, they must still plot the destruction of our religion in the midst of 588 Protestants. Such terrors would disgrace a cook-maid, or a toothless aunt—when they fall from the lips of bearded and senatorial men, they are nauseous, antiperistaltic, and emetical.

How can you for a moment doubt of the rapid effects which would be produced by the emancipation?—In the first place, to my certain knowledge, the Catholics have long since expressed to his majesty's ministers their perfect readiness *to vest in his majesty, either with the consent of the pope, or without it, if it cannot be obtained, the nomination of the Catholic prelacy*. The Catholic prelacy in Ireland consists of twenty-six bishops and the warden of Galway, a dignitary enjoying Catholic jurisdiction. The number of Roman Catholic priests in Ireland exceeds one thousand. The expenses of his peculiar worship are, to a substantial farmer or mechanic, five shillings per annum; to a labourer (where he is not entirely excused) one shilling per annum; this includes the contribution of the whole family, and for this the priest is bound to attend them when sick, and to confess them when they apply to him; he is also to keep his chapel in order, to celebrate divine service, and to preach on Sundays and holydays. In the northern district a priest gains from 30*l.* to 50*l.*; in the other parts of Ireland from 60*l.* to 90*l.* per annum. The best paid Catholic bishops receive about 400*l.* per ann.; the others from 300*l.* to 350*l.* My plan is very simple; I would have 300 Catholic parishes at 100*l.* per ann., 300 at 200*l.* per ann., and 400 at 300*l.* per ann.; this, for the whole thousand parishes, would amount to 190,000*l.* To the prelacy I would allot 20,000*l.* in unequal proportions, from 1000*l.* to 500*l.*; and I would appropriate 40,000*l.* more for the support of Catholic schools, and the repairs of Catholic churches; the whole amount of which sums is 250,000*l.*, about the expense of three days of one of our genuine, good, English, *just and necessary wars*. The clergy should all receive their salaries at the Bank of Ireland, and I would place the whole patronage in the hands of the

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crown. Now, I appeal to any human being, except Spencer Perceval, Esq., of the parish of Hampstead, what the disaffection of a clergy would amount to, gaping after this graduated bounty of the crown, and whether Ignatius Loyola himself, if he were a living blockhead instead of a dead saint, could withstand the temptation of bouncing from 100*l.* a year in Sligo, to 300*l.* in Tipperary? This is the miserable sum of money for which the merchants, and land-owners, and nobility of England are exposing themselves to the tremendous peril of losing Ireland. The sinecure places of the Roses and the Percevals, and the 'dear and near relations,' put up to auction at thirty years' purchase, would almost amount to the money.

I admit that nothing can be more reasonable than to expect that a Catholic priest should starve to death, genteelly and pleasantly, for the good of the Protestant religion; but is it equally reasonable to expect that he should do so for the Protestant pews, and Protestant brick and mortar? On an Irish Sabbath, the bell of a neat parish church often summons to church only the parson and an occasionally conforming clerk; while, two hundred yards off, a thousand Catholics are huddled together in a miserable hovel, and pelted by all the storms of heaven. Can any thing be more distressing than to see a venerable man pouring forth sublime truths in tattered breeches, and depending for his food upon the little offal he gets from his parishioners? I venerate a human being who starves for his principles, let them be what they may; but starving for any thing is not at all to the taste of the honourable flagellants; strict principles, and good pay, is the motto of Mr. Perceval; the one he keeps in great measure for the faults of his enemies, the other for himself.

There are parishes in Connaught in which a Protestant was never settled, nor even seen; in that province, in Munster, and in parts of Leinster, the entire peasantry for sixty miles are Catholics; in these tracts, the churches are frequently shut for want of a congregation, or opened to an assemblage of from six to twenty persons. Of what Protestants there are in Ireland, the greatest part are gathered together in Ulster, or they live in towns. In the country of the other three provinces the Catholics see no other religion but their own, and are at the least as fifteen to one Protestant. In the diocese of Tuam, they are sixty to one; in the parish of St. Mullins, diocese of Leghlin, there are four thousand Catholics and *one Protestant;* in

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the town of Grasgenamana, in the county of Kilkenny, there are between four and five hundred Catholic houses, and three Protestant houses. In the parish of Allen, county Kildare, there is no Protestant, though it is very populous. In the parish of Arlesin, Queen's county, the proportion is one hundred to one. In the whole county of Kilkenny, by actual enumeration, it is seventeen to one; in the diocese of Kilmacduagh, province of Connaught, fifty-two to one, by ditto. These I give you as a few specimens of the present state of Ireland;—and yet there are men impudent and ignorant enough to contend that such evils require no remedy, and that mild family man who dwelleth in Hampstead, can find none but the cautery and the knife,

——————— omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium.

I cannot describe the horror and disgust which I felt at hearing Mr. Perceval call upon the then ministry for measures of vigour in Ireland. If I lived at Hampstead upon stewed meats and claret; if I walked to church every Sunday before eleven young gentlemen of my own begetting, with their faces washed, and their hair pleasingly combed; if the Almighty had blessed me with every earthly comfort,—how awfully would I pause before I sent forth the flame and the sword over the cabins of the poor, brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland! How easy it is to shed human blood—how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so—and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle—how much, in all ages, have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind—how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness, and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection!—But what do men call vigour? To let loose hussars and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut, and push, and prime—I call this, not vigour, but the *sloth of cruelty and ignorance*. The vigour I love consists in finding out wherein subjects are aggrieved, in relieving them, in studying the temper and genius of a people, in consulting their prejudices, in selecting proper persons to lead and manage them, in the laborious, watchful, and difficult task of increasing public happiness by allaying each particular discontent. In this way Hoche pacified La Vendée—and in this way only will Ireland

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ever be subdued. But this, in the eyes of Mr. Perceval, is imbecility and meanness; houses are not broken open—women are not insulted—the people seem all to be happy; they are not rode over by horses, and cut by whips. Do you call this vigour?—Is this government?

LETTER X. AND LAST.

You must observe that all I have said of the effects which will be produced by giving salaries to the Catholic clergy only proceeds upon the supposition that the emancipation of the laity is effected:—without that, I am sure there is not a clergyman in Ireland who would receive a shilling from government; he could not do so, without an entire loss of credit among the members of his own persuasion.

What you say of the moderation of the Irish Protestant clergy in collecting tithes, is, I believe, strictly true. Instead of collecting what the law enables them to collect, I believe they seldom or ever collect more than two-thirds; and I entirely agree with you, that the abolition of agistment tithe in Ireland by a vote of the Irish House of Commons, and without any remuneration to the church, was a most scandalous and jacobinical measure. I do not blame the Irish clergy; but I submit to your common sense, if it is possible to explain to an Irish peasant upon what principle of justice, or common sense, he is to pay every tenth potato in his little garden to a clergyman in whose religion nobody believes for twenty miles around him, and who has nothing to preach to but bare walls. It is true, if the tithes are bought up, the cottager must pay more rent to his landlord; but the same thing, done in the shape of rent, is less odious than when it is done in the shape of tithe; I do not want to take a shilling out of the pockets of the clergy, but to leave the substance of things, and to change their names. I cannot see the slightest reason why the Irish labourer is to be relieved from the real onus, or from any thing else but the name of tithe. At present, he rents only nine-tenths of the produce of the land, which is all that belongs to the owner; this he has at the market price; if the land-owner purchase the

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other tenth of the church, of course he has a right to make a correspondent advance upon his tenant.

I very much doubt, if you were to lay open all civil offices to the Catholics and to grant salaries to their clergy, in the manner I have stated, if the Catholic laity would give themselves much trouble about the advance of their church; for they would pay the same tithes under one system that they do under another. If you were to bring the Catholics into the daylight of the world, to the high situations of the army, the navy, and the bar, numbers of them would come over to the established church, and do as other people do; instead of that you set a mark of infamy upon them, rouse every passion of our nature in favour of their creed, and then wonder that men are blind to the follies of the Catholic religion. There are hardly any instances of old and rich families among the Protestant dissenters; when a man keeps a coach, and lives in good company, he comes to church, and gets ashamed of the meeting-house; if this is not the case with the father, it is almost always the case with the son. These things would never be so, if the dissenters were in *practice* as much excluded from all the concerns of civil life, as the Catholics are. If a rich young Catholic were in Parliament, he would belong to White's and to Brookes's, would keep race-horses, would walk up and down Pall Mall, be exonerated of his ready money and his constitution, become as totally devoid of morality, honesty, knowledge, and civility, as Protestant loungers in Pall Mall, and return home with a supreme contempt for Father O'Leary and Father O'Callaghan. I am astonished at the madness of the Catholic clergy, in not perceiving that Catholic emancipation is Catholic infidelity; that to entangle their people in the intrigues of a Protestant Parliament, and a Protestant court, is to insure the loss of every man of fashion and consequence in their community. The true receipt for preserving their religion is Mr. Perceval's receipt for destroying it; it is to deprive every rich Catholic of all the objects of secular ambition, to separate him from the Protestant, and to shut him up in his castle, with priests and relics.

We are told, in answer to all our arguments, that this is not a fit period,—that a period of universal war is not the proper time for dangerous innovations in the constitution; this is as much as to say, that the worst time for making friends is the period when you have made many enemies; that it is the

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greatest of all errors to stop when you are breathless, and to lie down when you are fatigued. Of one thing I am quite certain: if the safety of Europe is once completely restored, the Catholics may for ever bid adieu to the slightest probability of effecting their object. Such men as hang about a court not only are deaf to the suggestions of mere justice, but they despise justice; they detest the word *right;* the only word which rouses them is *peril;* where they can oppress with impunity, they oppress for ever, and call it loyalty and wisdom.

I am so far from conceiving the legitimate strength of the crown would be diminished by these abolitions of civil incapacities in consequence of religious opinions, that my only objection to the increase of religious freedom is, that it would operate as a diminution of political freedom; the power of the crown is so overbearing at this period, that almost the only steady opposers of its fatal influence are men disgusted by religious intolerance. Our establishments are so enormous, and so utterly disproportioned to our population, that every second or third man you meet in society gains something from the public; my brother the commissioner, — my nephew the police justice,—purveyor of small beer to the army in Ireland, —clerk of the mouth, — yeoman to the left hand, — these are the obstacles which common sense and justice have now to overcome. Add to this, that the king, old and infirm, excites a principle of very amiable generosity in his favour; that he has led a good, moral, and religious life, equally removed from profligacy and methodistical hypocrisy; that he has been a good husband, a good father, and a good master; that he dresses plain, loves hunting and farming, hates the French, and is, in all his opinions and habits, quite English:—these feelings are heightened by the present situation of the world, and the yet unexploded clamour of Jacobinism. In short, from the various sources of interest, personal regard, and national taste, such a tempest of loyalty has set in upon the people, that the 47th proposition in Euclid might now be voted down with as much ease as any proposition in politics; and, therefore, if Lord Hawkesbury hates the abstract truths of science as much as he hates concrete truth in human affairs, now is his time for getting rid of the multiplication table, and passing a vote of censure upon the pretensions of the *hypothenuse.* Such is the history of English parties at this moment; you cannot seriously suppose that the people care for such men as Lord Hawkesbury, Mr.

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Canning, and Mr. Perceval, on their own account; you cannot really believe them to be so degraded as to look to their safety from a man who proposes to subdue Europe by keeping it without Jesuit's bark. The people, at present, have one passion, and but one—

A Jove principium, Jovis omnia plena.

They care no more for the ministers I have mentioned, than they do for those sturdy royalists who, for 60*l.* per annum, stand behind his majesty's carriage, arrayed in scarlet and in gold. If the present ministers opposed the court instead of flattering it, they would not command twenty votes.

Do not imagine, by these observations, that I am not loyal; without joining in the common cant of the best of kings, I respect the king most sincerely as a good man. His religion is better than the religion of Mr. Perceval, his old morality very superior to the old morality of Mr. Canning, and I am quite certain he has a safer understanding than both of them put together. Loyalty, within the bounds of reason and moderation, is one of the great instruments of English happiness; but the love of the king may easily become more strong than the love of the kingdom, and we may lose sight of the public welfare in our exaggerated admiration of him who is appointed to reign only for its promotion and support. I detest Jacobinism; and if I am doomed to be a slave at all, I would rather be the slave of a king than a cobbler. God save the king, you say, warms your heart like the sound of a trumpet. I cannot make use of so violent a metaphor; but I am delighted to hear it, when it is the cry of genuine affection; I am delighted to hear it, when they hail not only the individual man, but the outward and living sign of all English blessings. These are noble feelings, and the heart of every good man must go with them; but God save the king, in these times, too often means God save my pension and my place, God give my sisters an allowance out of the privy purse,—make me clerk of the irons, let me survey the meltings, let me live upon the fruits of other men's industry, and fatten upon the plunder of the public.

What is it possible to say to such a man as the gentleman of Hampstead, who really believes it feasible to convert the four million Irish Catholics to the Protestant religion, and considers this as the best remedy for the disturbed state of Ireland? It is not possible to answer such a man with arguments; we must

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come out against him with beads, and a cowl, and push him into an hermitage. It is really such trash, that it is an abuse of the privilege of reasoning to reply to it. Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is entrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a masterpiece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his majesty's ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride, and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might, for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? 'There's the rub.' Depend upon it, the absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

You ask me for any precedent in our history where the oath of supremacy has been dispensed with. It was dispensed with to the Catholics of Canada, in 1774. They are only required to take a simple oath of allegiance. The same, I believe, was the case in Corsica. The reason of such exemption was obvious; you could not possibly have retained either of these countries without it. And what did it signify, whether you retained them or not? In cases where you might have been foolish without peril, you were wise; when nonsense and bigotry threaten you with destruction, it is impossible to bring you back to the alphabet of justice and common sense; if men are to be fools, I would rather they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness turned up with temerity, is a livery all

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the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is the magnanimity of a dunce.

It is not by any means necessary, as you contend, to repeal the Test Act if you give relief to the Catholic; what the Catholics ask for is to be put on a footing with the Protestant dissenters, which would be done by repealing that part of the law which compels them to take the oath of supremacy and to make the declaration against transubstantiation; they would then come into Parliament as all other dissenters are allowed to do, and the penal laws to which they were exposed for taking office would be suspended every year, as they have been for this half century past towards Protestant dissenters. Perhaps, after all, this is the best method, — to continue the persecuting law, and to suspend it every year, — a method which, while it effectually destroys the persecution itself, leaves to the great mass of mankind the exquisite gratification of supposing that they are enjoying some advantage from which a particular class of their fellow-creatures are excluded. We manage the Corporation and Test Acts at present much in the same manner as if we were to persuade parish boys, who had been in the habit of beating an ass, to spare the animal, and beat the skin of an ass stuffed with straw; this would preserve the semblance of tormenting without the reality, and keep boy and beast in good humour.

How can you imagine that a provision for the Catholic clergy affects the 5th article of the Union? Surely I am preserving the Protestant church in Ireland, if I put it in a better condition than that in which it now is. A tithe proctor in Ireland collects his tithes with a blunderbuss, and carries his tenth hay-cock by storm, sword in hand; to give him equal value in a more pacific shape, cannot, I should imagine, be considered as injurious to the church of Ireland; and what right has that church to complain, if Parliament chooses to fix upon the empire the burthen of supporting a double ecclesiastical establishment? Are the revenues of the Irish Protestant clergy in the slightest degree injured by such provision? On the contrary, is it possible to confer a more serious benefit upon that church, than by quieting and contenting those who are at work for its destruction?

It is impossible to think of the affairs of Ireland without being forcibly struck with the parallel of Hungary. Of her seven millions of inhabitants, one-half were Protestants, Cal-

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vinists, and Lutherans, many of the Greek Church, and many Jews; such was the state of their religious dissensions, that Mahomet had often been called in to the aid of Calvin, and the crescent often glittered on the walls of Buda and of Presburg. At last, in 1791, during the most violent crisis of disturbance, a diet was called, and by a great majority of voices a decree was passed, which secured to all the contending sects the fullest and freest exercise of religious worship and education; ordained (let it be heard in Hampstead) that churches and chapels should be erected for all on the most perfectly equal terms, that the Protestants of both confessions should depend upon their spiritual superiors alone, liberated them from swearing by the usual oath, 'the holy Virgin Mary, the saints, and chosen of God;' and then, the decree adds, 'that *public offices and honours, high or low, great or small, shall be given to natural born Hungarians who deserve well of their country, and possess the other qualifications, let their religion be what it may.*' Such was the line of policy pursued in a diet consisting of four hundred members, in a state whose form of government approaches nearer to our own than any other, having a Roman Catholic establishment of great wealth and power, and under the influence of one of the most bigoted Catholic courts in Europe. This measure has now the experience of eighteen years in its favour; it has undergone a trial of fourteen years of revolution, such as the world never witnessed, and more than equal to a century less convulsed. What have been its effects? When the French advanced like a torrent within a few days' march of Vienna, the Hungarians rose in a mass; they formed what they called the sacred insurrection, to defend their sovereign, their rights and liberties, now common to all; and the apprehension of their approach dictated to the reluctant Bonaparte the immediate signature of the treaty of *Leoben:* the Romish hierarchy of Hungary exists in all its former splendour and opulence; never has the slightest attempt been made to diminish it; and those revolutionary principles, to which so large a portion of civilized Europe has been sacrificed, have here failed in making the smallest successful inroad.

The whole history of this proceeding of the Hungarian diet is so extraordinary, and such an admirable comment upon the Protestantism of Mr. Spencer Perceval, that I must compel you to read a few short extracts from the law itself:—'The

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Protestants of both confessions shall, in religious matters, depend upon their own spiritual superiors alone. The Protestants may likewise retain their trivial and grammar schools. The church dues which the Protestants have hitherto paid to the Catholic parish priests, schoolmasters, or other such officers, either in money, productions, or labour, shall in future entirely cease, and after three months from the publishing of this law, be no more anywhere demanded. In the building or repairing of churches, parsonage-houses, and schools, the Protestants are not obliged to assist the Catholics with labour, nor the Catholics the Protestants. The pious foundations and donations of the Protestants which already exist, or which in future may be made for their churches, ministers, schools and students, hospitals, orphan-houses and poor, cannot be taken from them under any pretext, nor yet the care of them; but rather the unimpeded administration shall be entrusted to those from among them to whom it legally belongs, and those foundations which may have been taken from them under the last government, shall be returned to them without delay; all affairs of marriage of the Protestants are left to their own consistories; all landlords and masters of families, under the penalty of public prosecution, are ordered not to prevent their subjects and servants, whether they be Catholic or Protestant, from the observance of the festivals and ceremonies of their religion,' &c. &c. &c.—By what strange chances are mankind influenced! A little Catholic barrister of Vienna might have raised the cry of *no Protestantism*, and Hungary would have panted for the arrival of a French army as much as Ireland does at this moment; arms would have been searched for; Lutheran and Calvinist houses entered in the dead of the night; and the strength of Austria exhausted in guarding a country from which, under the present liberal system, she may expect, in a moment of danger, the most powerful aid; and let it be remembered, that this memorable example of political wisdom took place at a period when many great monarchies were yet unconquered in Europe; in a country where the two religious parties were equal in number; and where it is impossible to suppose indifference in the party which relinquished its exclusive privileges. Under all these circumstances, the measure was carried in the Hungarian diet by a majority of 280 to 120. In a few weeks, we shall see every concession denied to the Catholics by a much larger majority of Protestants, at a mo-

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ment when every other power is subjugated but ourselves, and in a country where the oppressed are four times as numerous as their oppressors. So much for the wisdom of our ancestors —so much for the nineteenth century—so much for the superiority of the English over all the nations of the continent!

Are you not sensible, let me ask you, of the absurdity of trusting the lowest Catholics with offices correspondent to their situation in life, and of denying such privilege to the higher? A Catholic may serve in the militia, but a Catholic cannot come into Parliament; in the latter case you suspect combination, and in the former case you suspect no combination; you deliberately arm ten or twenty thousand of the lowest of the Catholic people;—and the moment you come to a class of men whose education, honour, and talents, seem to render all mischief less probable, then you see the danger of employing a Catholic, and cling to your investigating tests and disabling laws. If you tell me you have enough of members of Parliament, and not enough of militia, without the Catholics, I beg leave to remind you, that, by employing the physical force of any sect, at the same time when you leave them in a state of utter disaffection, you are not adding strength to your armies, but weakness and ruin:—if you want the vigour of their common people, you must not disgrace their nobility, and insult their priesthood.

I thought that the terror of the pope had been confined to the limits of the nursery, and merely employed as a means to induce young master to enter into his small clothes with greater speed, and to eat his breakfast with greater attention to decorum. For these purposes, the name of the pope is admirable; but why push it beyond? Why not leave to Lord Hawkesbury all farther enumeration of the pope's powers? For a whole century, you have been exposed to the enmity of France, and your succession was disputed in two rebellions; what could the pope do at the period when there was a serious struggle, whether England should be Protestant or Catholic, and when the issue was completely doubtful? Could the pope induce the Irish to rise in 1715? Could he induce them to rise in 1745? You had no Catholic enemy when half this island was in arms; and what did the pope attempt in the last rebellion in Ireland? But if he had as much power over the minds of the Irish as Mr. Wilberforce has over the mind of a young Methodist, converted the preceding quarter, is this a

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reason why we are to disgust men, who may be acted upon in such a manner by a foreign power? or is it not an additional reason why we should raise up every barrier of affection and kindness against the mischief of foreign influence? But the true answer is, the mischief does not exist. Gog and Magog have produced as much influence upon human affairs, as the pope has done for this half century past; and by spoiling him of his possessions, and degrading him in the eyes of all Europe, Bonaparte has not taken quite the proper method of increasing his influence.

But why not a Catholic king, as well as a Catholic member of Parliament, or of the cabinet?—Because it is probable that the one would be mischievous, and the other not. A Catholic king might struggle against the Protestantism of the country, and if the struggle was not successful, it would at least be dangerous; but the efforts of any other Catholic would be quite insignificant, and his hope of success so small, that it is quite improbable the effort would ever be made; my argument is, that in so Protestant a country as Great Britain, the character of her Parliaments and her cabinet could not be changed by the few Catholics who would ever find their way to the one or the other. But the power of the crown is immeasurably greater than the power which the Catholics could obtain from any other species of authority in the state; and it does not follow, because the lesser degree of power is innocent, that the greater should be so too. As for the stress you lay upon the danger of a Catholic chancellor, I have not the least hesitation in saying, that his appointment would not do a ten-thousandth part of the mischief to the English church that might be done by a methodistical chancellor of the true Clapham breed; and I request to know, if it is really so very necessary that a chancellor should be of the religion of the Church of England, how many chancellors you have had within the last century who have been bred up in the Presbyterian religion?—And again, how many you have had who notoriously have been without any religion at all?

Why are you to suppose that eligibility and election are the same thing, and that all the cabinet *will* be Catholics, whenever all the cabinet *may* be Catholics? You have a right, you say, to suppose an extreme case, and to argue upon it—so have I: and I will suppose that the hundred Irish members will one day come down in a body, and pass a law compelling the king

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to reside in Dublin. I will suppose that the Scotch members, by a similar stratagem, will lay England under a large contribution of meal and sulphur; no measure is without objection, if you sweep the whole horizon for danger; it is not sufficient to tell me of what may happen, but you must show me a rational probability that it will happen: after all, I might, contrary to my real opinion, admit all your dangers to exist; it is enough for me to contend that all other dangers taken together are not equal to the danger of losing Ireland from disaffection and invasion.

I am astonished to see you, and many good and well-meaning clergymen beside you, painting the Catholics in such detestable colours; two-thirds, at least, of Europe are Catholics,—they are Christians, though mistaken Christians; how can I possibly admit that any sect of Christians, and above all, that the oldest and the most numerous sect of Christians, are incapable of fulfilling the common duties and relations of life: though I do differ from them in many particulars, God forbid I should give such a handle to infidelity, and subscribe to such blasphemy against our common religion!

Do you think mankind never change their opinions without formally expressing and confessing that change? When you quote the decisions of ancient Catholic councils, are you prepared to defend all the decrees of English convocations and universities since the reign of Queen Elizabeth? I could soon make you sick of your uncandid industry against the Catholics, and bring you to allow that it is better to forget times past, and to judge and be judged by present opinions and present practice.

I must beg to be excused from explaining and refuting all the mistakes about the Catholics made by my Lord Redesdale; and I must do that nobleman the justice to say, that he has been treated with great disrespect. Could any thing be more indecent than to make it a morning lounge in Dublin to call upon his lordship, and to cram him with Arabian-night stories about the Catholics? Is this proper behaviour to the representative of majesty, the child of Themis, and the keeper of the conscience in West Britain? Whoever reads the letters of the Catholic bishops, in the appendix to Sir John Hippesly's very sensible book, will see to what an excess this practice must have been carried with the pleasing and Protestant nobleman whose name I have mentioned, and from thence I

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wish you to receive your answer about excommunication, and all the trash which is talked against the Catholics.

A sort of notion has, by some means or another, crept into the world, that difference of religion would render men unfit to perform together the offices of common and civil life; that Brother Wood and Brother Grose could not travel together the same circuit if they differed in creed, nor Cockell and Mingay be engaged in the same cause if Cockell was a Catholic and Mingay a Muggletonian. It is supposed that Huskisson and Sir Harry Englefield would squabble behind the speaker's chair about the Council of Lateran, and many a turnpike bill miscarry by the sarcastical controversies of Mr. Hawkins Brown and Sir John Throckmorton upon the real presence. I wish I could see some of these symptoms of earnestness upon the subject of religion; but it really seems to me, that, in the present state of society, men no more think about inquiring concerning each other's faith than they do concerning the colour of each other's skins. There may have been times in England when the quarter sessions would have been disturbed by the theological polemics; but now, after a Catholic justice had once been seen on the bench, and it had been clearly ascertained that he spoke English, had no tail, only a single row of teeth, and that he loved port-wine,—after all the scandalous and infamous reports of his physical conformation had been clearly proved to be false,—he would be reckoned a jolly fellow, and very superior in flavour to a sly Presbyterian. Nothing, in fact, can be more uncandid and unphilosophical* than to say that a man has a tail, because you cannot agree with him upon religious subjects; it appears to be ludicrous, but I am convinced it has done infinite mischief to the Catholics, and made a very serious impression upon the minds of many gentlemen of large landed property.

In talking of the impossibility of Catholics and Protestants living together with equal privilege under the same government, do you forget the cantons of Switzerland? You might have seen there a Protestant congregation going into a church which had just been quitted by a Catholic congregation; and I will venture to say that the Swiss Catholics were more bigoted to their religion than any people in the whole world. Did the kings of Prussia ever refuse to employ a Catholic?

* *Vide* Lord Bacon, Locke, and Descartes.

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Would Frederick the Great have rejected an able man on this account? We have seen Prince Czartorinski, a Catholic secretary of state in Russia; in former times, a Greek patriarch and an apostolic vicar acted together in the most perfect harmony in Venice; and we have seen the Emperor of Germany in modern times entrusting the care of his person and the command of his guard to a Protestant prince, Ferdinand of Wirtemberg. But what are all these things to Mr. Perceval? He has looked at human nature from the top of Hampstead Hill, and has not a thought beyond the little sphere of his own vision. 'The snail,' say the Hindoos, 'sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe.'

I now take a final leave of this subject of Ireland; the only difficulty in discussing it is a want of resistance, a want of something difficult to unravel, and something dark to illumine; to agitate such a question is to beat the air with a club, and cut down gnats with a scimitar; it is a prostitution of industry, and a waste of strength. If a man says I have a good place, and I do not choose to lose it, this mode of arguing upon the Catholic question I can well understand; but that any human being with an understanding two degrees elevated above that of an Anabaptist preacher, should conscientiously contend for the expediency and propriety of leaving the Irish Catholics in their present state, and of subjecting us to such tremendous peril in the present condition of the world, it is utterly out of my power to conceive. Such a measure as the Catholic question is entirely beyond the common game of politics; it is a measure in which all parties ought to acquiesce, in order to preserve the place where and the stake for which they play. If Ireland is gone, where are jobs? where are reversions? where is my brother, Lord Arden? where are my dear and near relations? The game is up, and the speaker of the House of Commons will be sent as a present to the menagerie at Paris. We talk of waiting from particular considerations, as if centuries of joy and prosperity were before us; in the next ten years our fate must be decided; we shall know, long before that period, whether we can bear up against the miseries by which we are threatened, or not; and yet, in the very midst of our crisis, we are enjoined to abstain from the most certain means of increasing our strength, and advised to wait for the remedy till the disease is removed by death or health. And now, instead of the plain and manly policy of increasing

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unanimity at home, by equalizing rights and privileges, what is the ignorant, arrogant, and wicked system which has been pursued? Such a career of madness and of folly was, I believe, never run in so short a period. The vigour of the ministry is like the vigour of a grave digger,—the tomb becomes more ready and more wide for every effort which they make. There is nothing which it is worth while either to take or to retain, and a constant train of ruinous expeditions has been kept up. Every Englishman felt proud of the integrity of his country; the character of the country is lost for ever. It is of the utmost consequence to a commercial people at war with the greatest part of Europe, that there should be a free entry of neutrals into the enemy's ports; the neutrals who carrried our manufactures we have not only excluded, but we have compelled them to declare war against us. It was our interest to make a good peace, or convince our own people that it could not be obtained; we have not made a peace, and we have convinced the people of nothing but of the arrogance of the foreign secretary; and all this has taken place in the short space of a year, because a King's Bench barrister and a writer of epigrams, turned into ministers of state, were determined to show country gentlemen that the late administration had no vigour. In the mean time commerce stands still, manufactures perish, Ireland is more and more irritated, India is threatened, fresh taxes are accumulated upon the wretched people, the war is carried on without it being possible to conceive any one single object which a rational being can propose to himself by its continuation; and in the midst of this unparalleled insanity we are told that the continent is to be reconquered by the want of rhubarb and plums.* A better spirit than exists in the English people never existed in any people in the world; it has been misdirected, and squandered upon party purposes in the most degrading and scandalous manner; they have been led to believe that they were benefiting the commerce of England by destroying the commerce of America, that they were defending their sovereign by perpetuating the bigoted oppression of their fellow-subject; their rulers and their guides have told them that they would equal the vigour of France by equalling her atrocity; and they have gone on wasting that opulence, patience,

* Even Allen Park (accustomed as he has always been to be delighted by all administrations) says it is too bad; and Hall and Morris are said to have actually blushed in one of the divisions.

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and courage, which, if husbanded by prudent and moderate counsels, might have proved the salvation of mankind. The same policy of turning the good qualities of Englishmen to their own destruction, which made Mr. Pitt omnipotent, continues his power to those who resemble him only in his vices; advantage is taken of the loyalty of Englishmen, to make them meanly submissive; their piety is turned into persecution, their courage into useless and obstinate contention; they are plundered because they are ready to pay, and soothed into asinine stupidity because they are full of virtuous patience. If England must perish at last, so let it be; that event is in the hands of God; we must dry up our tears and submit. But that England should perish swindling and stealing; that it should perish waging war against lazar-houses, and hospitals; that it should perish persecuting with monastic bigotry; that it should calmly give itself up to be ruined by the flashy arrogance of one man, and the narrow fanaticism of another; these events are within the power of human beings, and I did not think that the magnanimity of Englishmen would ever stoop to such degradations.

Longum vale!

PETER PLYMLEY.

THE END.

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